



GEN. SIR MARTIN HUNTER
(of Medomsley).

THE JOURNAL
OF
Gen. Sir Martin Hunter

G.C.M.G., G.C.H.

And Some Letters of his Wife,
LADY HUNTER

Put together by their
Daughter, Miss A.
Hunter, and by their
dear Friend, Miss Bell,
and caused to be printed
by their Grandson,
James Hunter

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INTRODUCTION.

MY father was the second son of Cuthbert Hunter, Esq. of Medomsley, and of Anne, daughter of the Rev. Martin Nixon, Rector of Wooler, and Vicar of Haltwhistle. He was born on the 7th of September 1757, at Medomsley.

His first school—a very primitive one—was at Allandale, on his father's estate. He always retained a very lively recollection of the little, old, pompous schoolmaster, and of the neat way he was in the habit of collecting, while teaching, the pieces of coal or cinders in the grate into a cone or pyramid. But a still more favourite recollection was a display the old man made at an examination of his pupils. A boy was asked to spell "Anchovy," which he did very correctly, pronouncing each syllable as he proceeded, "An-cho-vy," but the master promptly and sharply corrected him, calling out, "Anckovy! Anckovy! you rascal," adding, as a farther proof of his own learning, in a loud, angry voice—"an island in the West Indies." From this school my father was sent to one at Newcastle, and while there either lived or spent his holidays at the Rectory of Washington, six miles from Newcastle, where Mr Wilson, who had married his aunt, was Rector. It was at this time, though so young, that he displayed the activity and cool daring so marked in his character in after

life. On one occasion, when returning from Washington to Newcastle, he found that the bridge across the Tyne, from the flooded state of the river, had been rendered quite impassable. So great was the flood, that many people had assembled on the banks looking at the river rushing past, and watching what it was carrying away. Suddenly all were alarmed to see, according to the county of Durham mode of expression, "a little lad" struggling in the water. This was my father, who, determined to return to the Rectory, undaunted by the swollen state of the river, resolved to swim across, as the bridge could not be made use of, and most providentially succeeded in the bold attempt.

In 1771 General Sir John Clavering, afterwards Governor-General of India, gave him his ensigncy in the 52nd Light Infantry. Sir John was an old and intimate friend of his father, and also a very near neighbour, Greencroft, one of his residences, being only a short distance from Medomsley. Sir John Clavering, thinking he could better regulate my father's education now he was to enter the Army, proposed that he should join his family in Hampshire, and go with his sons to a school at Bishops-Waltham. This being agreed to, the young ensign made his first journey under the motherly care of Sir John's fat housekeeper, who, with the other servants, were to travel to Hampshire in a large family coach, drawn by four long-tailed black horses. By Sir John my

father was treated as a son, and the friendships he then contracted with this family lasted without interruption to the end of his life. I have already mentioned that Miss Clavering, afterwards Lady Warren, made the first knots for his gorget, and we as children were amused to hear Mrs Charles Clavering, Lady Napier, and other members of the family calling my father "Martin," and he giving them their Christian names. Sir John was so great a martinette that his sons and my father quite dreaded the holidays, for then they had masters for French, drawing, etc.—in short, for everything they had not time for at school. Sir John himself superintended the lessons, besides keeping up, at all times, a strict military discipline among them. Sir John felt more called upon to watch over his children from having unfortunately lost his wife, Lady Diana, six years before. She was a daughter of the Earl of de la War. Except for the charming rides with the Miss Claverings, my father would have much preferred being at Bishops-Waltham.

In 1773 he joined the 52nd Regiment at Quebec, and went out under the charge of Major Williamson. He was little of his age, and when he first put on his regimentals, had great difficulty in avoiding being tripped up by his sword, and was much annoyed by the notice he attracted in the streets, the people and children following him and calling out, "*Voilà le petit officier!*"

That he might acquire greater proficiency in French, he was boarded with a French priest at St Annes, and while there, having no notion of the intensity of the cold, he laughed at the idea of being unable to carry the church plate in his naked hands from the priest's house to the church, as the distance was very short. It was betted he could not. He however, sure of gaining the wager, set out, but had scarcely got half-way when the pain became intolerable, and, as his fingers seemed actually getting frozen to the plate, he was obliged to throw it down. About this time, meeting with a party of Indians who were going a-beaver-hunting, the charms of the sport, as they pictured it, proved quite irresistible to the young ensign. He agreed to join them, and accordingly left St Annes—of course, without the priest's permission. His courage, sporting tastes, and activity so delighted the Indian chief, that he offered him his only daughter as wife, promising that after his death he should succeed to the chieftainship.

Unfortunately the first sixteen pages of my father's journal are lost. I never read them, so cannot even attempt to recall their contents, which I have been told were very amusing. I have therefore only been able, though very imperfectly, to supply the loss by a few of my own recollections of what was told me by my father.

ANNE HUNTER.

DIARY.

All the men of the tribe got beastly drunk, and if it had not been for the precaution the women took in hiding all the tomahawks, and filling the guns with sand and water, I am certain they would have killed some of us. They screamed in the most frightful manner, gave the war-whoop, and were quite outrageous when they could not find their tomahawks. The women did not appear in the least alarmed. I left them at sunset, and returned the next morning with the priest. They were then all perfectly sober, and were very much obliged to me for the feast. Most of the Canadian Indians speak a little bad French. The priest, Shargonet, and myself went in a birch canoe to shoot ducks up the river St Annes. We had very fine sport, and killed as many as we wished. It was just in the beginning of the flapper season. The ducks breed up in the lakes, and come down the rivers into the river St Lawrence. I was very much diverted with this party, having shot a brace of ducks, and killed a number of eshagan. Shargonet told me that he and his family were going a-beaver-hunting in a few days, and that if I would go with them I might kill as many deer, bears, and all sorts of game as I pleased. I mentioned to the priest the great wish I had to be of the party, but he

positively refused to let me go unless I had Major Williams' leave. This I was very certain could not be obtained ; I therefore determined on going without mentioning my intention to any one but Shargonet. I asked him if it was necessary to carry any provisions ; he said only skuttawaboo, powder, and shot. Two days after we set out in three canoes. In the first was Shargonet, his wife, Miss Shargonet, three children, two dogs, and myself ; in the other two the remainder of the tribe. The only provisions we had were some Indian meal, salt pork, and salt, and we also had a large sheet of birch bark sewed together, which is put over three poles, and makes a very good cover at night. I brought four bottles of rum, which were stolen and drunk the first night. It was very visible who had stolen the rum, as my friend Shargonet was very drunk and very troublesome, so much so that we were obliged to hide all the tomahawks and guns. The Indians are all thieves. The first day we did not get more than six miles up the river St Annes, as the current was very strong, and frequently so rapid that I was afraid to remain in the canoe.

I was put on shore, and walked up the side of the river until they passed the rapids ; however, I was so much laughed at, and seeing that they got through very well, I determined to venture at the next.

The dexterity with which they manage the canoes up those rapids is really wonderful. The canoe that I was in was so small that Shargonet could carry it himself with the greatest ease. The bottom is so round and smooth that it is astonishing how they can stand up, and with a very long pole, four or five yards long, push the canoe against the rapid stream. It requires all their strength and dexterity to gain a yard at a time, and frequently you lose all in one minute that you have gained in ten. The women use their paddles, and are ready to put the canoes on shore in case they strike a rock, and it frequently happens that so large a

hole is made in the bottom of the canoe that it is with the greatest difficulty they can reach the shore before the canoe fills with water. It requires some practice even to sit in a canoe without over-setting it. On arriving about three o'clock at the place where we were to sleep, the canoe was brought on shore, and the women immediately set to work and made the huts for the night, which they did as quickly as a tent could be pitched, and the men took their guns to provide something for supper. I was so much fatigued that I did not go. At sunset Shargonet and his party returned with a number of ducks and some partridges. The hares and partridges are quite white in the winter. In their absence the women were very busy making cakes, and roasting the heads of Indian corn. The way that they bake the cakes is very curious. The cake is put between two large flat stones, and then covered over with hot ashes, and small stones put round the edges to prevent the ashes burning the outsides. The game was at the fire in ten minutes. A piece of salt pork, game, fish, and cakes was our dinner, and a hearty meal we all made, and were all fast asleep except myself an hour after. But the mosquitoes plagued me so much that I did not close my eyes the whole night, and the next morning my face was so much swelled that I could scarcely see. Shargonet told me he would prevent their biting me again; he said they never touched him, and that if I would rub myself all over with fat salt pork and red ochre he was certain they would not come near me. I thought anything was better than what I endured the night before, and determined to try the remedy at night. At daybreak we proceeded on our journey, still following the windings of the river St Annes.

On our first day's journey we sometimes saw Canadian houses on the banks of the river, and a very small piece of ground cleared round them, and some Indian corn planted, but the second day there was not a house to be seen, and

the high pine-trees that overhung the river made it have a very gloomy, dismal appearance. Shargonet told me it would be six days before we arrived at our hunting-ground ; by our hunting-ground he meant where we should find beavers. The river was now become much narrower and more rapid.

Such quantities of young ducks as we saw floating down with the stream was astonishing. I was also very much surprised to see so many spruce partridges, and they were so very tame that they did not appear to take the smallest notice of us. We killed as many ducks and partridges as we wanted for dinner, and a variety of sorts of fish in great abundance. Shargonet was very much surprised to find I was so very expert a fisherman. This day we came to several falls of the river, which caused great delay, as our canoes and all our provisions and baggage were obliged to be carried above the falls. I am certain we did not go more than five miles, and very fatiguing work it was. We always came to our ground for the evening about two o'clock, having stopped an hour at ten ; dinner the same as yesterday. In the evening I caught trout till I was quite tired ; they were remarkably fine ; in the lake we reached next day they were much larger. Before I lay down for the night I was rubbed all over with the grease of salt pork and red ochre to prevent the mosquitoes biting me, which had the desired effect.

We started the third day at daybreak, and continued to follow the river St. Annes for about a mile, then put on shore, and took our canoes, provisions, and baggage on our backs, and carried them through the woods for a full mile, till we arrived at a large lake. It appeared to be about eight or nine miles in circumference. We again got into our canoes and coasted along the banks of the lake till we came to a river that emptied itself into it.

At the entrance of this river we remained all night.

Along the banks of the lake we frequently saw the marks of the feet of deer on the sand. Shargonet informed me that they came down to get water in the night, and that he intended trying to shoot some after it was dark. He, with two more Indians and myself, set out at nine o'clock at night in a canoe—two with guns, and the other two paddled the canoe very gently along within about sixty yards of the edge of the lake. We proceeded for a considerable way round the lake before we saw any, when Shargonet gave the signal that he saw some, which was by making a noise like a small insect that has a very curious note, and is continually making a noise in the woods at night. On the signal being made, they ceased paddling, and Shargonet fired; and shot one through the shoulder. We then pulled on shore and found it lying on the beach. I was quite surprised to see so large an animal. It was an orignal, and I am certain measured more than thirteen hands high, indeed, I think it was fully the height of a horse. A fire was immediately made, and we all set to work and skinned it, cutting off the nose, which is thought a great delicacy at Quebec. It is called "snuffe," and this, with the skin and a hind quarter, we put into the canoe, and returned to our wigwams. We had a great feast, and only wanted a few bottles of skutawaboo to make it complete; and we all ate so much that the party did not proceed that day, but went out in the evening in hopes of killing some more. We saw several, but could not get near them.

In the morning went up the river (the name of which I have forgot), a very rapid one, and nearly as broad as the river St Annes. Nothing particular happened for four days. On the fifth we saw where some Indians had stopped all night. From the appearance of the bushes they had cut down for their wigwams, we imagined that they were not many days before us. The whole tribe vowed vengeance if they came up with them, which alarmed me very much.

Shargonet told me that they had no right to hunt on that river, and that whenever they met there would be a battle. We now arrived at our hunting-ground, and saw where the other tribe had set their traps for beaver. This enraged Shargonet and the whole tribe still more, but fortunately for us we did not fall in with them, nor did we see any more marks of where they had stopped all night, so it was supposed that they had taken another route.

On the banks of the river we saw a number of landing-places of the beaver, and many young trees about the thickness of my leg that they had cut down with their two fore teeth; it really had more the appearance of being done with a tomahawk than anything else, nor could I have believed it to be possible if I had not seen them frequently after at work. The sagacity of the beaver is wonderful. They never begin on a tree that does not lean considerably towards the river, so that they always fall into the water, and are carried down with the stream to where they want them to form their cabins. They are certainly a very industrious animal, and their cabins are very curious. They have two apartments—the outer cabin is full of water, and the inner perfectly dry, both covered in, and of a circular form, about six yards in circumference. The dams that they form to check the force of the stream are a few yards above the cabin, and are great undertakings for so small an animal. I have seen them extend from the banks of the river six yards, and so completely made as to prevent any water coming through. The noise the beavers make when at work is heard for full half a mile; their teeth are made use of as hatchets, and their tails as mason's trowels. The first dam that I saw I was fully convinced that it had been done by human hands. As soon as it was dark, we all set out in parties of three to set traps for the beavers on the bank of the river at the places where they came on shore. Beavers, I fancy, feed upon fish and roots, and are nearly as much

on shore as in the water, but they cannot travel far on shore, nor can they remain long under water without coming up to the surface. The traps the Indians use are the common steel trap, but considerably larger than a rat-trap.

As soon as all our traps were set we returned to our wigwams, and next morning visited them again, when we found seven. The tails of the beavers are thought very fine eating at Quebec, but I did not think them very good from the way the Indians dressed them. The next day we went up the river a mile higher, killed a small bear in the trunk of an old tree, covered our wigwams for the night, and set the traps, and found four beavers in them next morning. The Indians sometimes eat the beaver, but the flesh has a very fishy, unpleasant taste. We continued to follow the course of the river for another mile, and then went through the woods for about three miles, when we came to a very large lake. From the marks of the deers' feet on the sands of this lake we expected very fine sport, but during the two days that we remained on its banks we only killed two, and neither of them were original; they were the small Moose deer. I now began to be rather tired of the party, and wished to return, which Shargonet readily agreed to. He only proposed going a little farther round the lake, where he said he expected to kill some more beaver. In the evening we set traps for them at the mouth of a much larger river than St Annes, and caught three. We then returned by the same route, and it is wonderful how fast the stream carried us down the river. We arrived at St Annes in four days, after being fourteen days away.

The day after I returned I received a letter from Major Williams, ordering me to join my regiment at Quebec without delay, as they were then under orders to embark for Boston. The regiment embarked in September 1774, and sailed immediately, arriving at Boston the latter end of October. The regiment disembarked, and were quartered

in some distillery houses near Liberty Tree. The 5th, 38th, 43rd, and 47th Regiments had landed a few days before us from England. The second guard I ever mounted was at Boston Neck. Major Pitcairn of the Marines, the field-officer on guard, was so kind to me that I never shall forget it. I remember he would not allow me to go any rounds without a steady sergeant with me. Captain Mackay of the 65th was also very good to me. We frequently found arms and ammunition concealed in loads of hay. The Neck Guard had orders to stop and search all waggons for arms, etc., and one day two deserters were found concealed in a load of straw.

We used frequently to make skating parties to Jamaica Pond, about six miles from Boston. Major Mnsgrave of the 64th was by much the best skater at Boston, but before the winter was over I made great progress. At Cambridge and all the towns the Yankees were constantly exercising, and became more and more insolent, so much so that the officers did not think it safe to go into the country near Boston.

On the 18th of April General Gage received information of the Yankees having formed a large store of flour and ammunition at Lexington, about seventeen miles from Boston. The flank companies of the regiments, with the 5th Regiment, were ordered to march at ten o'clock at night. The orders were to destroy the magazine. We arrived at Lexington at daybreak, and Lieutenant Gould of the 43rd was detached with part of the 43rd Light Company to a bridge, which was the principal approach to the town. It was here where the first shot was fired of the American War, and I believe it is still undetermined whether by the Americans or us. Lieutenant Gould was wounded, and many of the party taken prisoners.

We had nearly destroyed, when the firing began, all the stores. Two Light Companies were despatched to re-inforce

Lieutenant Gould at the bridge, which the Americans were in possession of before they arrived. The Americans had now collected a considerable force all around the town of Lexington. The stores being all destroyed, and the detachment at the bridge having joined us, we proceeded on our return to Boston, but it was thought not advisable to return by the same road, as certain information had been received that the Americans were determined to harass our rear, and were collecting in force. General Gage heard that there had been some firing, and, expecting that we should return the same way, ordered two more regiments to march to re-inforce us, but not knowing that the route had been changed they never joined us. Immediately on our marching out of Lexington the Americans attacked us, and were beat off with some loss, but they still continued to harass our rear all the way to Charlestown. From Lexington to Charlestown is twenty miles. It was a very fatiguing march, and not being prepared with any conveyances for our wounded, it required the exertion of everybody to bring them off. The carriages of the guns were so loaded with wounded men that they could scarcely be fired; indeed, nearly all the ammunition was expended before we got near to Charlestown, where we arrived about eleven o'clock at night, having marched forty miles in twenty-four hours. Our loss in killed and wounded was not very considerable, but many men were left behind from fatigue. All communication was now at an end between Boston and the country, and the Americans had an army round Boston of twenty thousand men in six weeks. All the troops were ordered to encamp on the common and some small fields round the town of Boston. The American army increasing every day, a large camp was formed by them four miles from Boston, at Cambridge.

On the 17th of June 1775, at daybreak, we saw from Boston the Americans hard at work on Charlestown heights.

They had thrown up a redoubt during the night, and were making a breastwork quite across the peninsula. From Charlestown to Boston is within the range of cannon. It was very extraordinary, but that morning, the 17th of June, the 52nd had received an entire new set of arms, and were trying them at marks, when they received orders to march immediately to Charlestown Ferry, with one day's provisions. I may add that, singularly enough, not a fire-lock had missed fire.

We embarked at Charlestown Ferry, and crossed over immediately to Charlestown Point, about half a mile below the town. The landing was covered by a frigate and not opposed. The troops were all crossed over and disembarked by twelve o'clock, and remained drawn up for an hour waiting for some field pieces from Boston, which were not of any service, as they brought by mistake twelve-pound shot for six-pound guns. Charlestown was set on fire by the frigate, and before the action began the whole town was burning.

In the steeple of a church several people were seen, while the body of the church was in one entire blaze; and as they could not get out, they were seen from Boston to fall with the steeple. Most of the churches in America are built of wood. The redoubt and breastwork being manned by the enemy, and reinforcements arriving every minute from the American camp at Cambridge, at one o'clock the action began. The 5th, 38th, and 52nd attacked the redoubt, supported by the 43rd and marines.

The breastwork that extended from the redoubt to the Mystic River was attacked by the Grenadiers and Light Infantry, supported by the 47th. Another breastwork also extended from the right flank of the redoubt to Charlestown Ferry about two hundred yards in front of the town. A piece of swampy ground, some brick-kilns, and several small fields enclosed by strong paling were in front of the

redoubt about one hundred yards. These impeded us very much, placing us immediately under the whole fire of the redoubt. It was here where the three regiments lost so many men, for as soon as we got up to the works we were not nearly so much exposed to their fire, as we were then in some degree covered, except from a flank fire.

In this situation we remained for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before they gave way. Major Williams, who commanded the 52nd, received five wounds, and was lying about ten yards from the redoubt in great agony. Captains Addison, Smith, and Davison of the 52nd lay close to him killed. Before the enemy gave way, the three regiments—the 5th, 38th, and 52nd—were all intermixed and close under the works.

Lord Rawdon, now Earl of Moira, was lieutenant in the 5th Regiment; he received a shot through a cat-skin cap that he wore that day, and desired me to observe how narrowly he had escaped being shot through the head. He, with many other officers, asked me to go and look for a surgeon for Major Williams; but though a very young soldier, I had sense enough to know that I was much safer close under the works than I could be at a few yards from it, as the enemy could not depress their arms sufficiently to do any execution to those that were close under, and to have gone to the rear to look for a surgeon would have been almost certain death; indeed, the Major was not a very great favourite, as he had obliged me to sell a pony that I had bought for seven and sixpence. Soon after the enemy gave way, and I then went to the rear, and found Doctor Warrington, surgeon-mate of the regiment, whom I brought to Major Williams.

A general retreat took place as soon as we got possession of the redoubt. The famous Doctor Warren was one of the last that ran, and was killed a few yards outside the redoubt. The town of Charlestown was now in one entire

blaze, and we were left in full possession of all the works and peninsula, but it was a very dear-bought victory. Out of two thousand one hundred men, eleven hundred were killed and wounded. Only three men and a volunteer of the 52nd Grenadier Company escaped being either killed or wounded. In the 4th Grenadiers every man was killed or wounded; not even a drummer escaped. The remains of this gallant little army were collected on the heights above Charlestown Neck. Sir William Howe commanded. What an anxious sight the battle must have been for General Gage and all the spectators at Boston, as they saw every movement we made as distinctly as possible! The houses on the Neck were taken possession of by the remains of the 52nd, who continued at the advanced post during the whole night. Several attacks were made on the regiment in the night, but were constantly repulsed. Next morning we were relieved by the 38th Regiment.

I shall never forget the night of the 17th of June. The cries of the wounded of the enemy, Charlestown on fire, and the recollection of the loss of so many friends was a very trying scene for so young a soldier.

Names of the officers of the 52nd killed and wounded at Bunker's Hill :—

Major Williams.

Captain Addison.

Captain Davison.

Captain Smith.

Major Pitcairn of the Marines was killed, which I did not know till next day. I was really as sorry for him as if he had been my father.

I was appointed Lieutenant in Orders next day, very vain of my promotion, and a few days after removed to the Light Infantry Company. About a month after the action I was taken ill, brought on by eating green apples, and obliged to go to Boston; and I am very certain I should not

have recovered if it had not been for General Grant's good soup. He was so good as send me a basin every day. Fresh meat was not then to be had for love or money. I was indebted to Captain Brown of the 52nd, who was the General's brigade-major, for this mark of the General's favour. Captain Symes of the 5and was also very good to me. He regularly sent me milk from Charlestown every morning. The scarcity of meat at this time was so great that Lord Percy killed a foal, had it roasted, and invited a party to dinner; and Major Musgrave's fat mare was stolen, killed, and sold in the market for beef.

Redoubts were made on Charlestown Heights, and the troops remained in camp some time after the ground was white with snow. Broke up camp, and the regiment ordered into quarters at Boston. A strong detachment, of a field-officer and three hundred men, were left in the redoubt. This detachment was relieved from Boston every fortnight.

Plays were acted twice every week by the officers and some of the Boston ladies. Miss Sally Fletcher acted the part of Zara. She was a very pretty girl, and did it very well. A farce called "The Blockade of Boston," written, I believe, by General Burgoyne, was acted. The enemy knew the night it was to be performed, and made an attack on the mill at Charlestown at the very hour that the farce began. I happened to be on duty in the redoubt at Charlestown that night. The enemy came along the mill-dam, and surprised a sergeant's guard that was posted at the mill. Some shots were fired, and we all immediately turned out and manned the works. A shot was fired by one of our advanced sentries, and instantly the firing commenced in the redoubt, and it was a considerable time before it could be stopped. Not a man of the enemy was within three miles of us, and the party that came along the mill-dam had effected their object and carried off the sergeant's guard. However, our firing caused a general alarm at Boston, and

all the troops got under arms. An orderly sergeant that was standing outside the playhouse door heard the firing, and immediately ran into the playhouse, got upon the stage, and cried "Turn out ! turn out ! They are hard at it, hammer and tongs." The whole audience thought that the sergeant was acting a part in the farce, and that he did it so well that there was a general clap, and such a noise that he could not be heard for a considerable time. When the clapping was over he again cried, "What the deuce are you all about ? If you won't believe me, by Jasus you need only go to the door, and there you will see and hear both !" If it was the intention of the enemy to put a stop to the farce for that night they certainly succeeded, as all the officers immediately left the playhouse and joined their regiments.

The detachment at Charlestown was relieved three days after, and we returned to Boston. On the evening of Christmas Day I was sent to Coventry for not singing, as I was desired. I was kept in Coventry three days, not a member of the mess speaking to me. I never refused to sing again.

A cannon shot from the enemy took off the legs of four men that were on guard at Boston Neck. They were all sleeping on the guard-bed at the time.

A detachment was sent across the ice to Dorchester Neck. They brought off some cattle, which were sent to the hospital.

The enemy erected some batteries on Dorchester Heights. The town of Boston is within the range of cannon from those heights. The boats were all got ready, and every preparation made to cross over and attack the works on Dorchester Neck. The Light Infantry were under arms from six in the evening till one o'clock in the morning in expectation of embarking, but I believe it was very fortunate for us it blew so hard that the expedition could not go on, for it was generally thought it would have been a second Bunker's Hill.

By next morning the enemy were entrenched up to their necks, and all idea given up of attacking them. Colonel Clarke commanded the Light Infantry, and though he was confined to bed with gout, was determined to be carried in a litter by six men had we crossed over. A few days after it was very clear that the evacuation of Boston was determined on. Orders came out to embark the stores, and two days after orders for the troops to embark, and the Light Infantry and Grenadiers to relieve the Guards at the advanced posts and cover the retreat. Lieutenant Adair of the Marines, an acting engineer, was ordered to strew crowfeet in front of the lines to impede the march of the enemy, as it was supposed they would attack our rear. Being an Irishman, he began scattering the crowfeet about from the gate towards the enemy, and, of course, had to walk over them on his return, which detained him so long that he was nearly taken prisoner.

The whole army embarked without a shot being fired. We sailed next day, and arrived at Halifax in Nova Scotia, where the army did not disembark, but the Light Infantry did twice a week to be manœuvred by Colonel Musgrave.

There was very good shooting and fishing at Halifax, hares and partridges in great abundance, and great quantities of trout in the lakes. Lieutenant Nicoll of the 44th Light Infantry and I had a very narrow escape from being lost in the woods. We were missing for forty-eight hours, and I am certain we should not have found our way back if we had not fortunately heard the guns of a frigate saluting the Admiral's flag in the harbour. We were then so much worn out with fatigue and hunger that we could not have walked much further, and when we heard the guns we were going in quite a different direction from the harbour. We were then about six miles from Halifax. Everybody gave us up for lost, and parties of soldiers had been sent into the woods in search of us. The woods about Halifax are so very thick

that it is with difficulty you can walk through them in some places. Two officers of the 27th Regiment had a much narrower escape than we had. They were brought in by the Indians, almost dead with fatigue and hunger, and must inevitably have been lost had not the Indians fallen in with them. Lieutenant Collin, Lieutenant Randle, Lieutenant Addison, and myself were ordered to appear before General Howe for gambling on board of ship, and got a complete lecture. We were all very silent except Collin, who said, "I hope your Excellency does not think that I gamble with these boys." "I hope not," the General said, "for you are no chicken, Mr Collin." We then all made our bows, and got out of the room as fast as we could.

The fleet sailed for New York with the army on board, arrived at Staten Island, and disembarked without any opposition; encamped, and continued in barns for six weeks, waiting the arrival of some regiments from England. The army embarked in flat-bottomed boats, and landed in Long Island, near to Flat Bush, without any opposition; marched to Flat Bush, and encamped. The enemy were in great force, and strongly entrenched at Brooklyn, on the point opposite to New York. We remained encamped at Flat Bush and Newton for four days. It was here that Mr St George, a young Irishman of large fortune, joined our Company as a volunteer, and he afterwards purchased a lieutenancy in the regiment. We marched on the night of the 26th of August 1776; made a circuitous route to get in the rear of the enemy, that were encamped on our front about a mile, on very stony ground. We left our tents standing to deceive the enemy, and three brigades at Flat Bush, under the command of General Grant, who had orders to attack the enemy in front on a signal being made from us that we were in their rear. At daybreak, on the 27th of August, the signal was made, and the Grenadiers and Light Infantry who were in front began the attack, and drove the enemy

from the heights with very considerable loss, and if the three brigades under General Grant had come up in time, it would have been a very complete victory; but by some mistake they did not arrive till the action was over. The enemy retreated in great confusion through some swampy ground to our right flank, and got to the lines of Brooklyn. We took a number of prisoners and cannon, among the prisoners General Lord Stirling. The Grenadier Company of the 52nd suffered very much—Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Doyly killed, and Lieutenant Addison so badly wounded that he died in two days. I never was so sorry for anybody in my life as I was for my good friend Captain Nelson; if I had been his own son he could not have taken more care of me. I went to see my poor friend after the action. He had received a shot right through the head, and I was told that he had his hat off cheering his Grenadiers on into action when he received the shot. Captain Nelson was the second Grenadier captain that the 52nd had already lost in this war. We encamped on the field of battle that night. General Howe was much blamed for not immediately attacking the enemy's lines at Brooklyn after this action; they would certainly have been easily carried, as the enemy were in the greatest confusion. The Americans crossed over in boats during the night to New York. Had we attacked them that night we must have taken the whole army prisoners, and probably put an end to the war. We took possession of the lines at Brooklyn next morning.

The army remained on Long Island until the boats were collected near Hell Gates on the East River to convey the army across to York Island. The enemy were drawn up in very great force on York Island, it was supposed with an intention to oppose our landing, but we were so completely covered by two frigates that it was made good without any opposition. Immediately on the landing being effected the enemy evacuated the city of New York, and retreated to

Fort Washington. The day after we landed on York Island, our battalion, 2nd Light Infantry, had a very smart skirmish with the advanced posts of the enemy. It was brought on by a reconnoitring party, and we had thirty men killed and wounded. The enemy were still in possession of Fort Washington and King's Bridge, both strong posts on York Island. A very strong detachment was left on York Island, and the army embarked on the 12th of October 1776 in small craft and flat-bottomed boats a little above Hell Gate.

The boat I was in narrowly escaped being drawn into the whirlpool, which is called Hell Gate. One boat and every soul on board was lost. I am surprised there were not more, as we passed through in the night, and the channel is very narrow. Ships have even been drawn in by the wonderful suction of this very extraordinary place. For two hundred yards from the whirlpool the water is very much agitated, but near the centre it is perfectly smooth, and has the appearance of a funnel of about, I suppose, a hundred yards in diameter. When a vessel is fairly drawn into the funnel it is immediately turned round and round very quickly, and then goes down. The noise that this whirlpool makes is heard for three miles. The next morning at daybreak we had the most beautiful sight I ever saw—upwards of three hundred small vessels sailing down the east channel with a fine light breeze, all full of troops, with their bands playing, Long Island on one side and the continent on the other.

Disembarked at Willis's Bay on the continent; a few shots fired at the first boats that landed; encamped that night a mile from where we disembarked.

Next day marched at daybreak towards White Plains, where the enemy were encamped. On the march the Light Infantry had a pretty smart skirmish, in which Captain Evelyn of the 4th Light Company was killed, and Major Musgrave wounded. It is a very strong, woody country,

and we expected that the enemy would have disputed our march every yard; however, we met with very little opposition. The Riflemen were a little troublesome. The next day we saw the enemy's camp at White Plains, which appeared to be a very strong position,—a deep ravine and a river in their front, and their flanks covered by woods. Altogether it had a very formidable appearance. It was said they had twenty thousand men. We arrived on the banks of the river that covered their front at three o'clock in the afternoon, and encamped. We had a very distinct view of the enemy's position, which was not more than a mile in front of our advanced posts. There was continued firing all night between the advanced posts of the two armies. Next morning, October , the enemy's right flank was attacked by the 1st, 2nd, and 4th Brigades, supported by the Light Infantry and Grenadiers.

The attack began about seven, and continued well disputed on both sides for fifty minutes, when the Americans gave way. The Light Infantry and Grenadiers, who could not be brought into action at the beginning, now came up, and pursued the enemy quite through their camp.

The loss of the Light Infantry and Grenadiers was very trifling, but the brigades suffered very severely. Great numbers of the enemy were left dead on the field. They retreated to Shad's Ford, on the North River, and crossed over into the Jerseys. We heard that most of the New England and Connecticut men returned to their homes after this action. Those that were taken prisoners had scarcely a rag to their backs. We pursued the enemy to Shad's Ford, but they had all crossed over before we arrived. The army remained at Shad's Ford two days, and then marched to King's Bridge to attack Fort Washington, a remarkably strong work both by nature and art. It was the only post the enemy had now left on York Island; of course it was absolutely necessary for us to be in possession of it. The plan of

attack being fixed and everything arranged, the Hessians marched at daybreak in two columns; the 1st and 2nd Light Infantry embarked in flat-bottomed boats at King's Bridge, and proceeded up the East River under a very heavy cannonade, landed and stormed a battery, and afterwards took possession of a hill that commanded Fort Washington. The Hessians behaved uncommonly well, and effected their object, but with very great loss. The Light Infantry landed under so very heavy a fire of cannon and musketry that the sailors quitted their oars and lay down in the bottom of the boats. In this situation we must have remained exposed to the enemy's fire had not the soldiers taken the oars and pulled us on shore. The instant we landed the enemy retreated to Fort Washington.

The troops in New York marched out at the same time, and attacked the outworks on the side next the North River, and carried them. We were now in possession of all the outworks, the fort was summoned, and surrendered that evening. The Americans had taken very little care of their wounded; many of them had not been even dressed or taken under cover. Their army was now very much reduced, and I am very certain General Washington had not more than two thousand men at the very most. On our army crossing over to the Jerseys they evacuated Fort Lee. Fort Lee is opposite to Fort Washington, across the North River, in the Jerseys. Part of our army took possession of it, and the advanced post was at Newtown Bridge that night.

We saw about three hundred of the enemy march out of Fort Lee, and retreat by Newtown Bridge. The 52nd Light Company was quartered in a house, the cellar of which was full of uncommonly fine Madeira, and of which our Captain (Hamilton) was very fond. He quarrelled with St George and myself for not throwing away our tea and sugar, and loading our horses with Madeira. At this time neither St George nor myself drank any wine.

The next morning when we marched, Collins, the Captain's servant, who liked a drop as well as his master, had loaded the Captain's horses so much, that they could scarcely move off the ground. Everything had been thrown away to make room for the Madeira, but it would not all do; three dozen must have been left behind, if St George had not, very good-naturedly, put it on one of his horses. Hamilton was one of the best men that ever was, but drank so hard that it was recommended to him to give up the Light Company, which he did, and I remained in the command of it until I purchased a Company. When liquor was scarce, which was very often the case, St George and I always gave Hamilton our allowance of grog.

St George and I were great friends. He was a fine, high-spirited, gentleman-like young man, but uncommonly passionate. He had a little Irish servant, the most extraordinary creature that ever was. He had been a servant in the family a long time, and was the ugliest little fellow I ever beheld. He was very much marked with the small-pox, had a broad white face, little blue eyes, and lank long hair. St George always called him the Irish priest. This little man was to the full as passionate as his master, and frequently provoked him to such a degree that I often expected he would have killed him. St George was quite military mad, and the man copied the master in everything. When the man was fully equipped for action, he was a most laughable figure as ever was seen. He wore one of his master's old regimental jackets, a set of American accoutrements, a long rifle and sword, with a brace of horse pistols, and was attended by two runaway negroes equipped in the same way. On a shot being fired at any of the advanced posts, master and man set off immediately—the master attended by a man of the Company named Peacock, who had been a great deal with the Indians in Canada, and a

famous good soldier. I have often been surprised that they were not killed. St George drew caricatures uncommonly well, and I prevailed on him one day to draw himself and man in a violent passion, which he did so well, and so like, that everybody knew it immediately. Bernard, his servant, was lying on his back, and St George, with one foot on his breast, flourishing a sabre over his head, telling him to say a short prayer, for that he had not more than a minute to live.

I often thought that St George wished to be wounded, as he frequently said, "It is very extraordinary that I don't get a clink, for I am certain I go as much in the way of it as anybody."

However, poor St George had not to complain of not being wounded before the war was over. He received a shot through the heel at the battle of Brandywine, and got a shocking wound in the head at the battle of Princeton. He was carried off the field by Peacock, who behaved like himself, otherwise St George must certainly have been taken prisoner. When he was trepanned, I was the only person he knew, and he desired me to remain with him while the operation was performed. This was the first person I ever saw trepanned, and I am certain it will be the last. He bore the whole operation without saying one word. Two days after he desired me to take care of Peacock, and gave him fifty guineas. He recovered of the wound to the astonishment of everybody, but had always very bad health afterwards, and was obliged to go to the south of France every winter. He wore a little silver plate over the place where he was trepanned. St George corresponded all the time he was in America with a Mrs —, whom I believe he afterwards married.

We continued to pursue the enemy quite through the Jerseys till they crossed the Delaware. The famous General Lee alone remained on the Blue Mountains with

a brigade to harass our foraging parties. He was taken prisoner by Colonel Harcourt of the 16th, with a small party of dragoons, at a village near Equaquanac. General Lee was brought in behind a dragoon; so dirty and so ungentleman-like a looking General I never saw before. Everybody of course turned out to look at him. He had on an old blue coat turned up with red, an old cocked hat, and greasy leather breeches. I rather think it was the intention of General Howe to have crossed the Delaware into Pennsylvania that campaign had we found any boats on this side of the river, but the enemy had taken care not to leave even a canoe. Our army was then ordered into winter quarters. The advanced post was a brigade of Hessians at Trent Town. The two battalions of Light Infantry at Prince Town, sixteen miles in the rear of Trent Town. The Grenadiers, and three brigades at Brunswick, sixteen miles in the rear of the Light Infantry, and three more brigades at Amboy, the remainder of the army at New York, Staten Island, and Long Island.

General Howe was very much blamed for extending his posts through so great an extent of country, from the banks of the Delaware to New York, more than a hundred miles. He was also blamed for not taking possession of Philadelphia that campaign, but how was it possible to cross the Delaware without boats? and if he had, he must have trusted to the country for provisions. The Light Infantry certainly ought to have had the advanced post at Trent Town. Before we went into winter quarters, Washington's army was so reduced that the bets were ten to one that we should not have another campaign.

Soon after we got settled in quarters, I got leave to go to New York to purchase necessities for my Company. Captain Williamson of the 52nd Grenadiers and I went together from Brunswick, and intended coming back at the same time, but poor Williamson, unfortunately for him,

was detained by some business for a longer time than I could wait, as St George was anxious to go to New York, but could not get leave until I returned. On my way back, I stayed a day with Lieutenant Grose, of the 52nd Grenadiers, at Brunswick, and the first I heard of General Washington's recrossing the Delaware, and having taken Colonel Rull and his regiment, was at the public-house called the Wooden Billet, half-way between Brunswick and Princetown. There I found two men of the 17th Dragoons that were going express to Brunswick with the news. They were baiting their horses, and advised me strongly to turn back, as they said some of the enemy's horse were on the road between that and Princetown.

Being well mounted, I thought I did not run much risk, and arrived safe at ten o'clock at night. Our battalion had received orders to march the next morning, but waited the arrival of the Grenadiers from Brunswick, that had marched immediately on receiving the intelligence of the enemy's having crossed the Delaware, and arrived at Princetown at ten o'clock that morning. They halted only two hours, and the whole then marched on to Trent Town.

General Washington had marched out of Trent Town a few hours before we arrived, it was supposed to recross the river into Pennsylvania. We remained all night lying upon our arms, in expectation that he would attack us if he had not recrossed the Delaware; but he certainly made a much better manoeuvre than either, by marching during the night to Princetown, and at daybreak attacked the 17th and 40th Regiments. In the morning we were astonished to hear a heavy fire of cannon and musketry, we supposed at Princetown, on our rear, and immediately marched back there; but before we could arrive, General Washington had completely defeated these two regiments, and two hundred Grenadiers and Light Infantry that were on their march to join their battalions. Nearly the whole were

either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. I was quite shocked to find poor Captain Williamson was among the killed. He had received orders the day after I left New York to march the recovered men that were in Hospital to join their regiments, and arrived at Princetown just as the action began. Poor Williamson was a most accomplished young man, and was the third captain that the 5th Grenadiers had killed since the commencement of the war. We only halted two hours at Princetown, and continued our march all night in hopes of coming up with Washington, but he was too far before us, and got into the Blue Mountains. I never experienced such a disagreeable night's march in my life. It was as dark as possible, and a very cold hard frost, and the horses being tired, the guns got on so slowly that we did not arrive at Brunswick before ten the next morning. We had been eighteen hours in marching sixteen miles. On our arrival at Brunswick we expected to have gone into barracks with the Grenadiers, but we were very much disappointed. The men were quartered in barns, and the officers of three Companies in one room, with nothing to eat but salt pork, and half the battalion ordered on piquet on a bleak hill without any cover but some paling and straw made into a shed, a large fire at our feet—one side roasted and the other frozen. I shall never forget it.

General Washington's army had increased very much on their return to the Jerseys, and were in high spirits in consequence of their success at Trent Town and Princetown. He was not more than six miles from us, at a place called Boneham Town, in the Blue Mountains, so that it was necessary to keep a sharp look-out; indeed, the whole army for the greatest part of the winter always turned out an hour before daybreak, and drew up in line in expectation of being attacked. This was a most harassing winter for the troops at Brunswick. They were on piquet every third

night, and generally marched out five or six miles twice every week to cover foraging parties. The Light Infantry were in barns the whole winter, and twelve officers in a small room, lying upon straw, and a very genteel Royalist family in an inner room, the only way out of which was through ours. In this situation we remained for the winter. St George, *being a man of fortune*, built a room, with a fireplace, up in the garret, where he and I intended being very snug and comfortable, but never were two gentlemen more disappointed or more laughed at. We had got fresh straw for our beds, and a fire made on in our little room; but when it began to burn the stink was so intolerable that we could not stay in it, and owing to the cold it was quite impossible to sleep in this room without fire, so we were obliged to return to our former quarters, to the great entertainment of everybody. We could not imagine what had produced such a stink, but on examining the mortar very closely we found out the cause; whether some filth had been put in as a joke or by accident we could not discover.

General Washington did not attempt to beat up our quarters the whole winter. The Light Infantry and Grenadiers marched out one night to Shanktown, twelve miles from Brunswick, surprised a regiment, and took most of them prisoners. We had marched all night to get in the rear of this post, and arriving rather too soon, as the attack was not to begin till daybreak, we halted in a wood, where I lay down close to the Company, and, being very much fatigued, fell fast asleep. The Company marched away without observing me, and I did not awake until the line had passed. There were no roads, and it was pitch dark; I did not know which way to run, but fortunately took the right line, and overtook the rear guard. I shall never forget the fright I got. We returned to Brunswick that night very much fatigued. I met with a great loss, a few days after, of a very fine black horse. He was stolen out of the stable:

however, I was not long without another; the next time we were out to cover the foraging parties I was again mounted. The 52nd Light Infantry were famous *providers*. They were good hands at a Grab. Grab was a favourite expression among the Light Infantry, and meant any plunder taken by force; a Lob when you got it without any opposition, and I am very certain there never was a more expert set than the Light Infantry at either grab, lob, or gutting a house. The Grenadiers used to call us their *children*, and when we got more plunder than we wanted we always supplied our *fathers*. The Light Infantry were always in front of the army, and not allowed tents. We generally quartered our men in farmhouses and barns, or made huts when houses were not conveniently situated, and we were always so near to the enemy that the men never pulled off their accoutrements, and were always ready to turn out at a minute's warning.

General Washington continued in the Blue Mountains until we made a move towards New York to embark for Chesapeake Bay. He then marched to Edgehill, near Amboy. He allowed us to cross the Brunswick river under a distant cannonade. The army remained encamped near Amboy until our guns and heavy baggage had crossed over to Statten Island. We had several severe skirmishes with the enemy while we remained here. The Light Company of the Guards had joined the army a short time before we left Brunswick, and in covering a foraging party fell in with a considerable body of the enemy, and lost half the Company killed and wounded. Captain Finch, a very fine young man, was killed. The Light Infantry and Grenadiers covered the crossing of the army from Amboy to Statten Island. The Amboy river is full half a mile broad; however, General Washington allowed us to cross without even attacking our rear, though it would certainly have been a favourable opportunity to have harassed it. On our army crossing to Statten Island, General Washington marched to Hackinsac

and Equaqueanac, where he remained till our army embarked at New York. It was then very clear that Philadelphia was our destination, and General Washington moved immediately into Pennsylvania, where he remained until he could ascertain that our fleet had passed the mouth of the Delaware river. He then marched into Virginia. We had a most tedious passage from New York to the Chesapeake, which gave General Washington full time to march from Philadelphia into Virginia before we arrived at the head of Elk River, where the army disembarked. It rained incessantly for three days after the army landed, and the roads were so bad that it was with the greatest difficulty that the guns were dragged on. General Washington, though in great force, did not show any inclination to give us battle until we came to the river Brandywine. On the banks of this river he took a very strong position with his whole army. An action was, of course, what General Howe wished for, and Washington was now determined to risk one.

The night before the battle twenty empty waggons were ordered to attend each battalion of Grenadiers and Light Infantry, to carry the wounded, which was always a preparation for a battle. We were then within twelve miles of the fords of Brandywine river.

The army marched (September 11th, 1777) in two columns at daybreak. The British under General Howe, and the Hessians commanded by General Knyphausen, took different roads, and the two columns marched so as to arrive at the lower fords at the same time. They were distant from each other three miles. I fancy it was the intention of General Washington to have disputed our crossing at both had he arrived in time. On our arrival at the ford we saw the whole of the American army advancing on the road towards it, but on finding that we had possession of the heights above the ford he immediately formed his army on some very strong ground about a mile on the opposite side of the river.

We waited to refresh our men until we heard the firing from Knyphausen's column, that was opposed at the lower ford by a very strong detachment from Washington's army, and led it a great number of men. Indeed it was for some time a doubt whether they were to cross or not, the ford was so well disputed by the Americans.

It was here, before we attacked General Washington, that Colonel Meadows made the famous speech to the 1st Battalion of Grenadiers, which he commanded: "Grenadiers, put on your caps; for d——d fighting and drinking I'll match you against the world." We marched to the attack in two columns, the Grenadiers at the head of one, playing "The Grenadier's March," and the Light Infantry at the head of the other. The action began by a cannonade from the enemy, while our army was forming in line from column. The position the enemy had taken was very strong indeed—very commanding ground, a wood on their rear and flanks, a ravine and strong paling in front. The fields in America are all fenced in by paling. In this situation they allowed us to advance till within one hundred and fifty yards of their line, when they gave us a volley, which we returned, and immediately charged. They stood the charge till we came to the last paling. Their line then began to break, and a general retreat took place soon after, except from their guns, many of which were defended to the last; indeed, several officers were cut down at the guns. The Americans never fought so well before, and they fought to great advantage, as our army had made a march of fourteen miles before the action, and the ground was much in their favour. At this time the whole army were so inveterate against the Americans that they seldom gave any quarter, and desertion from us was scarcely known. The action commenced at three o'clock, and we were in full possession of the field of battle by four. Both armies had a number of men killed and wounded.

A very considerable body of the enemy formed in a wood to cover their retreat, but were immediately attacked by the 33rd Regiment and Light Infantry, and totally defeated. It was now near dark, and our army so very much fatigued that we could not follow up our victory; indeed, it could not have been attended with much success in a country so much intersected with rivers and woods, and it is always very difficult to come up with a retreating army with infantry. It was in this battle, as I have already mentioned, that St George was wounded in the heel. We remained encamped at Brandywine two days, and the wounded were sent to Wilmington. Our army then moved on to Valley Forge, some iron-works on the Schuylkill river. It was here we crossed. General Washington crossed the Schuylkill a little above, and left General Wayne, with a brigade of one thousand men, to attack our rear in crossing the Schuylkill, and it was supposed his intention was to attack us as we landed on the opposite side. General Wayne was encamped about twelve miles from the 2nd Battalion of Light Infantry, ready to attack our rear. The day before the army crossed the Schuylkill three Companies of our battalion were sent out under the command of Major Straubenzie to get all the information they could of the situation of General Wayne's encampment. They returned about four o'clock in the evening, and as soon as it was dark the whole battalion got under arms, and General Grey came up to the battalion, and told Major Maitland, who commanded, that it was going on a night expedition to try and surprise a camp, and that if any men were loaded they were immediately to draw their pieces.

The Major said the whole of the battalion was always loaded, and that if he would only allow them to remain so, he would be answerable that they did not fire a shot.

The General said if he could place that dependence on his battalion they should remain loaded, but that it might

be attended with very serious consequences if they began firing. We remained loaded, and marched at eight o'clock on the evening of September 20th, 1777, to surprise General Wayne's camp. We did not meet any patrol or vidette of the enemy until we had arrived within a mile or two of the camp, when our advanced guard was challenged by two of the enemy's videttes. They challenged twice, fired, and galloped off full speed.

A little farther on the road there was a blacksmith's shop. A party was immediately sent to bring the blacksmith, who informed us that we were close to the camp, and that the piquet was only a few hundred yards up the road. The blacksmith was ordered to conduct us to the camp, and we had not marched a quarter of a mile when the enemy's piquet challenged, fired a volley, and retreated. General Grey then came to the head of the battalion and cried out, "Dash, Light Infantry!"

Without saying a word, the whole battalion dashed into the wood, and, guided by the straggling fire of the piquet that we followed close up, we entered the camp, and gave such a cheer as made the woods echo. The enemy were completely surprised, some with arms, some without, running in all directions in the greatest confusion.

The camp was immediately set on fire; the Light Infantry bayoneted every man they came up with; this, with the cries of the wounded, formed altogether the most dreadful scene I ever beheld. Every man that fired was immediately put to death. Captain Wolfe was killed, and I received a shot in my right hand soon after we entered the camp. I saw the fellow present at me, and was running up to him when he fired. He was immediately put to death. The enemy were pursued for two miles. I kept up until I got faint with the loss of blood, and was obliged to sit down. A sergeant of the Company remained with me, and we should have been left behind had not St George missed me

after the business was over, and immediately went to General Grey, who halted the detachment until I was found.

Wayne's brigade was to have marched at one o'clock in the morning to have attacked our battalion crossing the Schuylkill, and we surprised them at twelve. When the videttes rode into the camp and informed General Wayne that we were advancing, he did not believe them. The General narrowly escaped being taken. Four hundred and sixty of the enemy were counted lying dead the next morning, and not one shot was fired by us. The whole was done by the bayonet. We had not more than twenty men killed and wounded. Four pieces of cannon had been drawn into a wood, which we did not fall in with. We returned in the morning to our former ground, and crossed the river next day without a shot being fired at us. The Americans ever after Wayne's affair called us "The Bloodhounds." I don't think that our battalion slept very soundly after that night for a long time. The next day we marched to Beggarstown, where we were very well quartered for more than a month, and the same day the principal part of the army marched into Philadelphia, leaving the 1st Light Infantry Battalion and two brigades at Germantown, a mile in our rear. The reduction of Mud Island and Red Bank cost us a number of men and a great deal of trouble before they were taken.

Red Bank, a strong work in the Jerseys, about two miles below Philadelphia, on the opposite side of the river, commanded the river. Count Donop particularly asked to have the honour of storming this work, and would have carried it, October 22nd, 1777, had he not been killed when inside the work; but the instant the men saw him fall they were panic-struck, and immediately gave way. The Hessians lost a number of men and officers at the attack on Red Bank.

During the night the Americans evacuated the work, and the Hessians took possession. Mud Island is situated on the river Delaware, about two miles below Philadelphia, and

was strongly fortified. The *Augusta*, 74-gun ship, was burnt at the attack on Mud Island by some hay taking fire on the poop. A number of her crew were lost when she blew up, and the enemy continued a very heavy fire the whole time she was burning.

A great part of our army was employed at the siege of Mud Island, which General Washington took advantage of, and attacked our battalion at Beggarstown with his whole army.

It was a very fortunate circumstance for us that we had changed our quarters two days before from the houses in Beggarstown to wigwams outside the town, for I am certain, had we been quartered in the town the morning we were attacked, we should all have been bayoneted.

About one o'clock on the morning of the 4th of October 1777, we had information from a deserter, as he said he was, but rather think he had lost his way. He was brought in by one of our patrols, and positively said that he had left General Washington and his whole army on their march from Chestnut Hill. This man was immediately sent to Captain Balfour, one of General Howe's aide-de-camps, who was too lazy to get up to examine him; and the first that General Howe heard of General Washington's marching against us was the attack upon us at daybreak. General Wayne commanded the advance of the army, and fully expected to be revenged on the "Bloodhounds."

On the first shots being fired at our piquet the battalion was out and under arms in a minute; so much had they in recollection Wayne's affair that many of them rushed out at the back part of the huts. At this time the day had broke about five minutes, but it was a very thick, foggy morning, and so dark that we could not see a hundred yards before us. Just as the battalion had formed the piquet ran in and said the enemy were advancing in force.

They had not well joined the battalion when we heard a

loud cry of "Have at the Bloodhounds! Revenge Wayne's affair!" and immediately fired a volley. We gave them another in return, a cheer, and charged. As it was at the close of the campaign, our battalion was very weak. They did not consist of more than three hundred and fifty men, and there was no support nearer than Germantown, a mile in our rear. On our charging they gave way on all sides, but again and again renewed the attack with fresh troops and greater force. We charged them twice, till the battalion was so reduced by killed and wounded that the bugle was sounded to retreat; indeed, had we not retreated at the very time we did, we should have been all taken or killed, as two columns of the enemy had nearly got round our flanks.

This was the first time we had ever retreated from the Americans, and it was with great difficulty that we could prevail on the men to obey our orders.

It was in the first volley that poor St George was severely wounded in the head. The enemy had now been kept so long in check that the two brigades had advanced to the entrance of Beggarstown when they met our battalion retreating. By this time General Howe had come up, and seeing the battalion all broke, he got into a great passion, and exclaimed, "For shame, Light Infantry! I never saw you retreat before. Form! form! it is only a scouting party." We were always his favourites. However, he was very soon convinced that it was more than a scouting party, as the heads of three columns of the enemy appeared—one coming through Beggarstown with three pieces of cannon in their front, which they immediately fired with grape at the crowd that was standing with General Howe under a large chestnut-tree. I think I never saw people enjoy a discharge of grape before, but really all the officers of the 2nd Battalion appeared pleased to see the enemy make such an appearance, and to hear the grape rattle about the Commander-in-Chief's ears, after he had accused us of having run away from a scouting

party. He rode off immediately full speed, and we joined the two brigades that were now formed a little way in our rear; but it was not possible for them to make any stand against General Washington's whole army, and they all retreated to Germantown except Colonel Musgrave, who fortunately now threw himself with the 40th Regiment into Jew's House, a very large, fine building between Germantown and Beggartown. This house he defended with the greatest gallantry against Washington's whole army, until we were reinforced from Philadelphia. The enemy then fell back to Chestnut Hill. Had they not stopped to attack Jew's House, it is thought they might have marched into Philadelphia.

Colonel Musgrave got, very deservedly, great credit for the defence of Jew's House. Mud Island and Red Bank being now in our possession, the whole army encamped two miles in front of Philadelphia, and a chain of redoubts were thrown up from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, joined by a breastwork and an abattis.

A short time before we went into winter quarters I was allowed, through the interest of General Grant with General Howe, to purchase a Company. The only objection was my being so very young. On my promotion I was ordered to join my regiment at New York, much against my inclination, but I did not remain long there, as I was ordered by General Howe to join the Light Company again, and Hamilton was removed to the regiment.

On the passage from Philadelphia to New York the vessel I was in was very near being lost off Sandy Hook. We were obliged to come to anchor in a gale of wind, or bear away for the West Indies with only two days' provisions on board. We came to anchor, and fortunately the anchor held. I was so very sick the whole time that I did not know that we had been in such imminent danger until it was all over. I found some old friends at New York, —General Jones, who had been Lieutenant-Colonel to the

52nd, and his aide-de-camp Chetwynd, a Lieutenant in the regiment, a particular friend of mine. They were very kind, and got me quarters. I also found here a very old Boston acquaintance that I used to mark for at a billiard-table when the marker would not sit up. This was James Dalrymple, a Captain in the 57th Regiment. Dalrymple introduced me to a Club at Black Sam's, where I first began play, and as the old saying is that "The devil favours young beginners," he certainly did me for the first two nights. Being introduced by my friend was a great recommendation, and I commenced by winning thirty guineas. This I carried home, and I did not sleep an hour that night from thinking of the *large sum* I had won—a greater than I had ever possessed before at one time! A Mr Phillips, who afterwards was turned out of the Club, was very attentive to me, and said I was a very promising beginner, and that I knew what I was about. The next night I went to the Club again, and won fifty guineas more, and I began to think that Mr Phillips was right, and again did not close my eyes that night from thinking I should certainly make my fortune. I remember a very disagreeable affair happened that night in the room under which we were playing, between the Honourable Captain Tollemache of the Navy and Captain Pennington of the Guards, afterwards Lord Muncaster.

We had heard of their arrival from England, and Colonel Cosmo Gordon, who knew Pennington, proposed that a message should be sent to invite them to join our party. Just as we were talking of sending the waiter, he ran up in a violent hurry and said, "For God's sake, gentlemen, run downstairs! Two officers are fighting with swords!" But before any person got down Pennington had run Tollemache through the body, and he immediately expired.

The quarrel took place on board Tollemache's ship coming out from England. Pennington was a passenger, and would whistle when it was blowing hard. Tollemache

requested he would not whistle, as the sailors did not like it, and were so superstitious as to think that it increased the wind. In fact, sailors always whistle when they want more wind. The next night I returned again to the Club, and lost all that I had won the two nights before, and thirty pounds more. I then could not sleep, for I thought I was ruined. The winter was now nearly over, and I was ordered to join the Light Infantry again at Philadelphia.

Captain Brownlow and I went together, and on the passage agreed to join purses when we arrived at Philadelphia, where we heard they played very deep, and to try our luck. Brownlow was to play for both. However, we lost every night, until all my money was expended. I then thought that I was really ruined. Brownlow, who had a longer purse than I, continued to play, and won back all that he had lost. However, I had prudence enough to stop for some time.

Captain Powell of the Grenadiers of the 52nd and I messed together. He taught me to drink wine. I had never before drank more than one glass of white wine. Powell played very deep every night, and drank very hard—a good master for a young man. My messmate was indeed a very wild young man, and I fancy had lost a great deal of money during the winter. He often offered to lend me money to try my luck again, but I persevered in my resolution of not playing until the battalion and forage money was paid, which was fifty pounds to each Captain. I then intended to try and recover my losses. I remember it was the last night of the rooms for the winter, and they were uncommonly full, many men there on the same errand as myself, and I fancy very few succeeded. At one period during the evening I had won very considerably, and was coming away. It was then near daybreak, and Powell had lost every shilling. I lent him fifty pounds, and he prevailed on me to stay half an hour longer, as he said the party would break up if I

went away; indeed I was the only person remaining that had any money left of any consequence, but I was determined not to lose the fifty pounds I had set out with. I remained to oblige my friend, and lost all I had won, except the fifty pounds I had lent him, and then came away. Powell remained, and lost every shilling—all the Company's money, and all that he could borrow. The campaign was now near opening, and Powell often said that he wished that the first shot that was fired might be through his head.

Colonel French, who had been taken prisoner on his passage from England, made his escape out of Lancaster Jail, where he had been kept closely confined for nearly twelve months. The Colonel was a very quick, clever, enterprising little man. When a lieutenant, he ran away with a nun from Minorca, and married her. He had made several attempts to get away, but in vain. At last he laid a very curious plan for his escape. He wrote a letter to the Commanding Officer of the Americans for permission to paper the room he was confined in, and got leave. The jailer came in when he was at work and said, "Well, now, I vow the regular is doing well to make himself comfortable for the short time he has to live, for I swear the Congress will keep him here till he is hanged." He was often taken out and threatened to be hanged, and there was always a crowd of people round the jail window abusing him. He found a letter on the floor of his room one morning that had been thrown in at the window by a Quaker, who promised to appear at the corner of the market-house opposite the jail window the next morning, and described the dress he would wear. The Quaker appeared at the time appointed. He also said in his letter that he would come to the jail window at twelve o'clock that night. He came and offered Colonel French his assistance in making his escape in any way that he could point out. The Colonel had laid his plan, which

was to saw with an old knife one of the bars of the window ; but as this would be a tedious business with a knife, the Quaker brought him the next night a file ; yet the difficulty was to prevent the place being seen, as the jailer every morning examined very strictly every part of the room. To obviate this, the Colonel said to the jailer, after he had papered the room, "I think, Jonathan, those iron bars would look better papered." The jailer said, "I declare this regular is a comical fellow!" The Colonel now set to work and papered the iron bars. This finished, he every night took off the paper from the bar he was sawing, and put it on again in the morning. By this means he completely deceived the jailer. The night he made his escape the Quaker came by appointment on horseback, with an old Quaker woman's dress, which the Colonel put on in the jail, then got out at the window, and mounted behind the Quaker. Before it was light they arrived at the Quaker's house, and the Colonel was concealed in the barn, where he remained till the next night, when the Quaker again took him behind him, and they travelled all night, arriving in two days at the Sound. Here a boat was provided, which conveyed the Colonel across to Long Island, and he arrived safe at New York. When he came to New York he was so completely disguised that not even his oldest acquaintances knew him again.

Sir Henry Clinton arrived from England in command of the army, and General Howe was ordered home. Before he gave up the command of the army one attempt was made to bring the enemy to a general action, and it would certainly have succeeded had it not been for a *General* who preferred going from the enemy in place of going to them. The Light Infantry Grenadiers and Reserve marched out of Philadelphia at nine o'clock at night. It is first necessary to mention that General Washington was strongly entrenched fifteen miles from Philadelphia, on the banks of the Schuyl-

kill. The Marquis de la Fayette commanded the advanced post of four thousand men on this side of the Schuylkill. The Light Infantry Grenadiers and Reserve were to make a very circuitous march, and get between the Marquis de la Fayette and the only ford near his camp. We had marched upwards of twenty-five miles before daybreak, and about an hour before day we came to two roads. We were then not more than a mile from La Fayette's camp. Sir William Erskine, the Quarter-Master General, informed the *General* who commanded that we were now nearer the ford than the Marquis de la Fayette, and that by marching that road, pointing to the left, we should certainly cut him off from General Washington's army; and then pointing to the other, said, "That goes quite a different way." The General answered, "By God! I'll not commit myself," halted for more than an hour, and then took the other road. During this time General de la Fayette, hearing of our approach, retreated across the river in the greatest confusion, and he has often since been heard to say that he gave himself up as entirely lost, and ordered his men to disperse and save themselves the best way they could.

General Howe had marched the same morning the straight road for La Fayette's camp with the whole army, thinking that General Washington would have reinforced La Fayette on his being attacked. The army quite adored General Howe, and were so anxious to strike a brilliant blow before he left it that this business made a great noise. We certainly had it in our power to have taken the whole of the Marquis de la Fayette's detachment, and that would probably have brought on a general engagement. We returned to Philadelphia that evening, and arrived at nine o'clock. The Light Infantry and Grenadiers had then marched sixty miles in twenty-four hours, and did not leave a man behind. It certainly was a wonderfully long march for nearly three thousand men. They were in good wind,

as we generally marched out of Philadelphia every day ten or twelve miles to cover the market people coming in.

About the end of May 1778, as a mark of the attachment of the army to General Howe, the field-officers gave him an entertainment that cost more than three thousand pounds. It was called a "Mischianza," which, I believe, signifies a variety of amusements. General Howe soon after embarked for England, very much regretted by everybody. It was said General Howe had missed many opportunities of putting an end to the war. On the 27th of August 1776, at Brooklyn, on Long Island, I believe more might have been done; but I scarcely ever heard of a battle being fought over a second time that some one of the party who had not been present did not think that it would have been better if so-and-so had been done, and really giving their opinion with apparently as much knowledge of the battle as if they had been in the thick of it.

The news of General Burgoyne's defeat reached us soon after General Howe left the army. The Commissioners also arrived from England to treat with the Americans. For some time it was very evident that Philadelphia was to be evacuated. The heavy cannon and stores were put on board transports, and ordered round to New York, and soon after—18th June 1778—the whole army crossed over to the Jerseys. General Washington had foreseen that it was the intention of Sir Henry Clinton to cross the Delaware, and I believe he crossed the same day about twenty miles above Philadelphia. The American army having now been considerably reinforced, General Washington, on the 28th of June 1778, attacked our rear on the fourth day's march.

The day was remarkably hot, and I fancy General Clinton did not think that General Washington was so near, and in such force, otherwise he certainly would not have left his rear so unprotected. The line of march was lengthened out for several miles, even the line of Grenadiers and Light

Infantry was not connected ; and when the attack was made in the rear it was a very considerable time before any force could be brought together to act. Besides, the day was so exceedingly hot that we must have lost more than one hundred men that dropped down dead from the effects of the sun, fatigue, and the want of water ; and when they did arrive, they were so very much worn out, that they were for little use. I really think the Americans missed the only opportunity they ever had of gaining an advantage over us. General Lee's conduct was very much blamed in this action. He was afterwards brought to a court-martial, and dismissed the Service. Our loss altogether was upwards of four hundred men killed, wounded, and who died from the sun and want of water. My poor wild friend Powell was killed, and Grose of the 52nd wounded. Powell made the fourth Captain of Grenadiers that the 52nd had killed during the American War. It was on Powell's being killed that the drummer of the Company said, "Well, I wonder who they will get to accept of our Grenadiers now. I'll be d——d if I would take them !" Grose's wound turned out very bad. The great artery in the thick part of the thigh was touched, and it was supposed that he could not possibly survive it. He therefore gave in his resignation to sell out for the benefit of his sisters. He bled for three days, and was quite given over ; however, fortunately, the fourth day the bleeding stopped, and he recovered. We halted for two days after the action, and General Washington did not show any disposition to renew the attack ; indeed, from all accounts, they were very severely handled, and fell back a considerable way the next day. On the third day we proceeded on our route to Sandy Point, where the army embarked in flat-bottomed boats for New York and Staten Island, 5th July 1778.

The Light Infantry and Grenadiers were encamped at Newtown on Long Island. This campaign was far from

being an active one, as little more was done except surprising Lady Washington's Dragoons in the Jerseys. The two battalions of Light Infantry crossed over to the Jerseys to cover the country people bringing provisions to the market. We were hutted near Newbridge, and got information of this Regiment of Dragoons being within twenty-five miles of our camp, and a plan was laid to surprise them. The greatest part of the Light Infantry were mounted behind Dragoons, and marched after it was dark, but the Light Infantry soon tired of riding, and preferred marching.

So perfectly secure did the enemy think themselves, that not even a sentry was posted; or if there was, he must have been asleep, for not a shot was fired, and the whole regiment, except a very few that were bayoneted, were taken prisoners. The Commanding Officer, who was missing for some time, was found up a chimney.

We all returned to our camp on horseback, mounted on the horses that had been taken, and some most laughable figures there were. Soon after this the 52nd Light Company was ordered to join the regiment on York Island, and in a few days orders came out for the regiments being drafted, as they were now so very weak. The regiment had been sixteen years in America, and had lost more officers and men than any regiment in the army.

The 52nd Regiment was drafted (1778) at York Island, and the officers embarked for England.

Names of the Officers of the 52nd that were killed and wounded during the American War:—

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------|
| Lt.-Colonel Campbell, | } Killed. |
| Major Williams, | |
| Captain Addison, | |
| Captain Davidson, | |
| Captain Smith, | |
| Captain Nelson, | |
| Captain Powell, | |
| Captain Thompson, | |

| | | |
|---------------------|---|---------|
| Lieutenant Addison, | } | Killed. |
| Lieutenant Higgins, | | |
| Lieutenant Doyle, | | |
| Lieutenant Thomas, | | |
| Ensign ——— | | |

| | | |
|-----------------------|---|----------|
| Lieutenant Crawford, | } | Wounded. |
| Lieutenant Chetwynd, | | |
| Lieutenant Russell, | | |
| Lieutenant Thomas, | | |
| Lieutenant St George, | | |
| Lieutenant Hunter, | | |
| Lieutenant Grose, | | |
| Lieutenant ——— | | |

| | | |
|------------------|---|----------|
| Ensign Harrison, | } | Wounded. |
| Ensign Menthé, | | |
| Ensign ——— | | |

We arrived at the Downs after a passage of only one month. There was a gale of wind the whole way, but fair. One of our transports was cast away, with Colonel Humphreys on board, on the coast of France. All the passengers were saved. Another transport was driven to Ireland. I remained in London for three weeks. Colonel Straubenzie, Tom Maitland, and myself travelled together to the north, called on Sir Charles Turner at Kirkleatham, he was not at home; stayed at Kirkleatham two days, shooting and hunting. I arrived at Medomsley in the winter of 1778, after having been away seven years—two at school in Hampshire, at Bishop Waltham, and five in America. I got a very severe cold with travelling in a post-chaise, in which there was damp straw. This brought on rheumatism, and laid me up for two months

with rheumatic fever. I never had rheumatism either before or since.

The headquarters of the regiment were at Wakefield. I had a recruiting party at Durham, but got very few men. I was soon ordered to join at Wakefield. We all quarrelled with the gentlemen of Wakefield, and writs were out every day against some of us for beating the inhabitants, or some outrage. The non-commissioned officers that we brought home with us had been so long accustomed to kill their own mutton in America, that they thought they might do the same in England. Hen-roosts did not escape them, and three were sent to York Jail for sheep-stealing.

Two months before we left Wakefield we became more civilized, and got acquainted with all the families of the town. Colonel Straubenzie's brother was then a merchant at Wakefield, and Straubenzie himself a very dashing, fashionable, fox-hunting young man, and very fond of Miss ——— at Leeds. The 4th Dragoons were then quartered at Leeds. They were almost every day either with us, or we with them—fine jolly parties. Two Miss ———'s were great fortunes at Wakefield, but were so very plain that none of us would dance with them but Captain House, an old gentleman. Straubenzie used then to make great fun of them, but on his return from India he thought differently, and married one of these ladies.

We marched from Wakefield to Chatham Barracks. The regiment remained in barracks, and I was detached to Coxheath with the Light Company, where we were formed into a battalion with nine militia companies, and the 45th and 59th Regiments under the command of Lord Cathcart. Lord Sheffield's regiment of Dragoons was also encamped with us, and the whole commanded by Colonel Ainsley. Lord Sheffield commanded his own regiment. Lord Herbert, now Lord Pembroke, had a troop. The new (Dundas's) exercises had just come out, and Ainsley

had the Light Infantry and Light Dragoons out every day acting together. I never spent so pleasant a summer, though rather plagued by Ainsley with field-days, and the poor lords were never tight, regularly found fault with every day that we were out. Lord Cathcart is certainly a very quick, good officer, but Ainsley and he never could agree. Sham fights were then very much in fashion, which interfered with my shooting, and saved Mrs Bouverie's pheasants. Lady Cathcart had a house close to the camp. She was a Miss Elliott, and an old New York acquaintance of mine. We had many pleasant parties there, balls every night, and a great collection of remarkably pretty women—Lady Beauchamp and her sister Mrs Overand, Lady Blygrave, etc., etc. I was a member of the Ugly Club—Lieutenant Cod of the 59th President. We had also a Wig Club, in which every member was obliged to appear in a wig, to smoke, and drink porter. This meeting always produced a great deal of humour. George Pitt, brother to Lord Rivers, was President. We had nearly fifty members, and met once a week at Wellum, on Saturday nights. We had cold meat, porter, punch and pipes, and there were among us some excellent singers—Haig, etc. I was then a most indefatigable shot, and killed a wonderful quantity of game, to the great annoyance of Mrs Bouverie, who had the principal manor about Coxheath. I remember sending Mrs Pitt six brace of cock pheasants by nine o'clock on the first day of October. *Two brace*, indeed, I had killed the day before the season, and left them on the ground till next morning, but I certainly would not have done so to any person that had been civil to me.

The Regiments at Coxheath were 55th, 59th, and the Light Company of the 52nd, Lord Sheffield's Light Dragoons, Yorkshire Regiment of Light Dragoons, Warwickshire, Dorsetshire, Lancashire, Berkshire Militia, and three Welsh Regiments.

After the camp broke up, I joined my regiment again with the Light Company at Chatham. The regiment marched from Chatham to Feversham and Sittingburn, where we remained the winter, and then moved to Dartford Heath to be encamped for the summer. The morning we marched into camp Lord George Gordon's riots in London began, so that at night we marched again for Greenwich. On our arriving in the middle of the night, the inhabitants were very much frightened, until they knew who we were. We remained at Greenwich until the riots were all over, when we returned to Dartford Heath, and there again encamped. A very serious quarrel had nearly happened between the 52nd Regiment and the Northamptonshire Militia. Our men always called them the "feather-bed soldiers." The quarrel began between two drunken soldiers, but at last became so serious that both regiments ran to their arms, and loaded; and as our men were almost all from Yorkshire, they despatched some men to the North Yorkshire to come to their assistance. They were also running to their arms. We were all at dinner, immediately ran out, and with great difficulty put a stop to it. Prisoners were taken on both sides, and next day everything was amicably settled, and we were good friends ever after. We dined with the Northamptonshire, and they with us.

Mr Hankey, his wife, and her sister came to see Captain Newton at the camp, from London. Hankey was a very rich banker—a little fat, odd-looking man as ever was seen. Mrs Hankey a very fashionable, gay lady. She drew caricatures remarkably well, and her favourite subject was her husband as a Yankee soldier up to his neck in a swamp. We had frequently parties with this family at their house in town, and they generally came twice or three times a week to see the camp. It was soon very perceptible that Mrs Hankey had a strong attachment to Straubenzie, as it afterwards turned out. On the camp's breaking up, we

were ordered to march to Dover Castle, and after the regiment was settled in quarters, Straubenzie set off for town, where he remained for most of the winter. It was fortunate for me, as he left his hunters in my charge, and I hunted four times a week with Mrs Oxenden. I was well mounted, and had famous sport. We remained at Dover Castle the winter, and then marched into camp at Rye, in Sussex. I was very much in love with Miss Curteis of Tenterden, fourteen miles from Rye. Mrs Curteis, of Rye, her aunt, encouraged this match very much, and made parties to bring us together. Everything was settled except the father's consent, but that could not be obtained, and the regiment being ordered to India soon after, broke off the business altogether. She afterwards married in London.

I never spent so pleasant a summer as we did at Rye. Margate was a few miles from our camp, and I was very intimate with all the families in the neighbourhood. Straubenzie still continued his attentions to Mrs Hankey. On the camp breaking up, I got leave to go to Medomsley. I called at Tenterden on my way up to London, and took my last farewell of Miss Curteis. I sold my horses in London, and set off for the north. Straubenzie and Mrs Hankey were now constantly together. The trial came on in the spring, and Straubenzie was cast in ten thousand pounds damages, a sum he was not able to pay, and so he set off for Scotland with the lady, where they remained *incog.* until the regiment embarked for India in 1783.

I remained at Medomsley until I got orders to join in November at Chatham, and in the February following the regiment volunteered to go to India, and was completed by volunteers from the 45th Regiment, and immediately marched to Portsmouth, where we embarked in Indiamen. We sailed in March 1783. My Company, with two more, embarked on board the *Vansittart*—Captain Agnew.

The officers on board the *Vansittart* were—Captain Hunter, Lieutenant Auchmuty, and Lieutenant Madden. We touched at the Island of Madeira, and took in some Madeira wine. We found great difficulty in landing, from the constant high surf; indeed, our ship ran some risk of drifting on shore before we could come to anchor. We only remained twenty-four hours. The island appeared to be well watered with little rivulets, and produced great quantities of grapes. We sailed the next evening in company with three Indiamen, and touched at St Jago, one of the Cape de Verd Islands. Here we got great quantities of oranges, goats, and small cattle almost for nothing. For a pair of old black breeches, or anything of black cloth, we could have as much fruit as we wanted. The natives are very dark, indeed almost black. They have a number of negroes purchased on the coast of Africa. The country is very barren, the houses bad, and there is altogether a great appearance of poverty. They have a small breed of horses, very beautiful, and very sure-footed, though they are never shod. The roads, or rather paths, are very narrow, and very rocky. I went quite across the island to a nunnery, where the nuns were all old and ugly. They gave us milk and fowls to eat, and appeared to be rather surprised to see us. We laid in fresh beef and fruit to last the soldiers and sailors all the way to the Island of Joanna, one of the Comora Islands.

The ceremony of crossing the Line is still kept up in great form, for sailors never forget any custom when drinking is an after-part of the business. Young sailors are always very inquisitive to know what this Line is, and are told that it is a line that crosses the way you want to go, and that till Neptune comes out of the sea and cuts it you cannot get on. The chief part of the ceremony is ducking and shaving those that never crossed the Line before. An old piece of rusty hoop is made use of in place of a razor,

and dirty slush and tar for lather. A bottle of rum has great weight with Neptune, and then the ceremony of shaving is very slight. The weather was most immoderately hot under the Line, and we were becalmed a fortnight. Ships are sometimes becalmed six weeks, and even two months. We caught a number of sharks and dolphins, and shot a great quantity of Cape Pintada birds and albatrosses. Before we made the Cape of Good Hope, the weather became very cold and foggy, and it blew hard. The land about the Cape is very high. After making the Cape of Good Hope, we steered straight for the Mozambique Channel, between the Island of Madagascar and the Continent. It appeared to be a remarkably beautiful island with fine rivers, but, I believe, very little cultivated. The natives are tawny-coloured Arabians, and are clothed in muslin dresses and turbans. We got plenty of fruit, and fresh beef very cheap. The town was very dirty, and the houses bad; indeed, almost all huts without chimneys.

We sailed quite close in shore all along the beautiful Island of Joanna, one of the Comoras, until we came to a fine bay, where the town made its appearance. The inhabitants were then at war with one of the neighbouring islands. Immediately on the ship's coming to anchor, the King came on board, attended by the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and several more of the Royal Family. The women are never seen by any men except their husbands. The King and his attendants were all dressed in gold and silver muslin dresses, and looked so like women that those who had never been at Joanna before could scarcely be convinced to the contrary. They all speak a little English, and appeared very much pleased to see Captain Agnew again. The Indiamen generally touch here outward bound, and always make the King a present of a barrel of gunpowder. What surprised us most was that the King and the Royal Family asked us for our dirty

linen to wash, and took it on shore with them. One of the Royal Family was married while we remained, and everybody had invitations to the wedding. We were shown the room where the bride was, but there was no possibility of getting a sight of her. The bridegroom was a handsome, tawny-coloured man, dressed in a gold muslin dress and turban. Fruit and lemonade were handed round, and we were shown the bride's bed. I am certain it was raised three yards high, with very thin mattresses covered with different-coloured silks, and a vast number of pillows of different sizes. We were then all desired to walk into a yard, where there was a number of men with drawn swords and shields, their faces and bodies painted different colours. They were drawn up to represent a battle. Immediately on our appearance the kettledrums and a pipe with a very wild note struck up, and the two chiefs stepped forward, and fought with swords. They then retired, and two more came into the circle. This continued till we were all tired of it, and a collection of a dollar each was made for the combatants. I afterwards learnt that they always expect money, and I fancy one of the Royal family is always married on the arrival of an Indiaman. The part of the island we saw was entirely covered with wood, but the opposite side, I understood, produced a great deal of Indian corn. I killed some guinea-birds and porcupines, the only game I saw. There are a number of small rivers, and I found some trout, but very small. We had the bands of the two regiments; tents pitched under the trees; all the ladies on shore that were going out in the fleet, and dancing and parties every night while we stayed. The fleet had now been here ten days, and their water being completed we sailed the next day, and soon crossed the Line.

The weather had now become very warm, with frequent calms, during which the boats were sometimes hoisted out, and visiting from one ship to another took place.

The next land we made was the island of Ceylon, which is very high and mountainous. We were becalmed under the land about three miles from the shore. Here everybody fancied that they smelt cinnamon.

Captain Nutt of the *Kingston* and Captain Clewton of the 52nd came on board to see me, and I went with them on board the *Pigott* to visit General and Miss Ogle. She was a most beautiful girl. We had not been on board more than half an hour before smoke was observed on board the *Kingston*. Captain Nutt was informed of it, but he said they were only shifting the blacksmith's forge; however, it soon increased so much that we were convinced she was on fire; indeed, before we got into the boat that was waiting alongside the flames appeared forward. The *Kingston* was not more than half a mile from the *Pigott*, but before we ever got to her she was almost in one entire blaze from the main hatchway all the way forward. The whole crew had given up all hopes of extinguishing the fire, and being in expectation of its communicating with the magazine, everybody that could swim had jumped overboard. Those that could not swim had no alternative but either to be blown up or drowned, and every instant it was expected that the ship must blow up. The 52nd Regiment had two hundred men, women, and children on board.

I never saw so dreadful a scene as it was when we came near the ship. Those that had jumped overboard immediately made for the boat. We picked them up till the boat was almost sinking, and so thoroughly convinced were all that remained on board that the ship would blow up directly, that all we could say had no effect; the greatest part of them jumped into the sea, though they could not swim one stroke. A sergeant, his wife, and child jumped overboard all together; the sergeant was saved. The chief mate, a very old man, prayed Captain Nutt, for God's sake, to take his son, a midshipman, into the boat, as he could

not swim, but it was not possible, for had the boat ventured alongside the ship she must have been sunk immediately by the crowds that were hanging on the side ready to jump in. Captain Nutt told the old man that it was not possible, but desired him to throw over a hencoop, and then throw his son after it, which he did, and the boy was saved. The father jumped into the sea soon after his son. He was picked up by the boats of the fleet that had now come to the *Kingston's* assistance, was carried on board the *Vansittart*, but he died in an hour after. The sea was swarming with sharks, and we saw numbers of men taken down by them, and several were afterwards picked up with mangled limbs. Our situation of all others, I think, was the most heartrending that it is possible for people to be placed in. We were surrounded by two hundred people in the water, all uttering the most dreadful cries, and entreating us to come to their assistance. The boat was even so full that the sailors could not make use of their oars to get out of the reach of those unfortunate people, and were frequently obliged to disengage their hands from its sides. All that we could do was to encourage them by saying that the boats were coming to their assistance, and begging those that were still on board to remain. It is inconceivable how soon the boats of the fleet came to the assistance of these miserable people, and at the very great risk of their lives took off those that remained by the ship, which was now nearly burnt to the water's edge, except a small part of the poop. The people who had assembled here amounted to about one hundred men, women, and children. To the astonishment of everybody, the fire had not yet got to the powder magazine, where there was a considerable quantity of powder; but the boats had not quitted the ship three hundred yards when she blew up with a most awful explosion.

Our regiment had sixty-three men, women, and children drowned and taken down by the sharks, and out of the

ship's crew thirty-three seamen. Captain Aubrey was a passenger, and by following the example of the chief mate was saved. He threw a hencoop overboard, and then jumped after it. A drumboy of ours got upon the coop with him, and was very much frightened when the sharks made their appearance, and on seeing the boats coming to their assistance kept halloaing out most manfully, "Save the Captain's life! Save the Captain's life!" but there was one word for Aubrey and two for himself. Aubrey very handsomely desired them first to pick up those that were in greater distress than he was, which the drummer did not at all approve of. The ship was set on fire by drawing off spirits between decks, which was positively contrary to Captain Nutt's orders. I never pitied anybody more than I did poor Nutt, who was a most gentlemanlike, generous, fine fellow. He lost every sixpence he had in the world, and I fancy had borrowed a great deal of money. The ship was very leaky, and had been only kept above water by the exertions of the soldiers and sailors. Clewton, Aubrey, Nutt, and several of our officers were brought on board the *Vansittart*. We got them all as well clothed as we could. I do not think I ever felt more for a man that I had only dined in company with two or three times than I did for the chief mate, who was drowned. His son was a very remarkably fine boy. The father had made, I think, sixteen voyages to India. Three days after we came in sight of Madras, and anchored in the evening. It was very extraordinary, but the morning of the day we arrived at Madras another India-man blew up from the drawing off of spirits below, and every soul perished.

The regiment disembarked next day, and marched to St Thomas, a town three miles from Madras, with scarcely any inhabitants, and the most dismal-looking place I ever saw. During the war there had been a famine, and great numbers of people had perished from want of food. The

inhabitants that remained, particularly about Madras, were mostly Portuguese—a dirty, poor, starved-looking set as I ever saw. The appearance of this town did not agree with the ideas we had formed of India. Captain Clewton and I were quartered in a Portuguese church, and had not even a chair or table, and the country not having recovered from the ravages of war, we could scarcely get anything to eat. I was very happy when orders came for the Light Company and three more Companies of our regiment to embark for the Malabar coast, as we might better ourselves, for nothing could be worse than St Thomas. We embarked on board men-of-war, and had a very pleasant passage to Tellicherry, on the Malabar coast. The East India Company have a small settlement here, and a pretty strong fort. The chief produce of the country is pepper. We were still at war with Tippoo, and the object of the expedition was to throw provisions to Mangalore, which was gallantly defended by Colonel Campbell, and very closely blocked by Tippoo in person, with a very large army. Soon after our arrival General M'Leod and four battalions of sepoy arrived, also five sail of the line, under the command of Captain Mitchell. The troops for the expedition were then embarked. Six Companies of sepoy coming down from Bombay to join us were obliged from stress of weather to put into Cananore, where they were made prisoners by the Queen and sent to Tippoo. The boats we embarked in could not reach the ships that night, as it came on to blow very fresh, and before morning it was quite a gale of wind, and we were out of sight of land, with scarcely any water, and a very little rice that the boatmen had brought for their own use. We must have been all starved had not the gale at twelve o'clock next day rather abated, when we were able to put up a small sail. At daybreak next morning we saw land. We had then been six and thirty hours without anything to eat or drink except rice and water; indeed, for the last twenty-four hours only

dry rice, our water being expended. On our approaching the land we were dreadfully disappointed on finding it to be Cananore, knowing that if we put in there we should to a certainty be sent prisoners by the Queen to Tippoo, as she had done by the sepoys that had been cast away on her coast a few weeks before. Therefore we all agreed to make one effort more to reach Tellicherry, rather than lie in jail at Seringapatam loaded with irons all our lives.

The distance from Cananore to Tellicherry is not more than seven leagues, and fortunately we reached it that night. Our friends were very glad to see us return, as they had quite given us up for lost, or that we had been made prisoners by the Queen of Cananore. When the men-of-war saw us they immediately sent their boats to our assistance. Everybody allowed it to have been a most miraculous escape, and we were all treated with the greatest kindness by Captain Mitchell. The gale was so heavy that an Indian man lying in Tellicherry Roads drove on shore and was lost. The troops being now all collected again, the expedition proceeded to Mangalore. Tippoo was there in person, and on the fleet making its appearance off the harbour, the hills for many miles round the town were covered with troops, and we were so close in shore that we could even distinguish Tippoo's tents. The troops appeared to be in great consternation on seeing the fleet, and as we did not come to anchor they were in doubt where we intended to make our landing. Indeed, the surf ran so high it was doubtful whether we could land or not. The fleet came to anchor, and the troops were ordered into the country boats, jungars and pattamars. The boats were to drop down with the tide as the ships' bells struck twelve at night. As I commanded the Light Infantry, and was to land first, I received orders to attend a council of war on board the *Indostan*. It was then found that the Light Infantry could not land from the boats they were then in, as they drew too much water. It

was now ten o'clock, and I was ordered to shift the Light Infantry from the jungars to the pattamars, and to be ready to fall down with the tide at twelve o'clock. Two lieutenants of the Navy and myself were despatched to accomplish this business. It was a dark night, and to shift four hundred men so as to be ready to fall down at the time ordered was found impossible. I left the officers of the Navy with orders to do all they could to effect this service, and went myself to Colonel Gordon to report the impossibility of putting his orders in execution by the time the boats were ordered to fall down with the tide. He told me it was all very well, as Tippoo had allowed provisions to be thrown into Mangalore, and this being the object of the expedition, that the Light Infantry might again return to their ships. I think I never felt more pleased in my life, for as certainly as we had attempted to land, as certainly we must all have been killed or taken prisoners. Indeed, the captains of the country ships trading between Bombay and Madras, who attended the council of war, were of opinion that it was not possible for the troops to land, the surf being so high. My orders were to land with the Light Infantry and storm a sixteen-gun battery, and then cover the landing of the army. I must say it was fortunate for us that Tippoo allowed a small supply of provisions to be thrown into Mangalore, as the expedition must have failed.

Mangalore is situated on the coast of Malabar, close to the sea, and commands the entrance of a large river. It is only a hundred miles from Seringapatam, and Tippoo had no other seaport. The provisions that were thrown into Mangalore were so bad that the brave garrison was soon obliged to surrender, after a most gallant defence. Colonel Campbell, who commanded, died at Bombay ten days after.

The fleet and army returned to Tellicherry, and an expedition was planned against the Queen of Cananore. The only grounds we had for marching against this poor

Queen were that she had sent the Bombay sepoys that had been wrecked close to Cananore prisoners to Tippoo; indeed, she might as well have put them to death, as they most likely were by Tippoo, or sent to a dismal prison for life. General MacLeod remonstrated against their being sent, but she did it, notwithstanding. I fancy Tippoo obliged her to send them prisoners.

Cananore by land is not more than thirteen miles from Tellicherry. Before the expedition marched we were joined by a regiment of Hanoverians from Madras. The flank Companies were attached to my battalion of Light Infantry. I was appointed Brigade-Major to the expedition, but continued in the command of the Light Infantry. Everything being prepared and arranged for the plundering of this poor Queen, we marched a little after sunset, and crossed the Airi river, that separates our territories from the Queen's; and so little did she expect a visit from us that we arrived within a mile of the town without a shot being fired. The troops lay on their arms all night, and next morning made a move close to the principal fort. In taking possession of some commanding ground the Light Infantry were attacked by four or five hundred Moplayars, armed with matchlocks, shields, and swords. They only fired one volley, and immediately retired to the fort. The Light Infantry were so much exposed in this attack that we had three officers and twenty-four men killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy was very inconsiderable, being covered by a breast-work. If it had been a formidable enemy we had to deal with we should not have got possession of this ground so easily. The fort is built of stone, with a deep ditch towards the country. The other three faces of the fort are washed by the sea. Next day the whole of the army was employed in making fascines and gabions.

A thick wood in front of that part of the fort where it was intended to breach it covered our approach so much

that the first ground we broke, which was very unusual, was to make the breaching battery. The Light Infantry was advanced close to the edge of the wood that reached to the foot of the glacis, and were only covered by a breastwork. The day after the breaching battery for six eighteen-pounders was ready, and the guns were got in during the night, and ready to open next morning. It was still doubtful after the breach was made whether it could be stormed, being uncertain of the depth of the ditch, and if wet or dry.

Before the batteries opened the General wished to ascertain these points. I received a letter from the Adjutant-General, offering a large sum of money to any man of the battalion who would undertake this hazardous service of sounding the depth of the ditch. I read the letter to the men, and a man of the name of Rowland Taylor, of the 52nd Light Company, and an old American Light Infantry-man, immediately said he would undertake it. The time for his doing this at the least risk was fixed on for one o'clock in the afternoon, when the garrison always went to sleep, except the sentries. A line of full twelve yards long, with a lead at one end, was provided, and he set off from the battery, skulking under cover until he saw that he was perceived by the sentries. He then ran full speed to the edge of the ditch, ascertained the depth, and returned under a very heavy fire of musketry, without being touched. The ditch was found to be wet, except a the very place where it was intended to breach, and there, luckily, the tide had thrown a bar across it. Rowland was so very collected that he mentioned this, and brought the exact depth of the ditch. General MacLeod was so very much pleased that he gave him fifty guineas. Our battery opened next morning at daybreak, and from the impression the first day's battering made on the walls, we had great hopes that a practicable breach would soon be made. Colonel Frederick, who commanded the Bombay Grenadiers, came to our post two nights before the breach

was thought practicable, and said he had applied to General MacLeod to have the honour of storming the breach with the Bombay Grenadiers, but that the General told him that he intended that honour for Captain Hunter and the Light Infantry. The Colonel added that he hoped we might succeed, but doubted it, as he had certain information that the Kiledar of the fort and the whole garrison had cut off locks of their hair, and had taken an oath at their pagoda that they would defend the breach to the last drop of their blood. Not knowing the Colonel's character, we looked rather grave; he was the most notorious liar that ever was known, and not a word of what he told us was true.

Two days after, on the 14th of December 1783, the breach was thought practicable, and I received orders to hold the battalion in readiness to storm at one o'clock in the afternoon. Lieutenant Robinson of the 52nd Light Company commanded the Forlorn Hope, consisting of a sergeant, corporal, and thirty volunteers from the battalion. At eleven o'clock the battalion paraded three Companies in front, each man carrying a fascine to fill up the ditch, and the remainder of the battalion scaling-ladders. We were supported by the 36th and 52nd Regiments, and as the clock struck one advanced in close column to the breach, which was very gallantly defended. However, it was carried after a very obstinate defence. Lieutenant Robinson and the Forlorn Hope were almost all either killed or wounded. The battalion had altogether four officers and fifty-three men killed and wounded.

The enemy had made a breastwork of cotton bags in the rear of the breach, which they retreated to after we got possession of it, and defended very bravely. A great many of the enemy were killed in the fort, and numbers in the water in attempting to swim to the town. All the officers could do could not prevent the men firing at them in the water.

The 36th and 52nd did not enter the fort, but pursued a body of the enemy that escaped by the gate next the town into another small fort above the town, which they attacked, and were beat off from want of scaling-ladders. When I saw the two regiments engaged I assembled the battalion as soon as I could, but the temptation to plunder was so great that it was some time before I could collect them. I am certain we had not been in possession of the fort half an hour before I marched out to support the two regiments. We met General MacLeod coming in at the gate as we went out, who approved very much of what we were doing. The two regiments, encouraged by seeing the Light Infantry coming to their support, made a second attack, and carried the fort just as we came up. I was so anxious to support the two regiments, that were certainly very unpleasantly situated, that we did not even go into the Queen's palace, where the Queen was found by General MacLeod; but some of the Light Infantry had made very good use of their time, and collected plunder to a considerable amount. Gold and silver plates and dishes, and even rupees, were not touched, there was so much plunder of greater value. Vast sums of Venetian coins of gold, and trinkets of pearls and diamonds for the ears and arms were all lodged in the palace as a place of the greatest safety; indeed, I believe the greatest part of the wealth of the Queen's subjects was brought to the palace. About ten of the battalion were left behind plundering; however, I took care to have them all examined as they joined, and the plunder was collected for the good of the whole. Of the plunder that was found on these ten men, the battalion shared twenty-three pounds a man.

We were now in possession of the two principal forts, and the Queen a prisoner, yet three other small forts and the town still held out, and the army remained under arms the whole night. Next morning all surrendered prisoners of war, and the Light Infantry marched into the town and

took possession of the Queen's palace; indeed, except the name it had not much the appearance of a palace, as the rooms, except one, were all very small. Guards were immediately put over every place where it was supposed there was treasure secreted, and being very certain that the amount hid was very considerable, everybody set to work in search of it. An Irish officer of artillery came running up to the room where we were all sitting, and cried out, "By Jasus! I have found it at last. Come along with me, and your fortunes are made. I'll show you the rare pure virgin gold of the country." Everybody ran downstairs with him, thinking that our fortunes were really made, but to our great surprise and disappointment this pure virgin gold turned out to be only some well-polished brass pots for cooking curries.

I cannot say by what means General MacLeod had prevailed on the captive Queen to discover where all her treasure was hid, but she must have done so, as Colonel Gordon came to the palace to dig it up. It was buried in the garden in large brass pots, to the amount of more than one hundred thousand pounds, chiefly in Venetians, a small gold coin valued at about nine shillings. The Queen made the General a present of a gold chain, and Colonel Gordon, second in command, of a silver one. After having got all that the poor woman had, she was put in possession of her country again, and before we returned to Tellicherry the Queen gave the officers of the army a dinner.

The Rajah made us many apologies for not entertaining us in better style. Mrs Russell, an officer's wife, visited the Queen, who took a great fancy to either her or her husband, and said if she would remain with her that her husband should be her Rajah. Russell was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and it was supposed the Queen had seen him and fallen in love with him. However, he could not be prevailed on to accept of the honour. The Queen made

Mrs Russell some valuable presents of pearls, diamonds, and gold chains, and generally sent for her every day while we remained. Mrs Russell said that the Queen was a pleasant-looking woman about thirty years old, rather fat, and of a tawny coloured complexion. The Rajah was a remarkably good-looking man. The country about Cananore is very well watered. Four very fine rivers empty themselves into the sea close to the town, and one of them is navigable for a considerable way up the country. The town is situated close to the sea in a bay near the fort. I fancy it must contain at least fifteen thousand inhabitants, and appeared to be a place of considerable trade. Pepper, rice, and cables made of the cocoa-nut are the chief produce of the country. The cables, called coir, are much better than those made of hemp for salt water, but fresh water rots them very soon.

It was generally supposed that the poor Queen paid very handsomely to be put again in possession of her country. It was said that General MacLeod got fifty thousand pounds; his share of prize-money was nearly twenty thousand more. I shared as Captain five hundred pounds, more money than I ever had of my own before.

Soon after our return to Tellicherry we embarked on board the fleet for Madras, and the Bombay army returned to Bombay. When we landed at Madras I found the regiment quartered at Poonamalee, under the command of Colonel Straubenzie. The three Companies that had been on the Malabar coast were ordered to Arcot, seventy miles from Madras. The whole of the 71st were quartered at Arcot, under the command of Colonel Elphinstone, and two regiments of black cavalry close to the town. We were very well supplied here with all sorts of provisions, and very cheap. Before the late wars with Hyder Ally, Arcot was an immensely large city. It is said to have contained two millions of souls. The walls of the city are at least four

miles round, with a deep ditch. The ruins of many very magnificent palaces and buildings are still to be seen, but the greatest part of the ground where the city stood is now in corn. The Nabob's palace is all in ruins, except a very small part of it that was fitted up as quarters for officers. The Nabob resides constantly at Madras. There are three very handsome modern-built mosques that are kept in very good order. The country about Arcot produces a great deal of rice, and for many miles round you can trace the remains of very large towns, and the ruins of mosques and palaces that were formerly the residence of Rajahs.

The river Paliar washes the walls on the north side of Arcot. During the rainy season this river is quite full, but the remainder of the year not the smallest appearance of water is to be seen, except when the inhabitants of Arcot dig pits of not more than a yard deep, and then they find plenty of very fine water. Velose, a strong fort twelve miles from Arcot, is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Paliar. Between Arcot and Velose the Nabob has a very extensive garden. It is called the Nine Lack Tope, from nine lack of orange-trees having been planted there. The road from Arcot to Velose is beautiful; you are quite shaded all the way by an avenue of trees; indeed, all the way from Madras to Arcot it is almost one continued avenue.

Velose is nearly at the bottom of the Ghauts. There is a hill fort called Santgur quite close to the pass through the Ghauts into Tippoo's country. Santgur is famous for oranges. The country near Velose and Arcot is celebrated for wild hog, jackal, hyena, and fox hunting. The wild hog affords capital sport. They are commonly found in the beds of tanks, in long sedge grass. These tanks are generally dry, except in the rainy season. The wild hog runs remarkably fast, and always takes the very worst country he can find; but even on a plain it requires very swift dogs and horses to come up with him. I have

frequently seen them run three miles right ahead without being able to make a turn. The way that we used to hunt the wild boar was to have two sets of dogs—greyhounds and the Poligar dog. The Poligar is, I think, fiercer than a bulldog, and full as fleet as a foxhound, but still they cannot come up with the wild boar. Immediately on finding the wild boar three or four brace of greyhounds are slipped, and as soon as they come up with the boar he attempts to cut them down with his tusks, which he manages so dexterously that I have often seen dogs killed in an instant with one stroke. The boar being taken up with attacking the greyhounds, his flight is rather impeded, and the Poligar dogs then come up; and if they once get a good hold they never quit it. If only one dog gets hold he is generally very much bruised and torn, as the boar drags the dog after him, sometimes for a considerable way, before the other dogs can get hold. The horsemen are armed with spears and pistols, but when the dogs have hold are often afraid to use the lance or fire, for fear of killing them. I have seen some use the spear very dexterously when at full speed, and with great success. A wild boar is seldom killed without some of the horses or dogs being badly wounded. The Poligar dog is so hard-bitten an animal that all the torture you can use will not make him leave his hold; but the Poligars have the simplest way of making them quit that can be imagined. They take a small twig, or some rough grass, and putting it into the dog's mouth tickle the root of his tongue, when he immediately quits his hold. The wild boar feeds chiefly on rice and sugar-canes, and I think the meat is far superior to any butcher meat or game I ever tasted. A wild boar will keep perfectly sweet in India for three days, when all other animals must be ate the same day that they are killed.

The next diversion we had to wild boar-hunting was coursing the deer. All over the Carnatic there are plains of an immense extent, with scarcely a tree except the cocoa-

nut to be seen, and the cocoa-nut not having any branches but at the very top, you are not in the least impeded riding full speed among them. The plains all over India are covered with a small red deer and antelope, neither of which are good eating; sometimes a fawn is tolerable. A half-grown fawn affords excellent sport when separated from the herd, but the old ones are very difficult to kill with dogs. The hardest riding I ever saw was after deer in India. I have run them ten miles in view. The method that we took was to collect as many greyhounds as we could, which were posted in braces at a mile distance from the herd, almost forming a circle round them, and lying covered in deep water-courses or behind bushes. You then creep as close to the herd as you can before you slip your first brace of dogs, which are most commonly Persian. The Persian greyhound is thought to be fully as speedy as the English. In India they certainly beat them, and I suppose the English would beat the Persian in England. The first brace of dogs press them pretty hard until the deer comes near another brace, which are then slipped quite fresh. These most probably separate one from the herd, and having a number of dogs in all directions it is a great chance but the deer runs near to another brace of fresh dogs, but it requires at least three brace of fresh dogs well laid in to kill a deer, and even then I have seen them beat. On these parties you have generally two or three hundred people out, and perhaps thirty of those well mounted, so that the poor animal is quite surrounded with enemies.

The Nabob of Arcot on a hunting-party is very well worth seeing. He is always attended by a wonderfully large retinue, and before his Royal Highness arrives in the field on his elephant a net of about a mile long is stretched outside of a jungle, supported by poles of eight feet high every five or six yards. This net is made of very strong cord, as thick as my finger. On his Royal Highness making

his appearance at least a thousand Poligars, a set of people that live entirely in the woods, dash into the jungle like a pack of foxhounds, making the most hideous noise, firing off matchlocks, sounding horns, and beating drums. Every animal that is in the wood runs out, and is stopped by this net, where the Nabob and attendants are all drawn up ready to shoot them. The quantity of game that was killed was wonderful—deer, wild boar, jackals, hyenas, foxes, hares, etc., and frequently tigers. We were all very much disappointed, as we fully expected to have seen a tiger come out. I was much surprised that they did not shoot one another; a regiment could not have kept up a more constant fire for nearly an hour.

After this part of the hunting was over, four leopards were brought to hunt deer. These animals are trained from cubs to this sport; indeed, they have it from instinct. The deer is the chief part of the leopard's food in India. Their teeth and claws are drawn, so that there is not the least danger of their doing any mischief, yet you cannot altogether divest yourself of feeling rather uncomfortable when these animals are first let loose. They are brought in doolies, a sort of palanquin, to the field, and are not taken out until they are pretty close, perhaps three hundred yards from a herd of deer. They are then let loose, and the instant that they see the deer, crouch down immediately, and lie for a considerable time before they move towards them, which they do with wonderful caution and cunning, taking every opportunity of covering themselves in the water-courses and behind bushes, and never move except when the deer are feeding. If one of the herd looks up the leopard is down as close as possible. The colour of the leopard is so perfectly the same as the ground that though you try to keep your eye fixed on him in all his movements you soon lose sight of him. It was fully an hour before one of the leopards made a spring and caught a deer. The herd at once

dispersed, all in different directions, frightened to death. It was then very interesting to see the activity and cunning of the other leopards, that lay concealed until the deer came close enough; then they made their spring and caught one each. I never was more pleased with any sport than I was with this.

The only tiger I ever saw killed was near a small village, fourteen miles from Arcot. I had invited a number of ladies and gentlemen on a party into the country in tents for three days. The morning that we were all to assemble to breakfast I took my gun to kill some snipes, and to see that my servants had prepared everything that was necessary for the entertainment before the party arrived. On my way I fell in with a number of Poligars with matchlocks and swords running very hard, calling out "Bang! Bang!" which I afterwards understood to be the Moorish for tiger. I joined them, not having any idea that it was a large tiger they were in pursuit of. He had taken a sheep out of the village that night. The first thing that led me to suspect that it was some wild beast we were following was that my dogs, on our coming to a thick wood and some large rocks, in place of hunting some paces in front, put their tails between their legs, and would not stir from my heels; and the men all appeared so very eager and ready to fire that I got rather frightened, and was just going to turn back when six of them fired and killed the tiger. When he received the shot he gave such a dreadful yell that I thought he was at my heels, and before I could look about, the whole party were almost out of sight, running as if the devil were after them. However, it was not long before I overtook them, for the whole affair was so very unexpected that I do not think I ever was so much frightened in my life. We all ran for half a mile without ever looking behind us; but on finding that the tiger had not pursued us we halted. The Poligars now agreed to return to see if they had killed him,

which they did very cautiously, while I kept at a very respectful distance in the rear until I found that the tiger was quite dead. He had received three balls in the body, and even when dead was so frightful a looking animal that when he was brought on a cart to the place where the tents were pitched for the party, several of the ladies were afraid to go near him. He was a most beautiful animal, and an uncommonly large one. We found the sheep, wool and all, in his stomach. The skin I purchased from the Poligars, and had it dressed at Madras, but during the war it was left with my baggage, and was entirely spoilt.

I went on a visit to Captain Flint on purpose to see the tigers. He was stationed at a fort on a very high hill, and in the evenings we frequently saw them playing on the high rocks, but quite out of shot.

During the three days the party was with me I killed with one single-barrelled gun sixty-three brace of snipes. The snipes in India are very fine, rather larger than ours, and at the end of the monsoon very fat and fine eating. When the weather is very hot you are certain of good sport, for the snipes then lie close, and fly very heavily. There are also great abundance of partridges, quail, duck, teal, and hares all over India, also jackals and foxes. The hares and partridges are not very good eating. The fox is not quite so large as ours, and I think the most beautiful animal I ever saw. Their brush is longer than that of the English fox, and they feed chiefly upon rice, and I rather think never eat carrion. There are so many all over India that I have killed four and five brace of a morning. They earth, but do not lie in cover like foxes in other countries. They are found on plains, generally not at a great distance from their earths, and seldom go to earth unless very hard pressed by the greyhounds. The fox in India affords the finest sport in the world coursing. A good fox will beat any brace of greyhounds that ever ran. The plains all over the

Carnatic are the finest that can be imagined for coursing. I have frequently seen foxes turn backward and forward for a quarter of an hour on an acre of ground, and then set off right ahead when they found that the dogs were almost beat, and run for five or six miles, while the dogs never were able to make another turn, and were quite beat out at the nose end. The fox is not as fleet as the hare, but their great advantage over the dogs is in turning so quickly from the power of their brush.

When you course in the middle of the day in India your greyhounds are all in body clothes, for the sun is so powerful that it blisters the dogs' backs so much that frequently the whole skin comes off. The clothes are made to slip off when the dogs are let loose. The jackal is much larger than our fox, but does not run nearly so fast, and are so hard-bitten that we seldom slip our dogs at them. The jackal feeds entirely on carrion, and are always howling about the villages at nights. On the Malabar coast I have seen great numbers, three or four hundred together of a moonlight night. The jackal earths and breeds under ground the same as the fox; indeed, I think it resembles our fox more than the Indian fox. They show more cunning, lie and run in cover quite like ours, and feed on carrion, and have a very strong scent. I once saw a very good run with ten couple of hounds that had just arrived from England. We found the jackal near Madras, and ran him eighteen miles straight ahead. Hounds are brought out to India, and are sold for astonishing sums of money, but they seldom live more than one season. The hyena is not nearly so numerous in India as either the fox or jackal. I do not remember to have seen more than half a dozen the whole time I was there. The porcupine is also very scarce. The Poligars are a race of people that live entirely by hunting, and they can imitate the cries of the different animals and birds so naturally that they deceive

the animals themselves, and draw them into the snares. These people have a very extraordinary way of catching wild fowl, by putting a large earthen pot on their heads, with two holes to see through, and covered on the top with moss. With these they walk into the water very cautiously till they get among a flock of ducks. They then catch them by the legs, and draw them under water. I never saw them caught myself, but I have often heard it told as a fact.

There are a great variety of snakes in India. The bites of the Cobra de Menil, Cobra de Capello, and green snake are almost certain death. I saw a man of the 19th Regiment of Light Dragoons bit by a Cobra de Menil in the fort at Arcot, and he died in an hour after. The Cobra de Menil is a little dark-brown snake, not more than six or seven inches long. The Cobra de Capello is often five feet long, and when frightened raises itself up on its tail, and spreads its hood, which is beautifully marked. It is often called the hooded snake. I believe there is no doubt but that snakes will come to music. It is very certain that if a snake has been seen anywhere about your house, and you wish to have it caught, one of the men that carry about snakes to show for money will bring it out of its hole by playing upon an instrument that sounds like a bagpipe. This experiment I have often seen tried, and never fail. The black rock snake is the largest I ever saw in India. They are often from eighteen to twenty feet long, but their bite is not mortal. It is rather extraordinary that so few accidents happen from the bites of snakes in India, where the natives and all your servants constantly sleep on the ground and in the open air. The men that carry about snakes in India for show are also jugglers, and many of them are fully equal to the famous Brulard. The most extraordinary thing is their putting a sword down the throat, three-quarters of a yard long, measuring from the mouth. It is scarcely to be credited; indeed, the famous Dr Hunter says that it is impossible, as the bowels would

not admit of it. However, it is very certain that you may see this operation performed as often as you please at Madras for a rupee. I fancy every one that has been in India has seen it, but I never met with any person that wished to see it done more than once. It does not appear to hurt the person, but at the same time you cannot help feeling the sight very unpleasant. It is not possible there can be any deception, as they have no other objection to doing it with the sword of any person in company than its being sharper at the point than their own, and frequently when the thing is done with a sharp-pointed sword the point is bloody when taken out. Immediately on your arriving at Madras a number of swordsmen, as they are called, get round you to show their very wonderful business.

The swordsmen are generally attendants of the dancing girls. Most villages have sets of them that wait on all travellers, and who offer to dance to them. There are also sets that travel from town to town. These dancing girls are beautiful. They are dressed in the finest gold and silver muslins, and ornamented, or rather loaded, with *jeys*, or jewels. Their legs and arms are almost covered, and they have also quantities in their noses and ears, with a broad gold or silver girdle round their waists; altogether their dress is very becoming; indeed, they are such very well-made women that any dress would be becoming to them. They were very much surprised to see us dance, saying it was very extraordinary that we, who could afford to have dancing-girls, should take so much trouble.

The natives of India, if they can live without working, eat and sleep all day, and smoke and have these girls to dance to them all night. They generally put so much hang in their hookahs that they are quite intoxicated. Fireworks are one of their greatest amusements.

The Mohammedan women of rank are never seen by any men except those they live with; even the lower class run

away when they are by any accident seen. Some of the Hindoo women are beautiful, and everybody on their arrival in India are very much struck with their beauty. When a Hindoo dies his wife has her head shaved, and she becomes a servant to the family. Some of the Hindoo men perform penances in a very extraordinary way, such as making a vow to shut their hands and never to open them again; and you frequently see those that have taken this vow with the nails grown quite through the back of their hands, and two or three inches long. Others vow to hold up straight above their heads one or both hands for ever, and after remaining in this position for a length of time they, of course, become quite fixed. It has a very extraordinary appearance to meet those people walking with their hands and arms so placed, and all in rags, with their hair quite matted with dirt. Some make a vow to walk on their hands and knees for many miles. The Hindoos never eat animal food, and live chiefly on milk and vegetable curries. A Moorman's great delight is in horses and women; the more women they can afford to keep, the greater they are in the eyes of their countrymen. When Tippoo wishes to punish any of the little Rajahs, he sends them two or three elephants to feed. They are obliged to feed them if they starve themselves, and the feeding of an elephant is very expensive.

Arcot was one of the best quarters I was ever at—very cheap, and a great deal of society. There was a very pleasant set of people at Vellore, and three regiments of the native cavalry at only two miles distance, formed altogether the most sociable parties that could be. There was a great deal of play. Lieutenant Hoare and myself were very fortunate. A regiment of Hanoverians was quartered with us. They were very fond of play, and I believe we won every sixpence they had. Hoare played very well at all games, but particularly so at whist. I

played very indifferently, but much better than any of them—it was almost robbery to play with them at whist. We had a set match every day for three months, and Hoare must have won more than one thousand pounds. I did not bet so high, but won a considerable sum.

The races at the Mount near to Madras are very good, and everybody within many miles attends them. I have seen six Arabians start, and a great deal of money is always lost and won, and, in general, famous sport. The English horses have no chance as to speed with the Arabians. The Nabob of Arcot had two very well-bred horses sent him from England, and they were run at the Mount, but cut a very poor figure. Mr Benfield also ran one. You may have bets to any amount at these races. I cut a dash with a tandem and pair of cropped bays at these races, the first crops that had ever been seen at Madras. The natives were quite astonished to see horses without their ears. There was also very good cock-fighting all the race week. The cocks in India are nearly twice the size of ours. They are fought quite in the English style with spurs and cut-out feathers. They afford capital sport. The Moormen fight cocks, and are very fond of the diversion. During the race week there are all sorts of gaming going on, and immense sums lost and won. Hoare and I set up a faro bank, but Lord MacCartney would not allow it to go on. I had a horse run that meeting by the name of Charles Fox. He stood second, and made good sport. He was a country-bred horse, and ran against two Arabs. After the races I went to Poonamalee, where our regiment was then in barracks, except three Companies at Arcot. Poonamalee is fifteen miles from Madras. The fort is stone with a wet ditch. When at supper with Captain and Mrs Russell, a sergeant came running in, and said the regiment was under arms, that they had taken possession of the magazine and stores,

and had put horses to two field pieces. We were quite thunderstruck, as not a word of this had ever transpired. We ran to the parade, and found they were just marching off, talked to them, and explained the consequences of their taking such steps. They said they were determined to march to Arcot, where they would be joined by the other three Companies of the regiment; that Colonel Straubenzie had used them so ill; that they had applied for redress several times without its being attended to; that they would drag him and his d——d——— out of their beds, and then march to Arcot. However, with a great deal of persuasion we prevailed on them to go to their barracks, and told them that we should see them done justice to in the morning. Colonel Straubenzie had despatched an officer to Lord MacCartney to inform him that the regiment had mutinied, and after we prevailed on them to disperse and go to their barracks, he despatched another to say that the regiment had returned to their duty, and that it would not be necessary to march any force against them; but Mrs Straubenzie, an uncommonly clever woman, without consulting the Colonel, had sent her dubash to Lord MacCartney, to say that the Colonel was too sanguine, and that she was very certain that nothing but force would bring them to a sense of their duty. One of the grievances of the regiment was their being so much in arrear of pay, and I had promised them that they should be paid up next morning. At daybreak Colonel Straubenzie and I had agreed to go to Madras, to try and get money from the Paymaster-General. The men, when I left the fort, were all going to the bazaar as usual, and I thought everything was settled. However, to my astonishment, on my way to the Colonel's house, that was a few hundred yards from the fort, I saw a large body of troops on their march within a mile of the fort. I ran to Straubenzie's house, and informed him that a force was marching against us.

We immediately mounted our horses, and rode to meet them. They consisted of two regiments of Hanoverians, and three battalions of Sepoys, commanded by Colonel ——— of the Hanoverians. Colonel Straubenzie told the Colonel that the men had returned to their duty, and that it was not necessary to proceed any further. He said his orders were to take possession of the fort, and that he must obey them, and all we could say he would not halt. The instant the regiment saw this body marching against them they flew to their arms, pulled up the drawbridge, loaded the guns, manned the works, and swore that they would not let a Hanoverian into the fort, and that they would defend it to the last drop of their blood. Finding that we could not prevail on Colonel ——— to halt, we rode off full speed to the fort, and Straubenzie prayed, for God's sake, that they would lay down their arms and let him in. They told him from the walls that he had used them shamefully ill, and that they would let Captain Hunter in, but that he should not enter. However, I at last prevailed on them to let us both in. The Hanoverians were then close to the works, and an officer was sent to inform the regiment, if they did not immediately let down the drawbridge, and lay down their arms, that they would open six pieces of cannon upon them. They answered that they might fire and be d——d, and that if the officer or any of his party attempted to advance another step, that they would be fired upon. I never saw the regiment more regular, not a man drunk, which made it have a much more serious appearance. They refused to let the officers leave the fort, but conducted Mrs Russell to a house outside, and told the Hanoverians that were near the sally-port, if they attempted to molest her, that they would fire upon them. Colonel ———, finding that the regiment was determined, from every appearance to defend the fort, and as I had still hopes from the information I had

received from a Sergeant of my own Company of the name of Kean, who was appointed to command them, that they might still lay down their arms, I was despatched, by the particular desire of the men, to Lord MacCartney, to say if the force was withdrawn that they would return to their duty. I left Poonamalee at ten o'clock, mounted on a horse that Mr Kingscote gave me from having rode him a very remarkably long chase. I reached Madras in forty minutes, fifteen long miles from Poonamalee. I saw Lord MacCartney, who said he was determined not to listen to them with arms in their hands. I did not stop five minutes, mounted the same horse again, and returned to Poonamalee at full speed. I was not altogether an hour and a half gone; indeed, the men almost doubted that I had been at Madras. From the heat of the day and the violent exercise, I was taken very ill, and obliged to go to bed. The regiment remained in doubt for some time how to act. Kean came to me, and repeated everything that was going on. He said that he wished the business was well settled, and thought if I was able to get up, go on the parade and speak to the men, that they would lay down their arms, adding that as they had honoured him so much by appointing him to command them, he would not desert them. I got up with some difficulty, and was carried in a palanquin to the parade, and spoke to the men, and had quite given up all hope of their yielding; but just as I was taking my leave of them, they cried out they would do as I advised them, which was to lay down their arms, and throw themselves on the mercy of Lord MacCartney. I do not think any event in my life ever pleased me half so much, for this had nearly been a very serious business, considering that a strong fort was in the possession of a thousand men. It was a most fortunate circumstance for the regiment that Captain Clewlow Russell and myself happened to be present. We found out after that the

ringleaders had carried on a correspondence with the 36th Regiment and our three Companies at Arcot, and that it was their intention to have formed a junction with them; and if they had, God knows where it would have ended. A very serious investigation into Straubenzie's conduct took place at Poonamalee, and he soon after went home, and sold out. After everything was settled at Poonamalee with the regiment, I returned to the command of the three companies at Arcot. On my way there from Poonamalee Major Stevenson and I met at Conjeveram, and were met at Chingleput by a shooting party from Arcot. We remained for three days. I, being Pay-Master to the regiment, had with me £2000 in pagodas—the pagodas are always made up in bags of a hundred, and value £400. The party were all in tents with such a number of servants. I remained at Arcot for six months, and we were then ordered to join the regiment at Poonamalee, previous to the 36th and 52nd Regiments being reviewed by Sir A. Campbell. He was very highly pleased with the appearance of the two regiments, and quite astonished to find that we had only, out of sixteen hundred men, twenty-one in hospital. It is generally supposed that being much exposed to the sun is prejudicial to the health, but these two regiments are certainly a very strong instance to the contrary, as they were out in the sun constantly playing at cricket, fives, and long bowls all day long with only their breeches on, their whole bodies being exposed to the sun. When the 74th (Sir A. Campbell's Own Regiment) arrived in India, he ordered an officer, with several non-commissioned officers and privates, to Poonamalee to take a lesson from the 36th and 52nd. They were to copy us in everything. The day after they arrived they attended the parade, and immediately after it was dismissed the regiments put off their regimentals as usual, and went to their different amusements. The young Highlanders, anxious to strictly obey

their orders, stripped to the buff to play at long bowls. They generally played to a tank three miles from the barracks, bathed, and played back again. They had not been out more than an hour before the sun began to take a little hold of their backs. Everybody knew that this would be the case, and a large party went out to have a laugh at them. After bathing their backs began to itch, and before they got to the barracks they were one entire blister from the neck down to the waistbands of their breeches. When Sir A. Campbell heard of the trick that had been played them, he laughed very heartily.

The new barracks being now nearly finished at Wallajabad, forty miles from Madras on the road to Pondicherry, the 36th and 52nd were ordered there, where we remained until the war broke out with Tippoo. At Wallajabad we had the finest hog-hunting that ever was. Captain Child of the 19th Light Dragoons had some very fine Poligar dogs. We generally joined packs, and had famous sport. The 19th Regiment was canteoned within ten miles of us at ———. We had a club that met at Dr Adderton's, where there was very deep play. Aubery Hoare, Colonel Maxwell, Gage, and a few more met once a week. Maxwell and myself lost a thousand pounds each at the first meeting. I never saw so passionate a man at play as Maxwell. A few nights after Hoare won £6000 of a Mr Woolley at piquet. Woolley was afterwards killed in a duel by Dr Ruddiman; jealousy was the cause. We had an excellent mess at Wallajabad. Colonel Knox commanded, who was certainly the pleasantest man I ever served under. He was very fond of a little play, and understood it better than any man I ever met with.

Colonel and Mrs Stirling of the 36th Regiment arrived from England, and her sister, Miss ———. Mrs Stirling was a very charming woman. I bought an English curricule at Madras, and gave one hundred and sixty guineas for it. I was very near killing Miss ———,

Nobody but herself would have ventured with me. The horses were not broken in, and very spirited. They took fright at an elephant, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I stopped them. Miss ——— was a fine spirited Irish girl.

A war with Tippoo was now very much talked of, and it was said General Meadows was coming from Bombay to command the army. We had just received accounts that Tippoo had attacked a little Rajah near Callicut that was in alliance with us, and that he himself was wounded. The 36th, 52nd, and 19th Dragoons received orders to march immediately to Trichinopoly, where the army was ordered to assemble and wait the arrival of General Meadows from Bombay. General Musgrove joined the three regiments on their march. The army, to the amount of twenty thousand men, soon assembled on the plain of Trichinopoly, and so fine an army never was seen before in India, all in high spirits and well disciplined. Tippoo, on hearing that so large a body was collected, immediately marched from the coast to defend the Ghauts, which are strong passes through mountains into the Mysore country. General Meadows was anxiously looked for, and at last arrived and took the command of the army that was drawn out to receive him on the beautiful plains of Trichinopoly. He appeared highly pleased.

Three days after we marched towards Tippoo's country, and were all anxious to pass the boundary between his dominions and ours, for we expected to be opposed, as we had various reports of Tippoo's force, that was said to be encamped on the banks of the river. The first three days' march was through a rich and beautiful country, close to the banks of the great river Cavery, where everything had the appearance of riches—fine pagodas and mosques, and large villages, and the country covered with cattle; indeed, I fancy for thirty miles up the Cavery above Trichinopoly is

as fine a country as any part of India. We now left the banks of the Cavery, and directed our march towards Coimbatore, a large town and fort fifteen miles from the foot of the Ghauts, and entered Tippoo's country without seeing an enemy, found all the villages deserted, and the country very barren, scarcely any rice, and the soil very sandy. Passing the sandy desert of Arabia I am certain cannot be worse than the country we marched through for three days. I never experienced three such disagreeable days in my life. The heat and dust were intolerable; it blew so hard and such clouds of sand that you positively could not distinguish a man five yards from you. It was in vain to attempt pitching a tent; the wind was so strong and the soil so sandy that the tent-pins had no hold. Goggles and masks were made, and every means taken to prevent the dust from filling the eyes and mouth. I never shall forget what we suffered. The Coimbatore country had quite a different appearance. Tippoo had evacuated all the small forts, and even Coimbatore, nor were we interrupted on our march except by a few Looties.

In the fort of ——— we found a great quantity of rice, and we left here two companies of sepoy, and the sick of the army. A few days after our arrival at Coimbatore Colonel Floyd, with the 19th Dragoons, 36th Regiment, Darby and Stevenson's black regiments, and a battalion of sepoy, were detached to Sattimangalum, close to the entrance of the Guazelhetty Pass through the Ghauts into the Mysore country. Colonel Stewart, with the 52nd and 74th, and two battalions of sepoy, were sent against Dindigul, an uncommonly strong hill fort nearly thirty miles from Coimbatore. Tippoo was all this time very busy at the Guazelhetty Pass collecting all the force he could.

After a short siege of Dindigul a breach was made, and an attempt to storm this almost inaccessible rock, but we were repulsed with considerable loss. The attack com-

menced at twelve o'clock at night, and notwithstanding the repulse of the Grenadiers, at nine the next morning, to our great astonishment, the garrison surrendered. Colonel Stewart left a small force in the fort, and returned to Coimbatore, where General Meadows still remained. The attack of Fort Dindigul was the most beautiful sight I ever saw. The enemy, expecting an attack, had blue lights burning all night. These gave so bright a light that you could distinguish every man on the ramparts. The same force that had been at Dindigul was ordered to Paulgautcherry, a very strong square fort, with a wet ditch. This place was taken by surprise the war before last by Colonel Fullerton, and it was then supposed that it was scarcely possible to breach it, as the stones were all laid lengthwise. The road from Coimbatore to Paulgautcherry is entirely through a forest. After the first day's march we encamped in an Indian cornfield, close to the roadside. We had heard a great deal of the elephants in this immense forest. The natives told us that they were very much plagued with them, as they ate all their Indian corn at night, and that the cabins we saw on the tops of the trees were where they watched them. A little after dark I heard a noise like a person blowing a large shell or horn at the advanced picket. I sent the orderly sergeant to order them not to make such a noise. The sergeant returned and said that it was the elephants. I must own I did not believe him, and went to the advanced post to satisfy myself as to the cause of the noise. The officer told me six large and two young elephants had just passed one of his men that was posted near a piece of water in the front, and that he was so much frightened that he had nearly quitted his post. I was then convinced that the sounds I had heard were made by elephants; indeed, I heard them at a distance in the woods making the same sort of noise. The next morning I went to the piece of water in front of the picket, and saw the

marks of the feet of the elephants that had come there the night before for water. The next morning we marched at daybreak, and on the march saw several elephants cross the road, also a great number of wild peacocks, but they were so wild we could not get near them.

On coming before Paulgautcherry the fort was summoned, and we received for answer that they were determined to defend it to the last. Fascines, gabions, and every preparation was made for besieging the place, and a battery of six twenty-four pounders was ready to open in three days. The evening before the battery was to open we received intelligence that Tippoo had descended the Ghauts with his whole army at Sitimungulum, attacked Colonel Floyd, and defeated him with great loss on our side. Colonel Stewart proposed to raise the siege and fall back to Coimbatore, but was persuaded not only to continue it, but to carry it on if possible with double vigour. Our battery opened next morning, everybody anxious to see the effect of our shot after so much had been said of the strength of the walls of this place. However, we were agreeably surprised to find that the walls of Paulgautcherry were not more difficult to breach than those of other places, as a practicable breach was soon made, and the fort surrendered. Next day the detachment marched to join General Meadows at Coimbatore, except three hundred men that were left to garrison the fort. We were still in a state of suspense as to the particulars of the action at the foot of the Ghauts, but had certain accounts of Colonel Floyd's defeat, and that Tippoo had descended the Ghauts with his whole army, we supposed to oblige us to raise the siege of Paulgautcherry.

On our arrival at Coimbatore we found that General Meadows had marched to cover Floyd's retreat, and orders were left for Colonel Stewart to follow by forced marches. We were all very uneasy, as the reports were that Colonel Floyd and the whole detachment were either killed or taken

prisoners. We remained in this unpleasant state of suspense till next day, when we joined the army, and found things were not quite so bad as had been represented, but still bad enough, for our loss was very great, and from what I could learn they had a very narrow escape. The cavalry behaved uncommonly well while they could act, and the infantry equally so when they got into the enclosed country. The 36th Regiment lost a great number of men and officers. Tippoo made the attack two hours before day, and the action continued till twelve o'clock. When Tippoo found that General Meadows was advancing to support Colonel Floyd, he directed his march down the Bovany river towards Fort ———, which he attacked two days after, and carried by storm. We had only two companies of sepoy and about three hundred sick in the fort, which was defended to the last. Tippoo did not leave any garrison in the fort, but continued his march into the Carnatic. This was certainly a very masterly manœuvre of Tippoo's, and a very bold one, to march with his army away from his capital, but I suppose he knew that the time of year would not allow us to besiege Seringapatam. Colonel Maxwell with about five thousand men had marched from Madras to make a diversion towards the Pass of ———. It was Tippoo's intention to have attacked this detachment, and he expected to have come up with them before General Meadows could join; but fortunately we formed adjunction with Colonel Maxwell on the very day that Tippoo's advanced parties came in sight, and finding that our army was so near, he declined risking an action, nor could we force him to one from the situation of the two armies. The ——— Pass was close to Tippoo's right flank, and it was generally supposed he would retreat to his capital through that pass, but to our astonishment next morning we saw his whole army marching round our left flank, directing their march to the pass that we had come through from the Coimbatore country. Our army

immediately struck their tents, and tried to gain the entrance of the pass before Tippoo, but we were a few hours too late. We pursued him the next morning, and found on the road several guns and ammunition waggons broken down and left behind, but never could come near him. He returned to the Mysore country, and we marched into the Carnatic, and encamped at Poonamalee, where we remained until the necessary preparations were made for our marching again into the Mysore country.

On our arrival at Poonamalee we found Lord Cornwallis had arrived at Madras to take the command of the army. The army remained encamped near Madras for three weeks, all anxious to know by which pass we were to enter the Mysore country. There are three passes through the Ghauts, all equally strong. Tippoo, to our astonishment, still remained with his army at the head of the Guazelhetty Pass, and did not even make a move until we had returned into his country; nor did we meet with any opposition in marching through the Ghauts, where a very few men might have stopped thousands. I am convinced five hundred men could have defended the Muglee Ghaut against two thousand; indeed, any number. The roads through the Ghauts are so bad and steep that it was frequently with the greatest labour that the battering-guns were dragged through them. All the small forts from the top of the Ghauts to Bangalore were evacuated. The villages in the Mysore country are surrounded by a mud wall, and sometimes a ditch, and not a soul remained in any of them, nor was our army joined by any of the inhabitants. The Mysore country from the top of the Muglee Pass to Bangalore is very thinly inhabited. The produce of the country is chiefly *natchina*, a small grain, and in the valleys sometimes rice. The country is very barren, and scarcely a tree to be seen.

We arrived before Bangalore on the 5th of March 1791. The day before this Tippoo appeared in force, and rather showed some intention of coming to action.

A very daring attempt was made to take Lord Cornwallis prisoner by a few of Tippoo's officers that were banged (intoxicated with smoking opium). It was supposed by us they intended to desert until they made a dash at Lord Cornwallis, but before they could carry into effect this daring attempt they were cut down by his bodyguard. During that whole day's march Tippoo's cavalry followed close to us, and made several attempts to break in upon the baggage, but were always well received by ours. I never beheld a more beautiful sight. India is the only country I ever saw where an officer can really see the movements of large armies, for frequently there is not even a bush to intercept your view. We encamped within a mile and a half of the outworks of Bangalore, and Tippoo's camp was on the opposite side of the fort, and his advanced posts and ours were close to each other. On the 6th of March Colonel Floyd was sent out with nearly all the cavalry to reconnoitre Tippoo's camp, and fell in with a large body of his horse, that I fancy were sent out for the same purpose, or as a decoy. If it was intended as such it certainly had the desired effect, as the Colonel was rather led on too far, and was obliged to make a very precipitate retreat, with considerable loss. Lord Cornwallis was very much displeased, as Colonel Floyd had exceeded his orders, and it was never forgotten the whole war.

The next morning, the 7th of March, we attacked the pettah, which was surrounded with a mud wall and bound hedge. This was carried with considerable loss on our side, Colonel Moorhouse and many brave officers having fallen at this attack. In the evening Tippoo reinforced the fort, and a sally was made to recover the pettah, where there was an approach to the fort, and from rather commanding ground. The sally was made about three o'clock in the afternoon. Tippoo's troops advanced with the greatest bravery, but from the judicious disposition of ours in the

town, and their well-directed fire from the houses, and from the guns that were posted so as to command the streets leading to the fort by which the enemy were obliged to make the attack, did very great execution. The action continued for nearly an hour, when they retreated under the guns of the fort, leaving their killed and wounded. During the night a constant cannonade was kept up from the fort on the pettah (or town), and until works were thrown up we lost a number of men. I had a very narrow escape from being killed by a cannon shot. As I was standing on the threshold of a door a cannon shot struck one of the posts and knocked it all to pieces. The house was built of mud, and I was entirely covered with dust, so much so that several officers who were standing close to me talking thought that I was killed.

Next day the army were all very busily employed making fascines and gabions, but the materials being so very bad we made little progress. Scarcely a tree is to be seen within many miles of Bangalore, and the bound hedge round the town, which was made of briars and all sorts of prickly bushes, prickly pears, etc., was not calculated to make either fascines or gabions. We were at last obliged to have recourse to deals made into boxes and old casks that were filled up with earth, and which answered much better than the fascines. It was nearly a week before the battery was ready. During this time our carriage elephants, camels, and bullocks were dying in great numbers, and forage not to be had, as Tippoo was in great force, and prevented our foraging parties, threatening an attack every day. On one occasion I was sent out with a large body of horse and foot to cover a foraging party. Tippoo's horse came hovering all round, but did not venture to attack us. We collected a large quantity of forage, and returned to camp about one o'clock. The cavalry that we saw were actually the advance of Tippoo's whole army, that made their appearance on the

heights above our camp the same day about two o'clock, and commenced a heavy cannonade. Our army immediately got under arms, and fully expected a general action, but the enemy retreated on our making a move towards their right flank. I must own I thought myself very lucky in not having fallen in with Tippoo in foraging. The carriage bullocks were now almost all dead for want of forage, and the followers of the army in great need of rice.

The battery was now nearly finished, but when too late it was thought by the artillery officers, who never agree with the engineers, to be at too great a distance to breach the wall, and on opening the guns it proved so. This was a great disappointment to us all, for even a day's delay was of the most serious consequence from the want of provisions; however, another was very soon erected and ready to open, but it was still found to be at full great enough distance. After battering for two days all our shot was nearly expended, so that Lord Cornwallis had no alternative but to attempt to storm or raise the siege. He determined on the first, although the breach was thought very far from practicable. A little after dark the troops for that service assembled in front of our batteries, under the command of Colonel Maxwell. The signal for advancing to the assault was a general discharge from the battery, which was the last round of shot we had remaining. Everything being in readiness, on the 21st of March 1791, at nine o'clock, the battery fired, and the troops immediately advanced to the breach, which they carried by the greatest possible good luck, for on descending into the ditch the scaling-ladders did not nearly reach to the top of the wall, and had not a narrow passage where only one man could advance abreast been fortunately discovered, and which was not defended, as it led to a part of the works which were at a considerable distance from the breach, the attack must have failed. This was certainly one of the most fortunate events that ever happened, for if we

had raised the siege we should have been obliged to destroy our battering-guns and retreat into the Carnatic; in place of which we found in Bangalore a considerable quantity of rice, of which we were so much in want; but the great object was the fort as a depôt previous to advancing to Seringapatam. The Kiledar, with about one hundred men, were killed defending the breach; our loss was nearly the same number. Tippoo's palace astonished us all very much, it was so entirely different from anything that we had ever seen before. I shall not attempt to describe it. The country for many miles around Bangalore is very barren and rocky, and very little of it cultivated.

As soon as we got possession of Bangalore Tippoo retreated about twenty miles towards his capital. Our army remained encamped close to the fort, in expectation of being joined by the Nizam's army. We afterwards found out that they were afraid to move on until we made a move towards them, and Tippoo was afraid to quit his position between us and his capital. Another reason for the Nizam's army not having joined us was that they were convinced that we could not take Bangalore, nor would they believe it even after we had joined them, and were told that we had positively taken possession of the place.

After recruiting our elephants, camels, and draught bullocks, we marched from Bangalore on the 28th of March 1791 to form a junction with the Nizam; and as Tippoo's movements were so much quicker than ours, owing to his bullocks being so much better, he ventured to quit his position between us and Seringapatam, when he found that our intention was to form a junction with the Nizam. Our movements were very slow; indeed, it was generally thought the field guns could not be got on, nor would they had it not been for the exertions of the British regiments, who were obliged to drag them, the bullocks being so exceedingly weak that they could scarcely walk. The first day's march

could scarcely be called one, as the rear did not get off the ground, and the second day's not more than two miles. Tippoo, who had always the very best information, knew this as well as we did, and marched round our left flank, threatening an attack, which we all anxiously wished for; but as he was not willing to risk one, it was not in our power to force it against his inclination. Every effort possible was made by the army to come up with his rear, the men dragging the guns till numbers dropped down from fatigue and the heat. We pressed on his rear guard so close that they were obliged to leave two field-pieces behind. Next morning we marched again at daybreak, as it was generally supposed that Tippoo intended to attack the Nizam's army before we could form a junction. They were now not more than thirty miles from us; but Tippoo, finding that we could move quicker than he imagined from our pressing so close on his heels the day before, did not venture to come so near to us again, but took up his former position between Bangalore and Seringapatam.

The next day we joined the Nizam's army, and a most curious army it was. They were encamped about two miles from us, and the day following was fixed on for the commanders of the Nizam's army to see the British troops and sepoy drawn out. The whole was ordered under arms at ten o'clock, and Lord Cornwallis went to receive those in command on the right of the line, and waited till near four o'clock, the army the whole time in readiness to turn out. At four o'clock Lord Cornwallis received a message to inform him that they could not see the line that day, giving some ridiculous reasons for the delay, such as that it was not a lucky day, or that the moon was not at the full, but that they would wait on his lordship at the same hour the next day. Accordingly the army was again drawn out at ten o'clock, and remained so till near four, his lordship waiting the whole time with the greatest patience. At last

they arrived on the right of the line, all mounted on the most beautiful horses, with a numerous train of elephants and camels, and about a thousand horse, armed with spears, swords, matchlocks, pistols, and carbines, without any regularity or uniformity of dress or appointment. So motley a group never was seen in dress or equipment. Several had chain armour on their arms and faces, made of very strong chains, like those of a jack, and formed into a sort of net that covered their heads and shoulders, to ward off the cut of a broadsword. Each chief had his own attendants, that marched after him without the least regularity. The chiefs in general were very respectable-looking old men, all with long white beards. They were very much astonished with the appearance of the 19th Light Dragoons, that were drawn up on the right of the line. They were certainly the finest regiment in every respect that ever was seen. The artillery also attracted their notice very much, particularly the guns and gun-carriages, and no wonder, for they must have appeared to them so exceedingly light in comparison with their own, the wheels of which are made of solid wood, and every part of the carriage heavy in proportion. The guns are all named after some great warrior. Purseram Bhow was the name of one gun, which I remember required to draw it more than one hundred oxen. The regularity with which our troops were drawn up, and also their uniformity in dress, drew their attention very much, but from the unevenness of the ground that the army was encamped on they could not see more than one or two regiments drawn up together; it therefore took them so long a time to see the whole line that they were at last certain they had seen the same regiments over again, and all we could say did not convince them to the contrary. The bands of music pleased them very much, and they asked why all the regiments had not bands. The only instrument for martial music the natives of India have is a pipe. It

resembles very much the Scotch bagpipe, and they beat a large drum, which is carried on an elephant. It is called a *naggar*, and is heard at a great distance. The *naggar* is generally beat the whole night in all camps and forts. All the chiefs were mounted on mares, and the reason they give for preferring them is that they think them more tractable. Their bridles are so very severe that they can stop their horses in an instant when at full speed. Their saddles are exactly the pack-saddles that we use to carry baggage on, but entirely covered with a large red embroidered cloth, with a deep fringe of gold, almost reaching to the ground. They ride remarkably short, and appear to have great command of their horses, and have a very firm seat. The horses of the soldiers are loaded with all sorts of trumpery—pots to boil rice, a large bag of rice, grain for their horses, coverlets or blankets, hookahs, etc., etc., and if they can procure a pike, sword, matchlock, pistols, and carbine, they carry them all, and think themselves most completely equipped. They are very expert with the broadsword. After seeing the line they were conducted to Lord Cornwallis's tents, where they remained a short time, and then returned to their camp. As the army did not march next day I rode over to see their encampment, which was pitched without any regularity round a large tank or lake. All the rajahs or chiefs had their own people encamped round their tents, and their horses picketted close to them. In the rear was a small bazaar or market, where there was to be sold all sorts of spices, tobacco, rice, shawls, and muslins. I then went nearly two miles to the rear to see the grand bazaar, where every sort of merchandise that India produces was exposed for sale, and silversmiths and shoemakers at work as if they had been settled there for many years. The followers of the army, gunners and soldiers, were so intermixed, and the horses, elephants, camels, and bullocks were all picketted among the tents in such confusion that it was with the

greatest difficulty that I could ride through the camp; in fact, there was not the least order except in the great market, where there appeared some little regularity. I could not have formed any idea of an Indian encampment if I had not seen it. At night five hundred British troops would have put the whole to the bayonet. From a hill about a mile from the camp I had a view of the whole encampment. The ground that they covered was astonishing; as far as the eye could carry you, nothing but tents were to be seen. The followers of that army must have been one hundred at least to each soldier. In India old and young are the attendants of a camp. The families never separate, so if one goes you are obliged to take the whole. The lower classes in India are not so strongly attached to their places of nativity as in other countries.

The armies remained encamped here for three days, and marched the fourth to take a position between the pass leading into the Carnatic and Bangalore, to cover the supply of stores and provisions that were coming from that quarter. As Tippoo still remained inactive, large magazines of rice were soon laid in at Bangalore, and our supplies of stores having all arrived from the Carnatic, we then marched to Bangalore. On the day that we came to our ground, within a few miles of it, all the Mahratta chiefs immediately set off to ascertain whether we were really in possession of the fort, still fully convinced that we were not. Their astonishment when they were shown the breach by which we stormed was very great. Bullocks loaded with rice were now arriving every day from the Carnatic, and we were in constant expectation of marching towards Seringapatam.

A few days before we marched Dr Home, Surgeon to the 36th Regiment, was taken prisoner between Bangalore and the camp, to our regret, as he was a most worthy, good man. It is supposed he was put to death, as he was never heard of after.

Here my father's journal breaks off, which is the more to be regretted, as he was with the army under Lord Cornwallis till the termination of the war with Tippoo. During this period, though only a Captain, he was in command of the 3rd Regiment, and consequently was with it at Seringapatam when Lord Cornwallis, on the 15th of May 1791, defeated Tippoo Sultan in a pitched battle. He also shared in all the fatigues and privations which the victorious army endured when, from a variety of unfortunate circumstances, Lord Cornwallis deemed it advisable to fall back on Bangalore. He was afterwards at the sieges and capture of Nundydroog, of Outredroog, and Savendroog, the last described by Dirom as follows :—

"Savendroog was found to be surrounded by a forest of natural wood or jungle, several miles in depth, thickened with clumps of planted bamboos, to render it everywhere as impenetrable as possible. The road winding through it was defended by different barriers, and at other places by trees felled to obstruct the passage. To invest or blockade Savendroog closely was impossible, for the rock itself forms a base of from eight to ten miles in circumference, and with the jungle and lesser hills which surround it includes a circle of twenty miles, through the various pathways of which the garrison might always find means to keep up communication with the country. Savendroog, as already described, is a vast mountain of rock, and is reckoned to rise above half a mile in perpendicular height. Embraced by walls on every side, and defended by cross-walls and barriers wherever it was deemed accessible, this huge mountain had the further advantage of being divided above by a chasm which separates the upper part into two hills, which, having each their defences, formed two citadels capable of being maintained independent of the lower works, and, affording a secure retreat, might encourage the

garrison to hold out to the last extremity. This stupendous fortress, so difficult of approach, is no less famed for its noxious atmosphere, occasioned by the surrounding hills and woods, than for its wonderful size and strength, and is said to have derived its name of Savendroog, or the Rock of Death, from its fatal climate.

"At eleven o'clock on the 21st of September 1791, on a signal of two guns being fired from the batteries, the flank Companies in the order described, followed by the 52nd and 72nd Regiments, advanced to the assault; the band of the 52nd Regiment playing 'Britons, strike home,' while the Grenadiers and Light Infantry mounted the breach."

It was my father who ordered the band to play this air, which he never could hear in after-life without being reminded of his favourite regiment, the 52nd, and of this formidable assault. After the fall of these and other forts, Lord Cornwallis, with his allies the Mahrattas, and the Nizam's forces, advanced for the second time against Seringapatam, arriving within six miles of Tippoo's camp and capital on the 5th of February 1792. That what follows may be understood, I here give some extracts from Dirom's description of Seringapatam and Tippoo's fortified camp:—

"Seringapatam is situated on an island formed by the river Cavery. On both sides of the river opposite to the island a large space is enclosed by a bound hedge, which marks the limits of the capital, and is intended as a place of refuge to the people of the neighbouring country from the incursions of horse. On the south side of the river this enclosure was filled with inhabitants, but that on the north side was occupied only by Tippoo's army.

"The bound hedge on the north side of the river includes an oblong space of about three miles in length, and in breadth from half a mile to a mile, extending from nearly

opposite to the west end of the island to where the Lochany river falls into the Cavery. Within this enclosure the most commanding ground is situated on the north side of the fort, and besides the hedge it is covered in front by a large canal, by rice-fields, which it waters, and partly by the winding of the Lochany river. Six large redoubts constructed on commanding ground added to the strength of this position.

"Tippoo's front line or fortified camp was defended by heavy cannon in the redoubts, and by his field train and army stationed to the best advantage. In this line there were one hundred pieces, and in the fort and island which formed his second line there were at least three times that number of cannon.

"The Sultan himself commanded the centre and right of his line within the bound hedge, and had his tent pitched near the Sultan's Redoubt, so called from being under his own immediate orders.

"On the 6th of February 1792, the very day after Lord Cornwallis's arrival in the neighbourhood of Seringapatam, he determined upon an immediate attack on the Sultan's fortified camp. After the troops had been dismissed from the evening parade at six o'clock, orders were instantly issued for a general assault the same night. By half after eight everything was in readiness. The evening was calm and serene; the troops moved on in determined silence, and the full moon which had just risen promised to light them to success. They advanced in three divisions. The right division was commanded by General Meadows, the centre, of which the 52nd formed a part, by Lord Cornwallis in person, assisted by Colonel Stuart, and the left by Colonel Maxwell.

"The allies appeared under the greatest astonishment and consternation when they observed Lord Cornwallis not only order out his troops without cannon on so formidable an enterprise, but even expose his own person to all the

dangers and uncertainties with which a nocturnal expedition seemed pregnant.

"Between ten and eleven o'clock the centre column, within a mile of the bound hedge, touched upon the enemy's grand guard, or a body of cavalry that were coming with rocket-boys to disturb our camp, as they had done on the preceding night. The horsemen instantly galloped off to their lines, leaving the rocket-boys to harass the column and endeavour to impede its march. They threw numberless rockets, that, like the flashes of distant lightning which precede a storm, were effectual only in declaring our approach.

"The battle now became general throughout the whole extent of the enemy's lines, the discharge of cannon and peals of musketry showing that our troops had everywhere closed with the enemy. The fort and capital situated low, and seen but faintly in the moonlight, was silent amidst the conflict."

The operations of the centre division and main body of the army under the immediate orders of Lord Cornwallis, directed against the centre and headquarters of the enemy's camp, were during the night various and extensive, but I confine myself strictly to those in which my father shared.

"The front division, after forcing through the enemy's line, had for its immediate object to pass into the island with the fugitives. The corps in the centre, employed first in clearing the right of the camp, had for their ultimate object to gain possession of the island; while the corps in the rear formed a reserve under Lord Cornwallis, who took a position whence he might support the other parts of his column, and wait the co-operation of the columns on his right and left, commanded by General Meadows and Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell. The front division, under

the command of the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Knox, consisted of six European flank Companies, the 52nd Regiment, and 14th Battalion of Bengal Sepoys. The 52nd Regiment and 14th Bengal Battalion were directed to follow the flank companies in regular order, and general directions were given to avoid firing as much as possible. About eleven o'clock the head of the column forced through the bound hedge, under a very heavy but ill-directed fire from the guns of the Sultan's Redoubt and the field-pieces stationed in the intervals of Tippoo's line. The fire of the musketry was for some time very heavy, but also ill directed, and on the columns advancing, the enemy giving way, the leading companies pushed to the river, passing the Sultan's tent, which appeared to have been abandoned with much precipitation.

"The two parties, under Captain Monson and Lieutenant-Colonel Knox, were followed by the seven battalion companies of the 52nd Regiment, commanded by Captain Hunter, and soon after by three Companies of the 14th Bengal Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant White. The 52nd Regiment had marched through the camp in regular order, and reached the river soon after the last division of the flank companies had passed into the island. The principal ford not being perceived, they crossed the Cavery opposite to the Dowlat Bang, or Rajah's Garden, which they entered after forcing open the river gate.

"Ignorant of the route taken by the flank companies, and from the information of two officers and some soldiers of that corps, who had separated from these companies and joined the 52nd Regiment, Captain Hunter did not believe that any troops had passed before him into the island. He therefore resolved to remain in the Dowlat Bang till the remainder of the column should arrive, or till circumstances should point out where his co-operation might be necessary to any other attack.

"His position was soon discovered by the enemy, who collected in great numbers round the garden, and even brought some pieces of cannon to bear upon it from the fort, and from a redoubt on the bank of the river. Captain Hunter, seeing that his post could not be tenable after daylight, as he would then be exposed to the fire of all the guns on the eastern face of the fort, engaged two sergeants for a considerable reward to repass the river, and give information to Lord Cornwallis of his determination to defend the garden till near break of day, and then to leave it unless he was reinforced, or should receive fresh instructions from his lordship. Lieutenant Dowse of the Pioneers offered himself for this dangerous service, and accordingly crossed the river, but was soon forced to return into the garden, being driven back by a party of horse.

"These troops had now remained two hours in the garden, and morning was drawing near, when a party of the enemy was perceived with two field-pieces on the opposite bank of the river. Whether this party was retreating into the island with two guns which they had saved from the general wreck, or whether they had an intention to open them and fire across the river upon our troops in the Dowlat Bang, could not be known. Their appearance decided Captain Hunter, who, quitting the garden, rushed with his corps into the river, and passed it under a heavy fire of cannon and musketry to attack them, before they could have time to unlimber their guns, in which he succeeded, though with some loss. He then returned through the camp, and about two hours before daylight most opportunely joined Lord Cornwallis, with the seven companies of the 52nd Regiment, and three companies of the 14th Bengal Battalion. He found that his lordship had taken post with the 74th Regiment and the 2nd and 21st Battalions of Coast Sepoys near the Sultan's Redoubt. Here he had waited in anxious expectation for some hours for the arrival

of General Meadows' column from the right, but had waited in vain. Captain Hunter's arrival with his reinforcement was therefore most fortunate, and contributed essentially to Lord Cornwallis's safety, as scarcely had they time to replace their ammunition (their cartridges having been damaged in passing the river) when a large body of troops, part of Tippoo's centre and left, who had recovered from the panic occasioned by the first operations of the night, marched down and attacked his lordship with much resolution. Animated by the presence, and under the immediate orders of the Commander-in-Chief, these four corps received the enemy with firmness, returned their fire, and on their approaching nearer charged them with their bayonets. They, however, renewed the attack repeatedly, and it was near daylight before they were finally repulsed. Lord Cornwallis then ordered his reserve to retire towards the Pagoda hill, that they might not be exposed to the fire of the fort at daylight, nor be surrounded by the enemy; and on coming near the foot of the hill he met General Meadows, whose column was in motion to have supported his lordship."

Having given Dirom's account of this night attack, I shall now copy part of a letter on the subject written by my father in 1830 to Captain Gawler of the 52nd, who had applied to him for information regarding the services of that regiment.

"The night was so dark that the first intimation we had of the enemy's approach was from their tom-toms, followed by cheering and a volley. They were within two hundred yards of us when the regiment was ordered to fire a volley and charge. In this charge I was dangerously wounded, and carried into the Sultan's Redoubt. The regiment thought I was killed. Lord Cornwallis had fallen back with

his small bodyguard, and sent orders for the 52nd to retreat, which orders were delivered to Captain Conran (the late Lieutenant-General Conran), next in command of the regiment. At this time the men were under a galling fire from the enemy, and, getting impatient, they called out in the hearing of Captain Conran—'Had Captain Hunter been alive, he would have ordered another charge at these black rascals.' Conran said, 'Well, my lads, though I have received orders to retreat, you shall have another dash at them.' These charges, in my opinion, were the saving of Lord Cornwallis and the few troops he had with him. The 52nd covered his retreat till he got beyond the bound hedge, when Tippoo gave up the pursuit, and bent his whole force against the Sultan's, or Sibbald's, Redoubt.

"Had not the 52nd recrossed the Cavery, and by the greatest good luck fallen in with Lord Cornwallis, he must inevitably have been taken by Tippoo.

"I have given rather a detailed account of this action, as it was the last general engagement in which I had the honour to command the 52nd Regiment, with whom I have shared so many perils, and spent so many a joyous day, and always have taken, and ever shall take, a fatherly interest in that highly distinguished regiment."

What follows I copy from Dirom's narrative of the celebrated defence of the Sultan's, or Sibbald's, Redoubt, which the enemy had previously abandoned.

"The Sultan's Redoubt was nearly of the same size and construction as that which had defended the left of Tippoo's position, but with this essential difference to its new possessors, that it was within reach of the guns of the fort; and the gorge, instead of being covered by any traverse or outwork, was left open to the fort and the island, that, if taken, the fire from thence might render it untenable. The

party put into it for its defence, commanded by Captain Sibbald, consisted of his own and another company of the 71st Regiment, two lieutenants, and fourteen men of the Artillery, and a subaltern with fifty Bengal sepoys—in all, one hundred and fifty.

"Towards morning, while the enemy attacked Lord Cornwallis and his reserve, Major Skelly had been sent to the Sultan's Redoubt, to bring such men to reinforce his lordship as he might find in or about it who did not belong to the detachment ordered for its defence. Several parties of the enemy being near, and firing upon the redoubt, the Major made his way to it with considerable difficulty, and had scarcely got into it when they advanced to the attack; but on receiving the fire of a party posted at the gorge or entrance they moved off. Major Skelly, finding no men in the redoubt besides the party that was put into it for its defence, and some of the wounded who had been brought thither, determined to remain in this post, where his services were most likely to be of use. Among the wounded were Captain Hunter and two lieutenants of the 52nd, and the Hon. Captain Maitland of the 72nd.

"Daylight soon showed that to maintain this post would require every exertion of a vigorous defence; for it was not only exposed to the cannonade of the fort, but to the musketry and assault of the enemy, who, being collected in large bodies, prepared for the attack, as if emulous to retrieve part of their disgrace by retaking their Sultan's Redoubt, and regaining a post that still might be of infinite importance in retarding the siege. Our army being kept at a distance by the guns of the fort, the small party in the redoubt were left to their fate, and to have all the honour of disputing this point with the remains of the enemy's forces.

"The first object which appeared to require attention was to endeavour to shut up the gorge of the redoubt, which was open towards the fort. This was attempted by throwing

some broken doolies (litters) across it, and the carriage of a gun, which was no sooner perceived from the fort than they opened three guns on the gorge, and sent two field-pieces to the rocks, which soon destroyed this slender barrier, and did much execution in the work. The enemy on seeing the gorge clear, advanced to the assault, but were beat back with considerable loss, and retired to their station behind the rocks.

"In this attack, which was made about ten o'clock, a most valuable officer, Lieutenant Buchan of the Bengal Artillery, and several men were killed in defending the entrance of the redoubt. Captain Sibbald, who had distinguished himself with great bravery, was soon after killed by a cannon-shot, and Captain Hunter, who, though wounded, was gallantly exerting himself, received a second wound, which, however, did not deprive his friends of his able services.

"Major Skelly, who had assisted hitherto by his advice and personal exertions, took upon himself the command after the fall of Captain Sibbald. The enemy still annoyed them severely from the rocks, to which there were constantly coming fresh troops. The day was extremely sultry, and many of the wounded were dying for want of water, of which there was not a single drop in the place; and in addition to these embarrassments, a quantity of powder blew up, by which Captain Maitland, already severely wounded, and several of the men were much scorched. But the chief object of concern was the want of musket ammunition. Major Skelly, when using every means in his power to husband the little that remained, was informed by one of the officers that he had observed two loaded bullocks in the ditch, which he believed to be of those appointed to each regiment for the purpose of carrying spare ammunition. The officer had judged right; the bullocks had wandered into the ditch of the redoubt in the night, and were more

precious to the Major and his party at this juncture than if they had been loaded with the richest jewels in Tippoo's treasury.

"The men had scarcely filled their cartridge boxes when a body of cavalry (at least two thousand strong) were seen advancing to the redoubt, and with so determined a countenance that it would seem they intended to charge at once into the gorge. They halted, however, beyond the reach of musket shot, when three or four hundred of them dismounted, drew their sabres, and made a most daring attempt to storm the redoubt. Fortunately, its brave defenders were now prepared to receive them. Their fire brought down many; and the rest, getting into confusion, retired, while their friends behind the rocks redoubled their fire of cannon, musketry, and rockets to cover their retreat.

"This happened at one o'clock in the afternoon, and about an hour after the Sultan's Redoubt had to sustain a third attack. The troops that now advanced, headed by Europeans, were probably the remains of Lally's Brigade, commanded by Monsieur Vigie. The Major expected to find them more resolute than their Mussulman friends. They did not, however, deserve the opinion he had formed of them, for they advanced but a little way from the rocks, when two or three of the foremost falling, they stopped short, got into great disorder, and went off.

"This was the last effort made by the enemy to recover the Sultan's Redoubt; nor did its defenders wish for the honour of another attack. It had become a horrid scene of carnage; two officers and nineteen privates lay dead among their feet, and three officers and twenty-two privates, miserably wounded, were imploring assistance which it was not in their power to give. About four in the afternoon the enemy's fire from behind the rocks slackened, and they soon after began to quit their post and retire to the island. Water was then brought from a ditch and pond near the

redoubt, which afforded a most welcome refreshment to the wounded, and to the remaining part of the troops, who were nearly exhausted with want and fatigue.

"From the pagoda hill Lord Cornwallis and General Meadows witnessed the gallant defence of the Sultan's Redoubt.

"The sick and wounded were sent to the island. The upper part of the superb new palace in the Laul Bang, or Sultan's great garden, was allotted to the officers. This garden, the pride of Tippoo, laid out in regular shady walks of large cypress trees, and full of fruit-trees and flowers of every description, beautiful as it was, soon became a melancholy spectacle; the fruit-trees were stripped of their branches, while the lofty cypresses, broken to the ground to be made into fascines, etc., were rooted up by the camp followers to be consumed as firewood."

The gratifying terms in which Sir Thomas Munro mentions my father tempts me here to copy part of a letter of his from Gleig's *Life* of that distinguished man; and I have the greater inducement to do so that it enables me to give my father's correction of a slight mistake made by Sir Thomas.

Extract from Sir Thomas Munro's letter to Andrew Ross, Esq., Madras, dated "Bangalore, 17th of February 1792."

"The General (Meadows) after this success directed his march towards the enemy's centre to join Lord Cornwallis, but by keeping too near the front of their camp he passed his lordship's rear in the dark without perceiving him; and got near the pagoda hill before he halted. His lordship was by this means left in a very critical situation, for, confident of being supported by the General, he had detached two divisions of his column, and likewise seven companies of the 52nd to the island, and had been above two hours on Tippoo's encampment with only four com-

panies of the 74th, two or three of the 73rd, and some companies of sepoy.

"The left wing of the enemy, which had suffered little, discovering that he had but a small force, advanced between two and three in the morning with great impetuosity to attack him. Just as the firing commenced, the 52nd Regiment fortunately arrived, and charging the enemy in front broke them, and pursued them to a nullah, over which it was not thought prudent to follow them. They had shown so much resolution in their attack that his lordship, after leaving four companies of sepoy and Europeans in a strong redoubt within twelve hundred yards of the fort, under Captain Sibbald, retreated about half a mile nearer the pagoda hill, where, being informed of General Meadows' situation, he halted till daybreak.

"His situation was certainly at one time extremely critical, and had he not been joined by the 52nd the consequences might have been very fatal.

"Captain Hunter, who commanded that corps, after crossing the river at midnight, took post under the wall of Dowlet Bagh, near the fort; here he waited above two hours, expecting to be reinforced, but seeing no friends, and being discovered and fired on from the works, he determined to retreat; he had scarcely begun to move when a large party with four guns came down to attack him; he saw that nothing but an exertion could save him; he pushed for the guns, and took them before they could be unlimbered, on which the enemy fled; he continued his retreat, but missing the ford got into deep water, where all his ammunition was damaged. On returning to Tippoo's camp he found nine barrels of cartridges belonging to a sepoy corps, and his men had just filled their muskets when a message from Lord Cornwallis informed him of his danger.

"The enemy were at this time still in possession of two or three redoubts in the rear of their centre near the fort,

the fire of which secured them from an attack in the day, but they abandoned them in the evening.

"Captain Sibbald's redoubt being too near the fort to admit of its being supported from the camp by day, was twice attacked in the course of the 7th by two corps of infantry and one of dismounted cavalry. The loss was great on both sides, but the enemy were repulsed. Captain Sibbald, with the artillery officer and above half the men in the battery, were killed or wounded, and after the fall of the officers it was probably saved by the spirited behaviour of Major Skelly and Captain Hunter, who had gone there out of curiosity a little before the enemy appeared. This repulse was a brilliant close to so decisive and important a victory; everything was attained by it which could have been wished for."

My father in a letter to the Rev. G. R. Gleig says:—

"Should your work go to another edition, allow me to correct a small mistake in my friend Sir Thomas's account of the night attack on Tippoo's lines at Seringapatam. In his letter to Andrew Ross, Esq., Madras, dated 17th of February 1792, vol. iii. page 71, he says that after Captain Sibbald and half the men in the Sultan's Redoubt had been killed or wounded, 'it was probably saved by the spirited behaviour of Major Skelly and Captain Hunter, who had gone there *out of curiosity*.' Major Skelly being one of Lord Cornwallis's aide-de-camps, went there, I suppose, with orders, and found himself unable to return; and from the following circumstances it will be seen that it was not curiosity which led me there. In an attack made before daybreak by Tippoo on Lord Cornwallis I was severely wounded, and carried into the Sultan's Redoubt by two of my orderly sergeants. I had always four on night attacks."

On the cessation of hostilities at Seringapatam my father

was present on the interesting and striking occasion when two of Tippoo's sons were delivered up, on the 26th of February 1792, to Lord Cornwallis as hostages for the due performance of the Treaty of Peace concluded between his lordship and Tippoo. This was a fortunate circumstance for our family, as in a picture afterwards painted by Devis to commemorate the event, my father's portrait was introduced by the artist, and by all his friends it was thought so striking a likeness that a copy of it was taken for his father. This portrait hung for many years at Medomsley, and is now at Anton's Hill. It represents him in the loose jacket and round hat then worn by the 52nd. The large picture from which this portrait was copied was long in the India House, but where it is now I have never been able to ascertain. Mr Loch, an old friend of my father's and mother's, and for many years an East India Director, has kindly, at my request, tried to discover into whose hands it has fallen now the India House no longer exists, but hitherto without the smallest success, all trace of it, to my regret, being lost.

As regards my father's services in India, I have nothing more to add except an extract from the copy of a letter from my father to his friend, the late General Sir David Baird, dated "Edinburgh, 6th of May 1822." In this he gives the following particulars of the share which the 52nd had in the battle fought at Seringapatam on the 15th of May 1791, during Lord Cornwallis's first campaign against Tippoo Sultan :—

"I also wish to bring to your recollection another battle where the 52nd was engaged, and you were present the whole time. It was the first time the army came to a general engagement with Tippoo near to Seringapatam. You must remember when he made a charge with his whole cavalry on the 36th, 52nd, and 71st, and you came up to

Lord Cornwallis, who was directing the 52nd to take up a new position, and said, 'Come, my lord, the cavalry have got a check, things will do well yet,' and the 52nd gave them a volley as they retreated round the left flank, and Lord Cornwallis took off his hat and gave us three cheers. I shall never forget it. The same day you saw the 52nd with three battalions of sepoys charge a large body of the enemy that was drawn up on a rising ground, when the 52nd took two pieces of cannon. This statement will remind you of some hard fighting and severe campaigns."

This extract, I am aware, should have been given sooner,—in fact, after my father's journal breaks off, but though not in its proper place I have inserted it here.

At the conclusion of the war with Tippoo my father obtained leave to return to England, and the 52nd was then left in the command of the Hon. Captain Monson. On my father's arrival in England he was immediately promoted to the Majority of the 91st Regiment. The date of his Majority was the 30th of October 1793, and on the 19th of July 1794 he obtained his Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the same regiment, and was with it at Manchester, Durham, Plymouth, etc., in the course of that or the following year.

During the same period he visited his father at Medomsley, and distinguished himself with Lord Darlington's hounds in the hunting-field as much as he had already done in the field of battle. In 1795 he was at Harrogate, and often laughingly described to us what a smart turn-out he had there when he drove a tandem with a beautifully matched pair of horses. A letter from my mother written the same year, dated from Harrogate the 13th of July, mentions Colonel Hunter as one of her dancing partners at a ball the night before. No circumstance of my father's long and eventful life was so fortunate for him as this acquaintance,

leading as it did to their marriage, a union which for nearly fifty years was the source of unmixed happiness to both, for I, as their daughter, can testify that I never saw a married pair so trusting, so devoted, so perfectly blessed in each other's affection; in short, their's was a love that seemed only to burn the brighter with years.

By memorandums in my father's writing I find he was in London the end of March 1796, and in 1797 in the West Indies at Martinique and St Vincents, in command of the 3rd Battalion of the 60th Regiment. In the early part of this year he commanded a brigade under Sir Ralph Abercromby at the capture of the island of Trinidad. Here my father witnessed what General Sir Thomas Brisbane so graphically describes in his *Reminiscences*.

"When we came off Port d'Espagne," Sir Thomas says, "we found the enemy's fleet, consisting of six sail of the line, anchored with springs in their cables, and their flanks secured by two islands and strong batteries, so that it would have been difficult to destroy them. As the sun was setting, it was too late to attack them that night, but it was resolved to do so at daylight the following morning. About ten o'clock that night we discovered a fire among the enemy's ships, which presented a most awful appearance. As the fire extended to the guns, they went off in succession, and on the flames reaching the magazines they exploded with a tremendous crash, while the burning fragments and spars were seen for a considerable period burning high in the air. Thus the enemy's fleet was completely destroyed."

My father also commanded a brigade under Sir Ralph Abercromby at the attack on Porto Rico. Sir Thomas Brisbane gives a striking account in the following terms of the privations and sufferings the English army endured when they landed on this island. "Here we had the severest duty I ever experienced, as, independently of living entirely on salt provisions, we had no other covering but our cloaks,

and the sand of the sea-beach was our couch." Many a hearty laugh in after days had my father and Sir Thomas at the recollection of an officer (luckily for him, I have forgotten his name) who on this occasion, it was known, had amidst the scarcity succeeded in obtaining and secreting for his own private eating most excellent and dainty fare. When and where these feasts took place remained a mystery. Accordingly some of the officers—perhaps my father, and certainly Sir Thomas among the rest—determined to catch him in the act, and after many failures succeeded in detecting him in the full enjoyment of a cold roast fowl, tongue, and many other good things. These he kept concealed in the drawer of his writing-table, which on other occasions he had succeeded on the arrival of visitors in pushing in with its precious contents; but the sudden entrance of the officers, or the size of the fowl, unfortunately for him now prevented its shutting, and thus his excessive selfishness was fully displayed, to the infinite delight of all present.

Anxious to fulfil his engagement to my mother, my father this year applied for leave of absence, and having obtained it, he and some other officers embarked in a West India packet for home. On the voyage they encountered so furious a storm that every soul on board expected to go to the bottom; but when all hope seemed at an end, the gale suddenly abated, and to their inexpressible relief they found all danger was over, and that with a favourable breeze they were borne rapidly along towards England. My father used to describe with great animation the thankfulness of himself and brother officers at this happy moment, and the joyous dinner they had when the hurricane ceased.

His marriage with my dearest mother, only child and heiress of Mr Dickson of Antons Hill, took place there on the 13th of September 1797. They afterwards went on a tour to the West of Scotland, visiting Hamilton Palace and

he Falls of the Clyde. They also before their return to Antons Hill spent some time at Blair-Adam in Fife with the Adams, old and intimate friends of my mother's and her family.

The following winter was spent by them partly with my father's family in the county of Durham, and partly with my mother's in Berwickshire.

At the beginning of February 1798, on my father's being appointed to command the 48th Regiment, they left Antons Hill for Worcester, where the regiment was then stationed; and how happily the following spring and summer were spent by them in that delightful part of England some letters of my mother's, now in my possession, most agreeably prove.

The regiment was ordered to Poole the end of June, and about a month afterwards it was under orders for Gibraltar. In a short journal I have of my father's he says:—

"August 28th.—Marched from Poole to Lymington, nearly thirty miles. My orders were to reach Lymington in one day and embark. The regiment was exceedingly fatigued, and it was with some difficulty that we got on. Remained at Lymington two days waiting for ships. The *Calcutta* arrived the 31st, and the regiment was embarked the 1st of September. Next day we set off to Portsmouth by land. I was obliged to hire two cabins from the mates, as General Grenfield had taken up that part of the ship allotted for the commanding officer. Sailed from Portsmouth for Gibraltar the first week of September. Poney arrived from Lymington when the ship was just under way. Little wife very, very sick, and her maid so sick that she could not attend her. I was obliged to be nurse myself, and being so anxious about her it was the first time in my life that I was not sea-sick. We had very bad weather; Jean so very ill that I was much alarmed. The wind still increased till it blew a gale. Saw the land near Falmouth,

anxiously wishing to go in. General Grenfield very much alarmed that the ship would not weather Cape ———. About ten o'clock a signal from the Commodore for the fleet to make the best of their way to Falmouth. In all my life I never experienced anything equal to the joy I felt, for Jean was then dangerously ill. In four hours we were at anchor in Falmouth Harbour in quite smooth water, and Jean gradually recovered, but was still very ill. I went on shore immediately for Dr Luke, and brought him on board. With a great deal of persuasion, I almost prevailed on her to remain behind. The doctor's decision we were to abide by, which was that if we sailed in six days he thought she might venture to proceed. We sailed the fourth day, and had fortunately very fine weather. She was a little sick, but not nearly so ill as she had been. Our cabin was so small that I had just room to lie on the deck close to her bed. Three people could just sit in it.

Twenty-fifth of September at daybreak fell in with a French fleet, four sail of the line and three frigates. All very much frightened; we had a very narrow escape; the women ordered below, and we expected to come to action in less than an hour. The French mistook the Indiamen for line-of-battle ships, and I believe were as much frightened as we were, and bore away, and we continued our course. I never expected to see the inside of a French jail more than I did that day; indeed, had they come down we must have all struck in ten minutes. Captain Rennalds, our Commodore, behaved uncommonly well, otherwise they would certainly have attacked us. We formed in line of battle, and appeared very formidable.

"Arrived at Gibraltar on the 5th of October 1798. The rock is well worth seeing; any description that I have seen gives you but a very faint idea of it."

Here I am tempted to make some extracts from a lively

journal written at sea by my mother on the voyage to Gibraltar, partly for the information of her family at home, and partly for the amusement of her young friend Elizabeth Bell, then a girl eleven years of age.

In a letter from my mother dated "Lymington, September 1st," she says:—

"The *Calcutta* came to anchor last night. All hands are at work to get the baggage on board, and we expect the whole regiment to be embarked in the course of three hours. So soon as they are all on board we go round to Portsmouth to get what stores we want, and get on board from that. General and Mrs Grenfield, their two daughters, and suite are to go out in the ship, which is a loss to us on account of accommodation, as they have got all the best berths. We have forty officers and eight hundred and six men. Six women are only allowed to go to each company, and what will become of the poor things left with one guinea each to carry them to their homes, God only knows! some with child and six children, and such a distance to go, — some to Scotland, Northumberland, North Wales, Staffordshire, in short, all over England. I never regretted I was not rich before. When we were in quarters or in barracks I always had it in my power to do them some good, but now I have them all round me whenever I go out, and it is not in my power to be of any use to them—mothers and children all petitioning me to take them with me. I have one poor woman who lay-in last night in a stable. Peggy is now with her, and has got her into a lodging, the woman of which promises me to take care of her. When she recovers she has three hundred miles to go home.

"This is a delightful day, and looks to be set in for very fine weather. Our three first companies have just marched past shouting, all in high spirits. I never saw such a set of good, contented, orderly people; and what makes me the

more vain of it, all the officers tell me it used to be quite the reverse, and is entirely owing to the Colonel's method of managing them. After seeing the confusion when the *Dorset* embarked makes me the more admire the quiet regularity with which our people set about it."

"Sunday, September 16th, 1798.

"ON BOARD THE *Calcutta*.

"I meant to begin an exact journal of our *lives* and *conversation* at sea from the time we embarked at Portsmouth, which might, at least, have afforded some amusement to Lizzy, to whom the novelty of any ship would be as great as to myself, particularly that of a great *moving island* like this good *Calcutta*, with nearly a thousand human creatures on board her; but, Lizzy, I never once thought we were all to be sick, and, so far from being able to write, not fit to sit up till after the heavy gale. Last Sunday we were fairly anchored in Falmouth Harbour. Peggy was sick, Molly sick, and the Colonel I daresay would have been ill too, but he had so much to do taking care of us all that he had not time for it, and the only woman on board, Sergeant Bowles's wife, who was not ill, we got to attend us. I could hardly help laughing to see the stool roll over with her when she was giving me some chicken broth. You have no idea how everything that is not lashed does roll about in a heavy sea, and what a creaking and clattering and noise there is in a ship. Colonel Hunter sat up with me almost all night, and got a terrible fright, never having seen me so ill before, which determined him in his own mind, whenever we got to Falmouth, to send Peggy and me home. This I opposed stoutly next morning when proposed to me, and Mrs Grenfield seconding him in his opinion, they have very nearly overpowered all my arguments against it, but were at last obliged to compromise the matter with me by agreeing that the advice of Dr Luke, an eminent physician at

Falmouth, should be taken, and he *decide my fate*—' To go or not to go, that was the question.' Colonel Hunter went ashore for him, and you may think how anxiously I sat waiting to hear my fate. At last they arrived, and to my great joy, this good doctor assured me there was no danger of the sea-sickness hurting me in the way apprehended. The only thing he feared was the contrary winds detaining me so long as to run any risk of my lying-in on board, and if we did not sail in a week or ten days I was to give up the point and set out for Antons Hill. Well, five of my ten days were gone when the wind changed, and blew a whole day *due north*. Part of the fleet got out of harbour on Thursday evening, and on the morning of Friday the 14th the signal was made for us all to get under way, and I was delighted to be awoke with the men heaving the anchor, keeping time with their feet as they went round to a very good medley of Scotch reels. I felt as if I could have got up and danced with them. We had only finished our breakfast when we again learned the wind was foul, and we had the mortification to see the *Pomona*, the Commodore's ship, towed out of harbour, and ourselves follow her in the same manner. You have no idea how odd it looks to see so great a vessel drawn by little boats, nor of anything more beautiful on so fine a clear day as Friday was, than so large a fleet with all their sails up glittering in the sun. Well, after we got out of harbour, we all beat about first one way and then another, which they call tacking, and much afraid of being obliged to put into Plymouth. I was in *despair*, and could by no means set about the *history of my wonderful voyage to Gib.*, lest it should end at that port, and only be a voyage from Portsmouth to Falmouth, and from thence to Plymouth. Yesterday the wind changed, and is still fair, so I think I may now commence my journal, and as every day is pretty much spent in the same manner at sea, Colonel Hunter says it

must be much beholden to the brilliancy of my own imagination. If even Lizzy will '*fash*' to read it, I promise you, Lizzy, I will tell no lies, not even *white ones*; and after that I am sure you will read it if you can; but your being able to read what I write at sea I have my doubts of, as you know I rather write in an unreadable manner at any time, and I cannot say that it improves my hand to be rolling about in this way.

"No help for misfortunes; I will do the best I can, and you shall try, so here I begin. Well, the Colonel rose at seven, and Mrs Bowles came to take up his mattress—for you must know he lies on the floor, poor man! and '*a pratty* bed it is for a Colonel,' as Mrs Bowles says, with her own pretty little brogue, for she is a most complete Irishwoman. Peggy is still sick in the next berth, and vomiting away most melodiously, but these little circumstances do not spoil one's appetite at sea, for I can assure you I felt very happy to see Mrs Bowles, after she had helped me to dress, dusted my room, and made my bed, bring our breakfast, to which we both sat down with famous appetites, I holding fast by the teapot for fear it should roll away, and the Colonel taking care of the bread and butter. At twelve Mr White, one of our officers, read prayers to the whole regiment and ship's company. About one I visited Mrs Grenfield and Miss Light; still as sick as ever. It is a most sovereign cure for bile on the stomach. Tell Mr and Mrs Waite one voyage to Gibraltar will do more good than six seasons at Harrowgate. After my visit walked on the quarter-deck with Colonel Hunter. I never walk alone, not having found my sea legs yet. The ship rolls very much, though almost a calm. At two returned to our little berth to dinner, had fine roast mutton, potatoes, and apple dumpling. Molly is an excellent cook. After dinner Captains Campbell and Morrison came to report to the Colonel, and helped him to finish his wine. I went inside

my bed to give one of them my stool, and the other sat before me. Colonel Hunter holds the bottle in one hand and glass in the other; each has his glass in his hand, and so they drink till their bottle is empty, when it is thrown out of the window. At five the long roll is beat for parade, where we all attend and hear the band. Mrs Dougan and Captain Ash came to drink tea with me, and they were highly amused with the order of my little cabin. At nine Mrs Bowles came to make our beds, when the Colonel is turned out on deck till I am in bed. Peggy is still ill. I never told you our man-servant left us at Portsmouth. I daresay he is no loss, as I am sure he would have been as ill as Peggy.

"Monday, September 17th.—Rose at the same time. Peggy still as sick as ever; she cannot bear to see them eat, so that George and his wife live in public—that is, breakfast and dine on the top of a cask on deck, rain or fair, and sleep on deck also, poor bodies! as near my door as they can creep. Molly is always sick when they sleep below, for want of air. You never saw such a place as when all their beds are down. Only think of 694 people all sleeping in one place, and in the next 34 officers. I had a long walk on deck. Still almost a calm, yet the sea so high that one feels exactly as if in a swing, and everything rolling from one side to the other. Dined at two as usual; our fowls very bad, but the bread and cheese excellent. I wonder what we should not think excellent with such appetites. Was all the afternoon on deck. A strange sail in view. General Grenfield always tells me if we come to action, we females are all to be sent down to the cock-pit, Captain Tanyn to have the command, and keep us there. The General very busy taking care of the old hen-coops, in case the ship is damaged by gun-shots, to nail them on the holes. Mr and Mrs Dougan drank tea with us.

"Tuesday, September 18th.—As soon as I was up, made

my tea and went and gave Peggy her breakfast. After breakfast had my drummer's child for its half-slice of bread. You have no notion the good my little bits of bread do to my poor bairnies that have no teeth and nothing to eat but hard biscuits and a wee bit of salt meat. I have a great many patients, and find my prescription of a glass of port, bit of bread, fresh meat, or a little broth do more good than all the contents of the doctor's medicine chest. Most beautiful clear weather and fair wind, very little of it; however, if we do travel but two miles an hour, we at least travel night as well as day. Dined alone. The Colonel dined at the mess. Spent the evening on deck as usual. The officers had a dance. Captain Tonyn drank tea with me. After tea made a cap for a very pretty little baby that the Colonel had observed had a very ragged one. Did not go to bed till ten.

"*Wednesday, September 19th.*—Spent the morning as usual, and had a long walk on the quarter-deck. The wind fair. Just off Brest. Had Majors Wemyss and Gordon to eat cold tongue and drink wired porter in our little cabin at twelve. Sat down to dinner at two, at which we were interrupted by the arrival of the Commodore's Lieutenant to make us prepare for an attack, as there is five sail of the enemy in view, and one seventy-four. They appear to be transports, having troops on board, and we fancy their destination may be Ireland. It is now just three o'clock, and Colonel Hunter is parading all the non-commissioned officers on the quarter-deck to give them their necessary orders in case of an action. I wish the General may not have me in the cock-pit sooner than I had any idea of. What a noise they are making! One would fancy a French ship was alongside already. It seems quite fun for the sailors; they like having anything to do in that way. I hope our supplementary boys will behave well in case of an action. Ten o'clock; my bed is just preparing for me. No appear-

ance of an enemy. We hear the people singing on board the little merchantmen; they are sailing so near us, like a brood of little ducklings after the old duck.

"*Thursday, September 20th.*—No appearance of the French. They must have taken another course. Peggy is better; she has been to visit pony, the goat, pigs, and poultry. Captain Draper, General Grenfield's aide-de-camp, has this forenoon been to inform the Colonel that it is the General's orders that his pony's head should be turned the other way, as it does not treat his cow with proper respect, such as pulling her ears, and playing with her as if she were another pony. Well, now pony's tail is turned to the cow's head, which obliges pony to behave in a more *disrespectful* manner to her than ever, for whenever she moves he fancies she is going to play him a trick in her turn, so he kicks. Had a long walk on deck before dinner; the wind rather foul; the ship rolls so much that I cannot even stand without holding. It is only eight o'clock, yet I am just preparing to go to bed, as I can neither work nor read, and you may perceive, can hardly write, so I will try if I am able to sleep. I have just dismissed the Colonel, and will dismiss my journal for this day. Good-night. God bless you all.

"*Friday, September 21st.*—Rose at seven, had a charming sleep, exactly like sleeping in a cradle, if it rocked a different way, first my feet up in the air, and then my head. This is very little motion, they tell me, for the Bay of Biscay; it is quite enough for me, however, for I do not like 'rocking about on the deep,' as the Colonel's song says. We have just been a fortnight on board this day. I begin to long to get to the end of our voyage, more for our poor men's sake than my own, for so crowded a transport is terrible for them, poor souls, particularly now the small-pox has attacked three or four of them, and we have such numbers, both of men, women, and children, that never have had it,

"*Saturday, September 22nd.*—A very fine day; the wind not fair; spent most of the morning on deck; so calm that I could both work and read quite easily; dined, drank tea, and went to bed at our usual time.

"*Sunday, September 23rd.*—Wind foul, and a good deal of it. At ten went on deck to hear prayers read. Admired how neat and clean all the soldiers and their wives were. Could hardly hear one word it was blowing such a gale. One of our ladies lay-in last night; had a fine girl, and doing well. If we rock about in this Bay of Biscay much longer we shall have a fine increase to the regiment.

"*Wednesday, September 26th.*—What a lapse here is in my journal! It was interrupted on Sunday by our going to dine with General Grenfield, and my dinner was there interrupted by the rolling making me very sick, and having to move off before it was half over, so lost my share of it on deck before I reached my cabin. The gale continued too violent for me to attempt writing. On Monday it was yet more violent, and by daybreak we were all alarmed by a large fleet in view. The General had the Colonel out to hold a council of war. But we were all relieved by the frigate, which was sent to reconnoitre, returning to inform us that it was the homeward-bound Lisbon fleet. The wind got round fair, and less of it, so of course we spent that day very gaily. Yesterday, the 25th of September, the Colonel was sent for by daybreak, eight sail of the French were not only in view, but quite near, and forming a line. They were to windward, and were expected to bear down on us every moment. I had just got on my clothes, and was sitting looking at them from my window, Molly standing by me watching my face, to know whether to be frightened or not, for she is most accommodating in that way, and can either be afraid or let it alone, just as she is encouraged. Peggy knew nothing of the matter, being in bed sick, where she has been ever since we left Falmouth except two days.

In this state we were when Captain Tonyn and Mr Hilliard came to say Colonel Hunter could not leave his station, but as he expected we should every moment come to action, he had sent them to convey me below. They hurried me so that I was seated in the cock-pit by the surgeons preparing their dressings before I had time once to think of poor Peggy. I begged Mr Hilliard to go back for her, which he did, and brought her to me immediately with such a face of mingled terror and anger as I never witnessed, and no wonder! Molly thought it was a pity to go below without telling her the news, so in she flew, and told her the French were just at hand, that the officers had taken her mistress below for fear the shot would enter the cabin, and without waiting a reply from Peggy, followed me as fast as she could, and in her confusion locked Peggy's door, so there was poor Peggy, as she thought, locked up to be shot at, and when Mr Hilliard went to her she was knocking and calling in perfect despair. Well, here in this strange place we females all sat,—the children squalling, some of the mammas very frightened, and some of them mighty facetious, all wondering very much how the French would treat us if we were taken prisoners and of that we had some reason to be afraid, as their ships were all ships of war, not encumbered with troops as we are. In this suspense we remained near two hours, all ready, even the matches lighted for the guns, when one of the mates came to inform us, to our great joy, that, no sooner was our line formed—of nine sail, almost all Indiamen taken up as transports—than our formidable appearance panic-struck them, and they were moving off. Conceive my astonishment to hear Mrs Morrison, an old soldier I may call her—she has been twenty years married, and has had five husbands, all in the 48th—exclaim, when the mate brought us this pleasant intelligence, 'The cowardly scoundrels! and are we not to chase them?' She is a most diverting wife, been all the world over, and in all sorts of situations, and minds a scene of

this sort as little as any sailor or soldier on board. You may believe we all felt very thankful to be brought above water again, and ate a very hearty breakfast of biscuit and cold tongue, and drank wired porter and port wine. We could get no tea, the fires not being lighted again. To-day is the finest weather I ever saw. This morning we were just off Cape Finisterre, a very high-looking land it is, and have parted with the Oporto fleet under convoy of the *Argo*, and by to-morrow evening we expect to separate from the Lisbon fleet, and to dine at Gibraltar by Sunday. Even Peggy is well to-day. How smoothly and charmingly we are going on! and yet at the rate of seven miles the hour.

"*Thursday forenoon, September 27th.*—I have just learned from the Captain that this evening we separate from the Lisbon fleet, and, if possible, he will send a boat on board the *Pomona* with the despatches for England. I think the most particular account I can give of us all is to send my journal, and to assure you I never was in better health and spirits in my life. The Colonel is in the same good health, and the sea-sickness Peggy has had, everybody says, will do her much good. We have most divine mild weather, and a fine clear sky. We drink your good healths every day after dinner, and are often wondering what you are all about at the same moment.

"*Friday, September 28th.*—I really was grieved that the wind blew too fresh to admit of the boat going on board the *Pomona*, and to see the Lisbon fleet separate from us without having it in my power to send any intelligence by them. It blows to-day a pretty tight breeze I must call it, for when I say a gale they all laugh at me, and tell me I have not yet seen a gale of wind. I can only say I hope I shall never see one, for I declare I think we have just had rolling enough since we have been at sea, three weeks this day. You must remember that all the gales in my journal

are to be understood as blowing a *little fresh*, or *freshish*, or perhaps a *stiff* or *tight* breeze.

"*Saturday, September 29th.*—Nothing yesterday occurred worth writing about. This morning by daybreak we had a fine view of Cape St Vincent, and never have lost sight of the land since, now nine o'clock. We were exactly in latitude and longitude where Lord St Vincent's engagement was fought. This is the finest day I ever saw, the sea quite like a mirror. I thought the rising sun this morning the grandest sight I ever beheld. The sky is still beautifully serene, and the distant mountains tinged with a kind of warm purple sort of pink that I never before saw but in an Italian landscape. I don't expect we shall be at Gibraltar to-morrow, we have so often to lay-to for the little merchant vessels that go on with us. Our convoy is the *Cormorant*,* the other two transports the *Coromandel* and *Ulysses*. On Cape St Vincent there is a large monastery that we see very distinctly even without a glass.

"*Nine o'clock evening.*—We have seen no Spanish gun-boats, but are told that it is likely that they will come out on us, if the weather permit them, somewhere near to the Straits. We are now no longer off Portugal, and had a fine distant view of the Spanish mountains this afternoon.

"*Sunday, September 30th, eleven o'clock.*—Just come from hearing prayers read on deck; never experienced a greater heat than [this day; a dead calm, and been the same all night; have hardly gone a mile since midnight. My drummer's wife just taken ill; I have sent Peggy below to her. I am sure they may all pray for Peggy's keeping free of sickness, for when she is at all well she is so good to all my patients, and really going among all these people with the small-pox is not very pleasant, and this is what Colonel Hunter and she do every day; but it is absolutely necessary, for two fools for surgeons is a real misfortune, and had the

* Lord Mark Kerr.

Colonel not really done, I may say, the duty of head surgeon himself, there is no saying how the sickness might have ended.

"*Monday, October 1st.*—Expected to have seen Cape Spartel in Africa this morning, but still becalmed. Everyone looking vastly melancholy; the mess stock finished, all very sorry for themselves, nothing to eat but their rashers of salt meat and ship biscuits. We have had no bread these two weeks, but I make Molly bake cakes, and we have still some ducks, fowls, rice, and potatoes. Mrs Dougan and her little child have dined with us ever since there was no fresh provisions at the mess. You would laugh to see us at dinner. Only two people can sit in our cabin, so the Colonel and Mrs Dougan sit at the table, and I within the bed, and have my plate handed to me, and outside the door sits the maid with the little boy.

"*Tuesday, October 2nd.*—Still a dead calm. A vessel sent to the Commodore from Lord St Vincent's fleet off Cadiz, and brought us the glorious news of Admiral Nelson's victory. The band is now playing 'Rule Britannia.' We now do not wonder that French ships of the line were panic-struck with the appearance of an equal number of *English transports*. There is not a doubt that they might have taken us.

"*Wednesday, October 3rd.*—Still becalmed. The hottest day I ever felt. With their glasses they can see the African shore. Not a breath of air can I feel, yet what wind there is, I am told, is fair.

"*Thursday, October 4th.*—It is now evening, and we distinctly see Cape Spartel. A number of pretty birds hopping about on the ropes of the ship. General Grenfield all bustle to put us on the defence in case the gun-boats attack us in going up the Straits in the night. He has sent to tell me, as I am on the Spanish side of the ship, I must put out my lights by eight o'clock. As Colonel Hunter is ordered on watch from eight to twelve, I shall go to bed

at eight, and have a good sleep, and not trouble my head about those boats our noble commander is putting himself in such a stew about.

"Friday, October 5th, eleven o'clock.—We are now fairly at anchor at Gibraltar, indeed, we were so by daylight. It is impossible for me to describe the odd appearance the rock and town have. The bay altogether is beautiful. The Spanish mountains have a very grand appearance, and we seem almost as near Algeiras as we are to Gibraltar. It is a large, pretty-looking town close to the sea, well fortified, and some frigates and gun-boats in the harbour. The opposite coast of Barbary we also see quite distinctly. The mountains seem very high. *One o'clock.*—Colonel Hunter has just returned from waiting on General O'Hara. Was ever anything so teasing? The troops we have come to succeed are still here waiting for General Stewart to take the command of them on a secret expedition, supposed to Malta, and till they embark the regiment cannot disembark, nor is there a single house to be had in the meantime for any money. Colonel Hunter is going to dine with the Governor, and will make one more trial; at all events, I must remain on board this night. General Grenfield and family are already on shore; General Trigg being gone, they got their house directly.

"Saturday, October 6th.—Again has Colonel Hunter gone on shore to try if possible to bribe some one to take us in till the regiment we succeed embarks. You can conceive nothing more uncomfortable, after being four weeks on board, than remaining in a ship within sight of a town, and at the end of our voyage, and if you saw Mrs Dougan and me, you would fancy we ran some risk of being on the expedition to Malta, or wherever it may be going. Those people in the town certainly have no bowels of compassion; but what can we expect from them when this General and his lady, that professed such kindness, friend-

ship, and all that sort of palaver, went very quietly on shore, without ever offering a room or anything of the kind, though they have a house which would contain ten times their family?

"*Twelve o'clock.*—Colonel Hunter has just returned, and with some persuasion, and a yet more powerful argument, *twenty dollars*, has excited the compassion of a hatter to give us two empty apartments until the officer embarks we are to succeed. My scribbling was here interrupted by a visit from Colonel Ferdinand Beckwith. We don't go on shore till the evening, it is so very hot just now."

"*Sunday, October 7th,*

"CONVENT LANE, GIBRALTAR.

"Here we are, safe and sound, in the *queerest* house, *queerest* place that ever was seen. I can describe nothing of the place, only having seen it by twilight, but it appeared to me like coming into an immense strong prison, like something I have read of but never seen. Our apartments resemble two granaries, having no plaster or ceiling; the inner one may be thirty-five feet long, and not twenty broad; the outer, a small, square room, which serves for parlour, kitchen, and hall. We lie on the floor in the long room, not having anybody to unpack our furniture and beds, and were most handsomely bit by bugs, house-ants, mosquitoes, and all sorts of company of that sort. They are particularly partial to Peggy, who looks exactly as if she had the small-pox. We have all been laughing at one another, and enjoying our house with all its inconveniences, being at least certain that a foul wind will not make it roll. As to the inhabitants we see passing and repassing, the only way to describe them is to suppose yourself at a masquerade, where you see Jews, Turks, Moors, Spaniards, Portuguese, French, Italians, and those people of all ranks and descriptions, and one very common character is an English or

Scotch, or Irish soldier quite drunk, and, I am sorry to add, his wife yet more beastly.

"*Sunday, October 14th.*—I never had time to renew my journal, having had one constant levée of all the ladies and gentlemen in the garrison. Our regiment is encamped, but on Tuesday they get into their barracks, as to-morrow the goth embark, which regiment we succeed, and we get into Colonel Moncrieff's house—a very nice, pretty one, with a garden, out-houses, etc., etc. The weather here is fine, but not excessively hot, but this they call the beginning of winter. Everybody is most kind and attentive to me."

I shall now make a few additional extracts from what letters of my mother's are in my possession, written from Gibraltar while my father's regiment was quartered there.

"*October 20th, 1798.*—We had a fine sight yesterday of six sail of Admiral Nelson's prizes coming in. The Admiral with the others is at Naples refitting. It is wonderful to see how they have suffered by the shot; the sides of the ships are absolutely diced like backgammon boards. To-night the Governor gives a magnificent ball in honour of the gallant Admiral's victory. Colonel Hunter goes, but I have sent my apology. I really begin to think I shall like Gibraltar very well when I get fairly settled. The climate is the most delightful you can form an idea of. The forenoons are a very little too hot, with a charming sea-breeze. The evenings the most serene and delightful it is possible to imagine. The sky every sort of beautiful warm tint, and the view from the ramparts, where we walk of an evening, of the opposite mountains in Barbary and those in Spain is really grand, and, I may say, curious, when we turn our eyes to our wonderful rock."

"*October 28th.*—I wish I had my little dear Elizabeth here to see and wonder at our house, and that I could

send her home again to describe it to my father, mother, and aunt in her own language. As to the place, I can tell you no more of it than when I last wrote, my walks being confined to the ramparts and a little about the town; but I am told that the rock is very well worth exploring, and that a man, if he does not see *too much* in one day, may contrive to spend three weeks or a month here, and every day explore some new wonder of *nature* or of *art*. Colonel Hunter's description of some works he has seen a great way up the Rock has excited my curiosity much, but at present my house and little garden is my hobby—not that I think I shall ever be able to give you an idea of what it is like, it is so unlike any house one sees at home, and built all so straggling.”

A minute description of every part of the house and offices follows, but I only extract what is peculiarly Spanish.

“Well, Lizzy, the first thing you enter into through a high wall is a large paved court. We have no gate, just a large door. The house is a queer-looking building, with a wooden gallery in front supported with pillars, up which geraniums and vines are creeping, and all round the court are myrtles, orange-trees, and all sorts of plants such as you see in Mr Brydone's greenhouse, and in the middle is a round plot full of pretty flowers. You enter by a large glass door to our dining-room, a room about twenty-five feet long, and eighteen broad. It has a large window besides, and another folding glass door, which opens into an exceedingly pretty garden. On ascending a very wide staircase you come into a long, wooden gallery with windows that slide backwards and forwards, a nice cool place, not eight feet broad by nearly forty long. By large glass doors in the middle of the gallery you enter our drawing-room, which is the same length, and about twenty feet broad. It has large windows to the gallery as well as

the door, and at the east end a large window to the garden, opposite to which is the fireplace. A door in the middle opens into a room the same length as the drawing-room, with a window at each end, and not more than two feet wider than the gallery. Don't you think I have a droll house? But for the place and climate it is reckoned one of the most comfortable quarters here—so cool, so airy, and really looks pretty when in it. The view from the gallery is very fine of the sea-coasts of Barbary and Spain. I have had the Governor to visit me, and Lord St Vincent, and all the *grandees*. The Governor is a merry old man as I ever saw, and with Lord St Vincent I am quite in love, the most charming, pleasing, gentle manners ever were seen."

"*November 16th.*—Colonel Hunter is in perfect health, and has been quite a rake lately, dining out for I don't know how many days repeatedly with the Governor, Admiral, in short, all the great dinner-giving people on the Rock, for it is not everybody that ventures to sport a dinner here. I was quite delighted to have him at home yesterday, and he just appears so much the more to enjoy our little *tête-a-tête* dinners after having dined out for a day or two. I doubt you will think me vain from this speech, but you know my Colonel is not only the best of all good men, but *by far* the best of all good husbands. I cannot tell you how much we were mortified yesterday with the fleet coming in from England and no letters for us. They had quite a smart engagement with the Spanish gun-boats which lasted three hours. Though I have seen several little engagements since I have been here, I never saw those little viper-looking things come so near. I stood and saw it all from our gallery, and the bastion before our windows was crowded with all ranks and nations, all as *keen-looking* as you see people at a race. General Doyle, who is just come out, and called on me as he was among the spectators, found me sitting at my work, as I was tired looking at this

cannonading any longer. You never saw how amazed he looked, and said he did not imagine anybody would believe him in England were he to tell them he found a lady sitting quietly at work within view of a sea-fight, when every shot that was fired shook the windows. The rains have at length begun, and fall quite in torrents. I begin to see parts of the rock look green where I had not an idea there ever was the least vegetation. I am told it is entirely covered with the most beautiful herbs and plants. What a great deal I have to see when I get out again! Some days before the rain came we had what they call a levant wind. It blows from the east, and all the Rockers *yawn* and *look stupid* and *cross*, and the officers are apt to get what they call 'chocolate in the morning,' which is a scold from His Excellency on parade. I am told the people at Gibraltar never thought of such a thing as a levanter until they read my cousin Mr Brydone's account of the sirocco at Naples, and then they were all struck of a heap the next east wind that blew here. Minorca being taken without a life lost, has put everybody in good spirits. It is of great consequence to this place its being in our possession."

"*November 27th.*—Sir Sidney Smith arrived here the other day; in six days he is going up to Constantinople. He brought English papers to a very late date, but we have not seen them yet; they have so many Generals, Lieut.-Generals, and Brigadier-Generals to go through that it must be some time before they come down to a Lieut.-Colonel. Our weather is now so cool that we enjoy a fire almost as much as you do at home. We have very good coal here from England, and very nearly as cheap as we bought it at Worcester. It is brought as ballast. Here is Ferdinand Beckwith to look at my garden, and laugh at my distress, with the rains carrying off seeds, soil, and all in some places."

On the 30th of November, St Andrew's Day, my eldest brother, Cuthbert James Dickson, was born.

"December 15th.—You would learn by Colonel Hunter's letters that my little boy and I were as well as possible; indeed, I feel perfectly stout again. I have not been out yet, as we have had rather damp, rainy weather for these some days past, and when it does rain, the dampness of every place without a fire would astonish you; for that reason I have not gone downstairs, but you know I have a gallery nearly forty feet long to walk in, and a drawing-room the same length to sit in, which Colonel Hunter carpeted all over for fear of my catching cold. I am now sitting at one end of it by a *ranting* fire of Newcastle coal. It seems curious to be sitting by so good a fire, and have oranges almost ripe hanging at the windows. You can conceive nothing more beautiful than the orange-trees in the next garden. We have just received a present of as much game as two great Jews can carry, landed from Barbary, sent by a shooting party we have there—hares, rabbits, partridges, woodcocks, snipes, ducks, etc. I was very happy to hear of Lord Home's marriage and Lady Charlotte Baillie's doing so well. I most sincerely wish his Lordship all manner of happiness, and that he may soon have such a little lovely boy as mine is."

"January 13th, 1799.—I have never been able to write to you, my dear mother, I have been so busy walking all over the Rock, returning the very many visits I owe. My forenoons occupied in that way, you may suppose my mornings and evenings are pretty well filled up with my little boy, and looking after my family affairs—and nowhere is that so necessary as at Gibraltar, where all the servants are addicted to wine, and we have *vis-a-vis* a wine-house where they will take payment for their wine in whatever you choose to bring, and next to the Genoese at the wine-

house is a Jew who will take in, pawn, or give you money for anything whatever. What a strange race of mortals are here! The broker who brings us money from the paymaster is a gentleman that would put a silver spoon in his pocket if it lay in his way, and yet he is one of the first brokers here. You would wonder what a busy trading place this is. I had not an idea of it. At Waterport you are likely to be run down every day in the week, and every hour of the day, with numbers of Greek porters carrying goods to the merchants just landed from ships from every quarter, and with carts drawn generally by fatigue soldiers loaded either from the ships, or to be embarked for Minorca or some other place. I cannot say I feel at all reconciled to seeing the soldiers employed like horses. I think the king's mules, of which there are a great many, might manage all that business. Colonel Hunter overheard an Irish soldier employed in one of these drafts say to his companion in yoke, 'Well, it's a good thing there's horses in this garrison—if there were none, by Jasus, the Governor would ride on us himself.' The Rock, indeed, much surpasses my expectations as to extent, beauty, everything, and it is altogether so wonderful, so odd, that I cannot attempt any description of the little I have seen. The town is the ugliest, worst built, worst paved I ever saw; indeed, most of it is not paved at all, but you scramble up narrow lanes of rumbling stones, no wider than Edinburgh closes, and dirtier than they ever were. Your nose is saluted with every horrid smell you can imagine, dead cats and dogs lying every few yards, and every door you pass you are like to be poisoned with the smell of onions and garlic, everything they eat having oil and these ingredients. Well, in this horrid lane you perhaps open a strong door in a very high wall, and there you arrive in an elegant court, see a fine house, and everything that is clean, comfortable, and pleasant

inside. This is the kind of approach to most of my visits in town, except such quarters that, like our own, lie close to the line wall, and then you have a fine broad walk to them; but I need not tell you the works here are the finest ever were seen, nor that I am incapable of describing them at all. So we leave the works below, and the town, and mount up to Windmillhill, to visit Mrs Whitmore, and to the Moorish Castle, to visit Mrs Hook and Mrs Charlton. The road is beautiful and winding, the sides of it all overgrown with wild geraniums, sweet marjoram, and every kind of sweet herb, myrtle, and other pretty shrubs; and every few paces as you ascend you see a great cannon peeping from a hole in the rock. Mrs Whitmore's is a beautiful small place with a sweet garden in fine blow. You feel as if upon a high terrace, the town and Waterport just below you. The view to the south is very pretty, and all looking green, interspersed with rock. The opposite coasts are beautiful, and you see round Europa Point, where we often turn our eyes in hopes of seeing a packet coming in from England. The Moorish Castle is about half-a-mile higher—a very noble ruin. Just inside the second gateway we saw Mrs Hook with her maid and child feeding her goats with biscuit. They seem to have fine pickings inside the ruin, as it was entirely green with wild plants. Her house is the drollest I ever saw, two sides of it the ruin, the walls of which are very thick. There are several officers' quarters fitted up in that way inside the Castle. Their gardens, pigstyes, pigeon and henhouses, all jumbled together so oddly, just as a piece of wall answers to make them. Our next visit was to Mrs Charlton at the other corner. She opened the door herself, with a fine healthy boy in her arms, a week older than mine, and much larger. She told us she had been six years in that quarter, that this was her fifth child, and that they were all born there. What a place to live in for six

years! I should think I should grow as wild as any of the goats, were I to live up there the half of six years, or perhaps very romantic. It is like something you may read of in a romance, but never imagine there really ever was such a habitation. From the Castle we came down another course, took a peep into the queen's lines, and so by Sandport to the line wall, and home. That was Thursday's walk. Well, on Friday we visited Mrs Grey at Lord St Vincent's. Mrs Grey is a great favourite of mine; her husband is his lordship's captain. She was the great Brewer Whitbread's daughter. Then to Mrs Fyers—she is the chief engineer's wife. They have a house quite like a palace, and fine gardens. She is an American, and was a flirt of Colonel Hunter's when he was at New York—a beauty of the last century. She has six daughters, one sixteen or seventeen, and two sons. Nobody here has less than ten or a dozen. Lord St Vincent's is a beautiful English-looking place on the south. The road to it for more than a mile is shaded with poplar trees.

"Mrs Grey and her husband have just been here. Lord St Vincent will take no excuse for my spending a day there next week, and my young one must go also, his lordship says, and flirt with Miss Grey in the nursery. She is a sweet little girl—they flatter me by saying my image, but I can find no other resemblance than in our both being fair and red-haired. Well, yesterday we visited higher up the Rock, still on the south, at Commissioner Englefield's. He is a widower, and has two dashing daughters. His place is beautiful, and the most extensive I have seen; he even has a lodge and pretty winding drive to the door, through a thick grove of orange, lemon, and fig trees. His gardens are prettily laid out, divided by very good fences of prickly pear, aloes, and hedges of roses just in blow. He has also barley and lucerne fields, and plenty of strawberries in blossom. We visited Colonel Beckwith's

sweet little spot on our way down the hill, and met the Governor walking up rubbing his hands from cold, and his servant leading his horse. I could not help laughing at him, and when I told him it felt like May in England, he said, 'The Lord help me when I return! I shall be perished.'

"January 23rd.—I must not forget to tell you what kind of thing a Rock dinner is—not at all like a dinner in Berwickshire. I have been at two already, but I must begin with my first appearance at the Queen's Ball at the Governor's last Friday. It was a most brilliant assembly of Navy and Army, from Admiral Lord St Vincent down to little midshipmen, and from General O'Hara to every little ensign in the garrison. As to belles, we had not above six of that description, and some of them *sixty*!—but anything female goes down here, and even the parson's wife, who has the gout in both feet, is in great request as a dancing partner. I was highly delighted by seeing the Bolero danced in the true Spanish style by the lovely Madame Canto. She has been twelve months married, and is just fourteen—a young wife, you will say, but the Spanish women often marry even younger. I did not find somehow that I had courage to dance, perhaps I never was accustomed to have so much court paid to me, and begin to give myself airs. I dined at the Governor's yesterday, and sat next Lord St Vincent, who told me if I had any letters for England, to send them to him by twelve o'clock to-day, as a cutter would sail by that time. We dined with him last Tuesday, and dine with him *every Tuesday*; he will take no refusal; he sends me home by half after seven to my boy, unless, as he proposes, I bring him with me. Captain Grey is quite a delight, and his wife the only woman I have seen here I could take the trouble to like—in short, she and I have taken a fancy to each other. The Governor and Lord St Vincent live like

princes, as they ought. The Lieutenant-Governor lives handsomely, and the other places I have dined at—why, when they do give a dinner, they give you *enough*, for there is a *pig*, *alias* a *sow* slain, a *sheep*, a *kid* which is roasted whole, turkeys, geese, capons, pigeons, besides plenty of game from Barbary, profusion of fish, and apple pies and puddings by the dozen. The party is from eight-and-twenty to thirty, *Army* and *Navy*, with perhaps the Chaplain by way of variety, and I the only stranger lady."

"*February 4th.*—We were at an elegant breakfast at Mount Pleasant, the Commissioner's, to-day. It is the sweetest place I ever saw, commands a very grand view of the Bay, and the coasts of Spain and Barbary. The grounds round it down to the sea are as steep as the banks at Castle Law, here and there a rich spot, interspersed with bold rocks, and little vineyards, barley, and lucerne fields, all beautiful and green. The orange and almond trees and figs overshadow the walks completely. They are cut in terraces, and laid with a nice close gravel; the orange and almond in full blossom made it almost too sweet, the Spanish and English rose both in blow, and the ground quite covered with violets, and all sorts of sweet plants that flower with us in spring. The day was clear, and rather too hot for much walking, even in the shade. They had a fine band of music in an orange grove close below the breakfast-room windows. We had everything that was good and pretty for breakfast, the rooms decorated with festoons of natural flowers by the Miss Englefields. After breakfast we had country dances and boleros, all sorts of games, etc., etc., till two o'clock, when we all broke up. Colonel Hunter and I, in our gig drawn by Poney, drove round Europa Point, and to Europa advanced with Captain and Mrs Grey in their little chaise. We saw there an engagement at sea, and an American ship carried into Algeiras by the gunboats, which fired three shots at her,

after she had stuck to them, and was hauling up, which raised Captain Grey's indignation to such a pitch that I thought he would have been over the Rock with perfect eagerness. I have not been from home since, except last night at Mrs Grenfield's rout and ball. We had Lord Henry Paulett, General Wemyss, and Captains Digby and Dunn to dinner, so we went all together to Mrs Grenfield's."

"*February 27th.*—I have been at a Jew's wedding, Lizzy, which is a droll ceremony. I believe I told you I was invited to Mrs Moses Messiah's son's wedding. The day before there was a grand procession, and the bride carried home in a chair, with drums, music, etc. On the wedding-day we assembled at ten o'clock, Jews and Christians; the room as full as it could stuff. The bride was exalted four steps, on a kind of chair of state, under a canopy of rich brocade, at the upper end of the room, as fine as hands could make her, with as many pearls, diamonds, laces, ribbons, and feathers as I think she well could carry. Over her face she had a thick white veil that reached quite to her feet. The bridegroom stood by her with a white scarf on. The Rabbi read a something we did not understand in Arabic. They drank wine together. The glass was then broken with much ceremony, and the ring put on the lady's finger. She was then unveiled, but continued to sit so steadily, you might have doubted she was anything but a statue. Tea was then handed round, and there came three Jews, each groaning under the load of an immense tray, the first with very large cuts of cake, the second with large almond cakes, and the third with long pieces of candied citron ornamented with pink ribbons. They each approached the bride, who helped herself to a great piece of cake, and almond cake, and citron, and laid them very formally on her lap. We all followed her example, and then sheets of paper were handed round, to carry our good things home in. The ceremony was then

over—the music began, and the Jews and Jewesses footed it away very merrily. The bride being handed from her chair of state, began the ball with her husband."

The break here in my mother's letters was occasioned by the death of my brother, her beautiful little boy Cuthbert, in March 1799, to her and my father's inexpressible grief. He was carried off by small-pox, after inoculation, and the loss was the more to be deplored as vaccination was introduced in England about that very time. From the shock and distress of mind my mother had a severe attack of fever, during which she was nursed in the most tender manner by Mrs Grey. Though acquainted before, this was the beginning of a friendship which only terminated with their lives.

"May 7th, 1799.—I had just finished some letters on Saturday to go home last Sunday by the *Calcutta*, which was to sail that day, and Mr and Mrs Whitmore and their child, General Wemyss, and Commissioner Coffin, who were to be passengers in her, had all their goods and chattels on board; but how little one knows what a day may bring forth! On Saturday Lord St Vincent received intelligence of the French fleet being out, thirty sail and nineteen of the line. His lordship has only fifteen sail off Cadiz. He ordered the two transports, the *Ulysses* and *Calcutta*, immediately to be completely manned and armed; so all Sunday there was nothing but bustle getting guns on board, and our brave Admiral in no small stew, as the wind that brought the *Childers* in with the news was exactly contrary to his getting out to join his fleet. On Sunday evening at five o'clock the French fleet came through the Gut; Lord Keith had no orders to follow. An express has gone off to him by the way of Tangiers to order him to come through, and when he comes, which cannot be for a day or two, Lord St Vincent, and, of course, his Captain, got on

board. I own all this has troubled me very much, for my friend Mrs Grey's sake, from her losing her husband at the very time his company would be such a comfort to her; however, these are circumstances that sailors' and soldiers' wives must make up their minds to; she is a charming woman, and behaves on all occasions with more composure and resignation than any creature I ever beheld."

"ROSIA HOUSE,

"*Sunday morning, May 12th.*

"A cutter is just going off. I have spent all my morning writing the accounts of Mrs Grey's little dear boy,* who was born last night at twelve o'clock. Was it not hard on her, poor soul, for Captain Grey only sailed yesterday at one o'clock, and she was far from well when he left her? I am just returned from my patient, who, in the true midwife phrase, 'is as well as can be expected,' and have been feeding the little hungry boy with panada."

This letter of my mother's is finished by my father. He says:—

"Jean is gone to keep Mrs Grey company, and desires me to finish this. We were all quite surprised to see the French fleet pass through the Gut. Everybody has been in a bustle here ever since, and all anxious for the arrival of Lord Keith. Lord St Vincent sailed yesterday in the *Ville de Paris* with sixteen sail of the line. The French have three-and-twenty, including five Spanish."

In a journal of the same date my father adds—

"I shall never forget the parting between Captain and Mrs Grey. Lord St Vincent's house, where Mrs Grey

* Sir George Grey, present Home Secretary, October 1863.

always lived, was close to where the *Ville de Paris* was at anchor. Grey, after taking leave, went on board, but saw her at the window from the ship, and she saw him as plainly as if they had been in the same room together. The *Ville de Paris* was the last ship under way. I thought she never would get out of sight. Jean and Mrs Grey stood at the window of Lord St Vincent's house the whole time, Grey waving his handkerchief from the stern and holding up her picture, and she holding up in answer her little daughter. She expected to be brought to bed every hour, and was confined that night. Her strength of mind was wonderful.

"Four days after the Spanish fleet passed the Straits. Lord St Vincent was then between the two fleets, and they almost double his number. He is in so bad a state of health as to be obliged to give up the command of the fleet to Lord Keith."

I now continue the extracts from my mother's letters.

"*May 23rd.*—We are in daily expectation of intelligence from the fleet. These are anxious moments for my friend Mrs Grey. I sleep at home, but spend most of the day with her and her children. Little Mary slept in the room with Colonel Hunter and me while we were there, and generally in bed with 'papa' and 'mamma Hunter,' as she calls us. Every stranger takes her to be my daughter; she is much more like me than either her father or mother. Perhaps you did not know I always go without hair powder. Colonel Hunter thinks I look much better without it, and that makes the resemblance so strong, as our two little cropped heads are exactly the same shade. Mrs Grey's little boy is thriving very well."

"*Saturday, May 25th.*—The *Terpsichore* and *Speedy* brig this morning confirm the good news of thirteen sail of the line of the Spanish fleet being totally disabled in a gale

of wind, and it is doubtful, if left to themselves, whether they could reach any port, but it is generally supposed Admiral Winched will take charge of them, as he was informed of their situation. The French were laying-to for the Spanish fleet off Ivica. Admiral Duckworth had joined Lord St Vincent, whose fleet amounted to twenty-one sail of the line. His lordship was within sixty leagues of the French, so that it is by no means improbable an action has taken place by this time."

"*June 4th.*—Colonel Hunter tells me there has been a very full parade in honour of His Majesty's birthday. The Governor advances to each company of officers, bows, and says, 'God save the King, gentlemen.' The garrison guns fired at one o'clock. Colonel Hunter dined with the Governor, and did not come to take me to the ball till nine o'clock. The ball was at the Hotel Pedro, and very crowded."

"*June 15th.*—Sir Allan Gardener's fleet coming through on Wednesday was a very fine sight, and a very pleasant one, as we were rather afraid they had not sufficient strength up the Mediterranean. You will be amused to hear we are very busy making hay. We have no meadow nor farm, but we get a permit from the Town-Major to cut hay on the Rock, not interfering with private property, so we send out five fatigue men with our boy Tom, and away they go scrambling like goats up the Rock with hooks in their hands and cut grass whenever they can meet with it. They come home at night with as much as they can carry on their backs. Half a day in the sun dries it, and in this manner our hay-stack is building, which is pretty well up already, and smells very sweet with so many flowers amongst it. I have just been sending them their luncheon of negus and bread and cheese."

"*June 29th.*—I did not rise till past six. Before seven Major Probyn called on me to ask us to go and breakfast with him, and meet the Miss Englefields, which we did,

and had a very pleasant drive up the hill. The Major's quarters are quite charming; the sun kept off by a very pretty verandah of vines. After breakfast we walked in the Commissioner's garden, and he sent me home quite loaded with fine flowers. The tulip and paradise trees were in amazing beauty, as was the double-flowering pomegranates, and I think I never beheld such beautiful balsams and double-flowering myrtles."

"*July 1st.*—Drove out to see Mrs Grey in the morning. Met Captain Piggot, who told me he would come to us in the evening and bring Captains Gage and Brenton. Mrs Grey had letters from Lord St Vincent and Captain Grey. They are coming down immediately. Lord St Vincent is in bad health."

"*July 2nd.*—Commissioner and the Miss Englefields, Captains Gage and Brenton, and Major Wemyss dined with us."

"*July 3rd.*—Mrs Grey and Mary called in the morning. She has been packing. Expects Lord St Vincent every day. Dined at General Grenfield's, and stayed for a card-party in the evening."

"*July 4th.*—Had the Grenfields to dinner, to eat part of Mrs Grey's English mutton. Lord St Vincent and Captain Grey have arrived. Captain Grey came to see me after dinner. Mrs Grey's going away is quite a melancholy prospect for me."

"*July 5th.*—Dined with Mrs Grey at half after three, with Mr Maitland and all the little quartermasters. Stayed till eight o'clock."

"*July 6th.*—Went in the morning to Mrs Grey's to stand sponsor for her little boy. The French and Spanish fleets in sight."

"*July 7th.*—The thirty-six sail of the French and Spanish fleets still in view. Everybody very anxious. Dined with

Captain and Mrs Grey at half after three. Drove with them to Europa after dinner, where we met the Englefields."

"*July 8th.*—Drove to Europa in the forenoon. So much firing was heard to the eastward in the morning that everybody seems to think there has been an action. Dined at four. Drove out to Europa; the wind came round strong to the east. The Spanish fleet very plainly in sight."

"*July 9th.*—The Spanish fleet gone through. The French fleet trying in vain to follow."

"*July 10th.*—Most oppressively hot. Did not stir all the forenoon. Dined at four. After sunset drove to Europa, where we met Captain and Mrs Grey. Lord St Vincent landed in the morning. Mrs Grey was quite shocked with his appearance. He is very, very ill and low."

"*July 11th.*—The heat increases daily. No such thing as moving. Colonel Hunter thinks it more oppressive than he ever felt it in either the East or West Indies. He rode out in the forenoon to call on Lord St Vincent, who was too ill to see anybody. He saw Captain and Mrs Grey and the children."

"*July 13th.*—In the evening Mrs Grey called. Lord St Vincent is still very unwell. After she went, dressed for the Governor's card-party, which proved a ball. Miss Darcey, being a new face, was quite the belle."

"*July 16th.*—Twenty-seven sail were seen to the eastward this morning."

"*July 17th.*—Five sail seen to the east this morning. How anxious everybody is to know if they are a part of Lord Keith's fleet! Called on Mrs Grey in the forenoon. The ships proved to be Danes. Mrs Grey had seen the gay Miss Darcey the night before at the Commissioner's. She says of herself that 'she is a dasher, all fire and tow—and the reason of it her father was chief engineer, and she was born at Minorca the time of the siege.'"

"*July 20th.*—Could not sleep all night from the heat and

a feeling of suffocation. To-day, if possible, it is more unbearable than in the night. Dined at the Commissioner's at half after three, quite *a la fresco* under the fudas trees."

"July 24th.—I wrote to my father in great haste on Monday, as the wind was fair for England, and the convoy expecting every instant to be off. My letter was hardly finished when the wind came round *strong* to the west, in which direction it has blown ever since in a most provoking manner. Lord Keith with the fleet all in Tetuan Bay. We know that the united fleets are out of Cadiz, and that with a west wind it is impossible for him to beat through the Gut, the current runs so very strong in this direction. This piece of bad luck has made all our *croakers* very *savage*, of which there are a great number on the Rock, and His Excellency the greatest croaker among them. He is really cross at present. He came into Mrs Grey and me yesterday while we were talking of somebody going to be married. He generally looks in before he goes up to Lord St Vincent. 'How you women do talk!' exclaimed he. 'Don't you know the united fleets are out, and Lord Keith in Tetuan?' 'Well, we can't help it!' 'I'm d——d hot, d——d sulky, and got the lumbago, but I'll be d——d if ever I am plagued with a wife, though!' and so he walked upstairs, leaving us very much amused with his *good* humour. Lord St Vincent is still very far from well, looks quite reduced, yet if he thought there was any chance of an immediate action, many people think he could not resist going on board. In the forenoon went with Colonel Hunter to visit the Guards. Dined at four. In the evening drove to Europa, where we met Captain and Mrs Grey, little Mary and her maid, and a sailor carrying little George."

"July 26th.—Drove out with Colonel Hunter to visit the Guards. When we returned Mrs Fyers called and paid a long visit. Invited us to drink tea at seven o'clock under their large fig-tree. When we went, quite a pretty sight she

and all her girls sitting at work there. After tea we went into the house, and played at cards till nine o'clock."

"*July 27th.*—At six o'clock Colonel Hunter drove me out to Europa to see Lord Keith's fleet—the grandest sight I ever beheld, as many as fifty sail lying quite in view, and thirty-one of them line-of-battle ships. We met Captain and Mrs Grey there. He told us all their names, and wished himself, with all his heart, on board the *Ville de Paris*."

"*July 28th.*—Everybody's patience quite worn out with the continuance of this west wind. Lord Keith came in in the evening; still a cruel west wind. I am told he hardly either eats or sleeps from anxiety."

"*July 29th.*—At home all the morning. In the evening drove out to Europa to look at the fleet. Met Captain and Mrs Grey there. Captain Grey thinks the wind is coming round."

"*July 30th.*—In the course of the night the wind came round in squalls to the eastward. After breakfast I had a note from Mrs Grey to bid me come and see her. Lord Keith's fleet was just out of sight, and they are quickly to follow. Saw Lord St Vincent in the parlour with the Governor. Mrs Grey and all hands busy packing. Did not stay long. In the evening, Captain Grey, she, and little Mary drove into town to see us, and then they went to take leave of the Governor. Lord St Vincent has given us a fine fat English sheep. We shall not relish his good mutton so much as when we used to partake of it with the pleasant parties at the Rosia House. I have got Mrs Grey's china, which matches my own."

"*July 31st.*—At ten o'clock the Admiral weighed anchor. He saluted the garrison, and the garrison returned the compliment; so adieu to Mrs Grey and everybody I care for, except within the walls of our own house."

"*August 21st.*—I know my dear mother will expect to

hear of us by the very latest possible date from Gibraltar, and that I may not disappoint her, I begin a letter, not to be finished until the fleet is actually under way. I wrote to you all fourteen days ago by Captain Brook, who has been spending these fourteen days in a manner I should not much like could I avoid it—on board a transport in Rosia Bay, where, with these west winds, they pitch more than at sea. It is a good lesson for us when we go from this not to be in too great a hurry to be off. I shall be clear for not leaving our quarters until the anchor is apeak, with a brisk levanter. This is a very rich convoy from the Levant. One Smyrnaman is reckoned worth a hundred thousand pounds. She would be a fine prize for the Spanish gunboats, which are hovering about like as many little wicked mosquitoes. The loss of our friends at the Rosia makes a very great blank indeed to us. I allege Colonel Hunter has got a little homesick since they left us, which I do not wonder at, as the Rock is at present very stupid, a great want of variety, from the Navy people not coming in so frequently as when Lord St Vincent was here, a great many pleasant people that Colonel Hunter was intimate with gone, or going, in this convoy. However, he has always plenty to do, and is naturally of so active a turn, and so much interested in the regiment, and occupied with all its concerns, that he is not likely to suffer from *ennui*. Our early hours enable us to take plenty of exercise. We have both a long drive and walk every morning, and when Colonel Hunter goes to bathe at Waterport, I get out of the carriage and buy grapes and melons from the little Spanish fruit-boats that come in every morning with fruit and vegetables. They are all smugglers, but I imagine their traffic is winked at by their superiors, who come in for a share of the profit. They often come in with ice, and the Governor has it every day sent him by the Governor of St Roque, besides ices; he has everything iced, even the small beer and drinking water. It

certainly is a very great luxury in a climate such as this. The dinner-drum warns me to conclude for to-day. We are going to have a very nice dinner too—a quarter of little delicate Spanish lamb. Butcher meat is always reckoned a feast here. We shall drink all your good healths after in a glass of *new port*, nearly related to Blackstrap."

"*August 22nd.*—The *Caroline*, Captain Bowen, come in from the fleet. He brings accounts of the united fleets having got safe into Brest, off which station Lord Keith is. He brought me a letter from Mrs Grey, dated the 11th, off Cape Finisterre. Lord St Vincent much better, and all doing to a wish. The children quite well, and Mrs Grey only sick for two days."

"*August 27th.*—A turtle feast at Mrs Grenfield's, which no one touched. The sight was enough for me. The General does not dine at table, but comes in with the dessert, seats himself at the corner of the table, and makes tea in a slop basin, and drinks it off the leaves without sugar. Stayed for a card-party in the evening, which was so killingly hot that I was obliged to make my retreat in the middle of a rubber of cassino."

"*September 6th.*—Heard of the honours heaped upon Lord Nelson by the King of Naples. He is made a Neapolitan Duke, with a pension of £4000 a year to him and to his heirs for ever, and presented by the King with a sword, which the late King left to the man who replaced a King of Naples on the throne. Buonaparte has retreated to Jaffa. Sir Sydney Smith has been presented by the Grand Signior with a plume and crescent of diamonds, the same as was given to Lord Nelson."

"*September 9th.*—Mrs Matra's rout was, like all other routs, stupid. No variety, except, by way of interlude, Lord W. Stewart's setting Mr Raleigh's terrier after Mr Matra's favourite cats, of which he has always two or three in the room."

"September 22nd.—The *Phæton* frigate come in; Lord and Lady Elgin and their suite on board on their way to Constantinople, where he is going as ambassador. The *Phæton* brings the news of the landing being made in Holland. About four hundred killed and wounded. Colonel Smollet, of the Guards, killed, and Major Hay, chief engineer."

"September 23rd.—Dined with the Governor at the Convent to meet Lord and Lady Elgin. Spent a very pleasant day. Never saw the Governor in better spirits or more entertaining. In the evening played at cards, and stayed supper."

"September 24th.—In the morning called on Lady Elgin, and then we proceeded to wind up the Rock to see St Michael's cave—Lady Elgin on horseback, Mrs Fyers in her carriage, and we in our gig. The Governor had ordered the cave to be illuminated for Lord and Lady Elgin. There was an amazing concourse of people present, and certainly it was a very grand sight. We descended into the cave by the help of a rope very safely. We just got home in time to dress for General Grenfield's, where the Convent party were, and a very large card-party in the evening. Between dinner and tea Lady Elgin went to the Spanish Dancing School to see the Bolero Fandango and other Spanish dances danced."

"September 25th.—Lord and Lady Elgin went on board this forenoon. They sailed with a fine breeze from the west. They will be some little time at Naples; in short, will have, I think, the most delightful voyage possible, were it not for the horror of sea-sickness."

"September 26th.—Our last letters from Medomsley give us very bad accounts of the health of Colonel Hunter's father. Miss Hunter writes very anxiously for her brother's return, but at present Colonel Hunter could not think of applying for leave, as both the other field-officers are absent.

Major Peacock will be out with the first ships, and our present plan is to quit this in the course of the spring, if our good friend the Governor will give us leave."

"September 29th.—A pleasant cool morning. The officers and men appeared on parade in their winter clothing. Ate our Michaelmas goose with the Governor, where we had nearly thirty people. The gentlemen had not come into the drawing-room ten minutes when the Captain of the *St Vincent* cutter arrived with the pleasing intelligence of the capture of the Dutch fleet. The evening concluded with three cheers, everybody in high glee. We called in at General Grenfield's to tell them the news. Found the General at chess with Lord W. Stewart, and Miss Lyle at cassino with Captain Collis, who thought it would have been something had we taken the Spanish fleet, but as for the Dutch, that we were sure of—'No such great news,' said this amiable Captain; 'it's you to play, ma'am; we are within three points of game.'"

"October 3rd.—Drank tea and played at cassino at Mrs Grenfield's, where nothing was talked of but the fête to-morrow evening on board the *Guerrier*, Lord W. Stewart's ship, of which Mrs Grenfield is to have the whole management."

"October 4th.—Had a drive in the morning. Captain Miller called in the forenoon to offer us his boat to go on board the *Guerrier*, and he returned to dine with us, and we went all together about half after five. We overtook Mrs Campbell walking, who came into the chaise with us, and we got all on board Captain Motley's boat at Ragged Staff. The evening was charming, and we got on board in four minutes. We entered the hulk by an accommodation-ladder to the lower deck, a port being cut up for a door. It was entirely lighted like a handsome hall, and lined and carpeted with French colours. The stairs were also carpeted with colours, and the rails twisted with scarlet.

The deck was quite covered in with an awning of canvas lined in a fanciful manner with the colours of all nations. The poop was lined, and converted into an elegant orchestra. The large cabin was a tea and card-room. The other cabin was appropriated to the ladies. A little beyond the cassel was a very elegant throne, erected for Mrs Grenfield as queen of the ball, with a rich canopy. Just behind the throne, a transparent curtain half concealed a handsome long room, with a bow at the end, where was laid out a very excellent cold supper. About eleven o'clock the soups and hot dishes were served up, the curtain withdrawn, and the ladies all sat down to supper, the gentlemen waiting on them, except a few who sat to carve. After we had supped, we returned to the dancing-room, where we left them keeping it up very merrily at half after one. We landed very safely in the dockyard, where we found Poney with our little carriage."

"October 8th.—No better to-day; so gave up all thoughts of going to the ball to-morrow given by the officers of the Navy."

"October 9th.—Colonel Hunter dined at General Doyle's to meet the Governor and all the Naval officers. The ball was a most brilliant one. Colonel Hunter did not return till three o'clock."

"October 15th.—Had to dine with us Lord W. Stewart, General and Major Doyle, Major and Mrs Johnston, Dr Pym, Captain Tonyn. After tea, General Doyle carried us all to see a Jews' Tabernacle, where we had cake, sherry, brandy, and sweetmeats. Being lined with fine crimson damask, and lit with wax-lights, it gave you no idea of a hut in the wilderness."

"October 19th.—At ten went to the Ragged Staff to get into a boat to go on board the *Penelope* frigate to breakfast with Captain Blackwood. Never saw anything so clean and nice as the frigate, and beautifully ornamented with

colours. An elegant collation laid out on deck, where there was profusion of everything good to eat and drink. They danced about twenty couple, and did not break up till three o'clock. We got on shore just in time to dress for dinner at General Grenfield's, where we had all the Navy people, and a large card-party in the evening."

"October 25th.—The west wind still continues, and detains the *Goliah* and her agreeable commander, one of the heroes of the Nile. Lord W. Stewart, who is so good as take charge of our letters, also sails with him. He will be a great blank in the society here. He is a very handsome, pleasant young man, and a great promoter of balls, and all manner of gaieties. The Colonel says, 'Don't forget to tell Lizzy what a fine lady Peggy is grown.' She has had her ears bored, and wears ear-rings. Peggy's having her ears bored was a great amusement to us; but ear-rings are a piece of dress not to be dispensed with here, and you see women with fine gold ear-rings who have not a *shift*, *shoe*, or *stocking*, and they hang long ear-rings to children not a year old, powder their hair as soon as they have any, and tie it with pink or blue ribbons. You can hardly conceive what *outré*, monstrous figures the poor children of the inhabitants are."

"December 1st.—I have been so bold as to give a card-party to the Governor and more than thirty people. I assure you it went off vastly well; and they seemed to relish my tea, good cake, spiced wine, and negus not a little."

"December 9th.—We were very much surprised to pick up Francis Loch on the street the day after they came to anchor. He is just now staying with us, and will do so while the *Queen Charlotte* is here, which will not be very long. It is supposed they will be stationed off Cadiz. I was very happy to see by the papers that Lady Home has a son."

"December 23rd.—We have experienced greater cold than

ever was known at Gibraltar. Yesterday the ice was as thick as a crown-piece before the sun rose. The nearest very high mountains are most completely capped with snow, and with the beautiful orange groves, and very green fields of lucerne and barley, make altogether a most striking and picturesque variety. Let Mrs Loch know Francis is in perfect health. He has this instant gone on board to school. We had some of his companions to dine with him yesterday, and a set of very happy little men they were. It quite did one's heart good to see how they did stuff themselves."

"*December 27th.*—Think of poor Francis being off! They sailed last night, or early this morning, for Minorca. I suppose Francis was not in the secret, as I have a part of his paraphernalia on shore, and, which he will regret a great deal more, a box of figs, and another of raisins, that I gave him, but which he was not to take on board till about sailing."

A letter from my father, dated "January 14th, 1800," announces the birth of my second brother James the day before, namely, the 13th. After giving some particulars of mother and child, he adds—

"The Governor's kindness to Jean has been more like that of a father's than anything else. He is to be one of the godfathers to our little boy."

On February 16th, 1800, my mother writes—

"James's immense sheep was slain yesterday. It is cut up in haunches like venison, and I daresay we shall think it as good as any venison. The Governor does us the honour to come and partake of one of them on Tuesday; and to-morrow, for the other haunch, we have General

Grenfield, Admiral Duckworth, etc., etc. My bill of fare, besides mutton, includes soup, oilio, turkey, one of my mother's nice little hams, a John Dory, and some salmonets. I think I shall give them a dinner fit for a prince, not to mention my tarts, which are very fine, and we excel in making macaroni by the true Italian receipt. Colonel Hunter has not yet applied for his leave of absence, but I am almost sure our kind Governor will not refuse him."

"*April 3rd.*—I was in hopes by this time, my dear Elizabeth, to have been able to say something of our plans for the summer; but as Major Wemyss has not yet arrived, it is not yet in Colonel Hunter's power to apply for leave of absence; and indeed at this moment I do not think he would, till we learn to a certainty if General Sir Charles Stuart is going on an expedition up the Mediterranean, and if he means to take our regiment with him. So our young men flatter themselves, and Colonel Hunter, to keep them in wind for it, marches them up to the top of Windmill Hill every Sunday, where they fire twelve or fourteen rounds of ball. Poney is in good health. I ride him out every morning by seven o'clock. I have a nursery of poultry on Windmill Hill I go to visit. It is under the care of an old corporal, who lives in a little hut, shaded by a very high, rugged rock. He takes care of a garden there we have for the men. Our own garden does for us, as it produces vegetables in immense profusion, and barley for Poney, which I do believe has been cut twenty times. My dairy produces two quarts of milk a day, which is thought a great deal of here. I have two goats. They suckle their kids all day, and the little things are muzzled through the night that their mothers may be milked in the morning. I have the largest, handsomest hens that ever were seen, and as many eggs from them as we can make use of. I wish it were possible for me to send you some of these fowls, but I fear the cold would kill them."

"*April 10th.*—You will have seen the order that no officer is to quit his regiment at Gibraltar or Minorca, I suppose, until the expedition is decided on. I read of nothing but want of bread in the English newspapers. I wish you were here. I could give you plenty of most excellent bread. We now draw seven rations as *full Colonel*, in place of four as Lieutenant-Colonel. It is the only advantage we have, as the pay remains the same. You would be happy to hear of poor little Francis Loch being safe. We were kept in great anxiety about him for the week that we knew to a certainty that the *Queen Charlotte* had blown up, and the greatest part of her crew lost, but had no list of the saved. It always casts a damp on me whenever I think of those fine little boys I have seen here on shore with him, or rather I should say when I think of their poor parents."

The particulars of Francis, now Admiral Loch's, escape, I do not find among my mother's letters. He was a midshipman on board the *Queen Charlotte* when she took fire, I think, on the coast of Spain. Before she blew up, he leapt overboard to swim for his life; but it appears was cast ashore in a state of insensibility, as he was afterwards found, apparently dead, lying on the sea-beach, having been stripped by Spanish wreckers. An old friend of my mother's tells me she well remembers hearing her say that Admiral Loch behaved on this dreadful occasion with wonderful courage for a boy of his age, and that she was told by an old lieutenant serving on board the *Queen Charlotte* that when they were in momentary expectation of the explosion, he went up to young Loch, wringing his hands, and in tears, and said to him, "It is nothing for an old man like me to die, but oh! my son, and you, Mr Loch—both of you so young." Here the brave boy, interrupting him, in an undaunted tone exclaimed in his

native dialect, "Me! What mair me nor the lave?" and turned away without betraying the slightest emotion. This trait I preserve as characteristic of this gallant officer's courage in after-life. It is sad to think the old lieutenant outlived the catastrophe, while his son perished.

Though not according to its proper date, I cannot leave the subject of Gibraltar, without giving an account written by my father of his friend, the late Sir Jahleel Brenton's gallant action with the Spanish gunboats, in defence of his convoy, on the 6th of November 1799.

"Brenton in the *Speedy* brig was attacked by fourteen gunboats, many of them nearly as large as the *Speedy*, close under the walls of Gibraltar. It was the most beautiful sight I ever saw; the action was so close to the walls that Captain Motley spoke to Brenton from the works during the action, and the enemy threw grape on shore. Brenton behaved most gallantly, beat them off, and covered his convoy. The *Speedy* was very nearly sunk, and was obliged to bear away to Tetuan in Barbary."

No letter of my mother's from Gibraltar has been preserved of a later date than the 30th of April 1800.

On the 9th of May my father received orders to embark the 48th Regiment on the shortest notice. On the 11th they were embarked on board the *Niger* (Captain Helyar), and the *Sheerness* troopship, and sailed on the 12th of May on a secret expedition.

On the 6th of June, Sir Ralph Abercromby arrived at Gibraltar on his way to Minorca to take command of the troops in the Mediterranean. While there, he visited my mother, who never could forget the beauty of his fine countenance, or the striking effect of his hair—as white as snow, which fell upon his neck in picturesque curls. That he might convey the latest tidings of my mother and her

boy to my father, he kindly desired to see the child, and held him for some time caressingly in his arms. Could she have foreseen the glorious death Sir Ralph was destined to die before another year had run its course, and what a debt of gratitude his country would then owe him, how honoured would she have felt her boy to be in the arms of such a hero !

From some hurried memorandums kept by my father from the time he left Gibraltar till his arrival in England, I extract what follows :—

"Arrived at Minorca the 16th of May. I never experienced more civility than I did from Captain Helgar. Poney on board."

"*May 24th.*—The Regiment disembarked, and encamped on the glacis of Fort George."

"*May 27th.*—Reviewed by General Fox."

"*June 4th.*—Received certain accounts that Sir Charles Stuart was not to command the expedition, and that Sir Ralph Abercromby was expected every hour."

"*June 9th.*—Received accounts that Genoa had surrendered on the 4th of June."

"*June 10th.*—The Duke of Orleans* and his two brothers arrived from England."

"*June 11th.*—Dined with them at the Governor's."

"*June 12th.*—Colonel Cuppage and I made a tour of the island. Slept the first night at the foot of Mount Tora. Mount Tora is nearly in the centre of the island. From it you have a complete view of Minorca. There is a convent of friars, twenty-five in number, on the top of Mount Tora. Minorca produces wheat, wine, and some oil, but not sufficient for its own consumption. The country has a most barren appearance, almost entirely covered with large rocks and stones. The enclosures are very small, not more

* Louis Philippe, King of the French, raised to the throne in 1830.

than two or three acres, and fenced with very high, broad stone walls; very little wood in the island; the hills that are too high to cultivate are covered with wild myrtle. The inhabitants chiefly live in the towns; very few houses in the country, and those not very good. They are a most indolent, small race of people. The women have a dress peculiar to the island. It is not becoming, nor are they handsome. They wear very short petticoats, some of them very little below the knee, and their legs are very ill made. Their hair is very long, tied close to the head, and hanging down very low. Mules are chiefly used. The horses are not good; not such a thing as a carriage or cart in the whole island. The roads are so stony and rough that it appeared the longest ride I ever had in one day, though only twenty-five miles. The women all ride on mules or jackasses on a frame formed like a low-backed arm-chair. I should think it very dangerous if the mule were to fall. Quails, partridges, some hares, woodcocks, and snipes in the season. Vegetables and fruit in great plenty—apples, pears, cherries, strawberries, oranges, grapes, figs, etc., etc. The island is chiefly supplied with beef and mutton from Leghorn; very few cattle are bred in the island. The entrance of the harbour of Mahon is not more than half a mile across. The town is two miles down the harbour, which is very narrow. Ships of any size can go up to Mahon. The Duke of Orleans and his two brothers called on me. I received them in a soldier's tent, without either table or chair. I fancy it was the first time that they were ever received in so humble a style. They were quite surprised to see a Colonel commanding a regiment in a soldier's tent."

"*June 22nd.*—Sir Ralph Abercromby arrived at Minorca in the *Seahorse*. Went on board the *Culloden*, Sir T. Tronbridge, to wait on him. Sir Ralph landed at ten o'clock, and in two hours orders were out for the troops to

embark on the next morning at daybreak. The 48th were all on board the *Charon* by six o'clock. Captain Bridges was so good as to take the pony. Sailed at twelve o'clock that day. Several officers were left behind."

"June 27th.—Spoke the *Woolwich* that was sent in pursuit of the troopship to order them to proceed to Leghorn, in consequence of Genoa having fallen again into the hands of the French. The Captain informed us that an armistice had taken place between the French and Austrians, and that the Austrians were to evacuate Genoa; also that three actions had taken place, that the Austrians had been successful in the first two, but that in the third they were totally defeated. Close in with the island of Sardinia—very high land—white cliffs."

"June 28th.—We now see the island of Corsica; quite calm; land very high; wind fair. Close in with the island; remarkably high mountains covered with snow. We sailed close in with the island the whole of the next day. It has the most barren appearance. I should think not more than one-twentieth is capable of being cultivated. The mountains are very high, without a tree, or the smallest appearance of vegetation. The valleys are well wooded, and produce a great deal of corn and wine. There are very few houses or towns on the coast. We saw very plainly the town of Ajaccio, where the principal harbour of the island is; also Calvi, a large town. A ridge of mountains runs through the centre of the island from east to west, the summits of which is covered with snow. Corsica has very much the appearance of Grenada, but the mountains are three times the height."

"July 2nd, three o'clock p.m.—Saw Leghorn. Came to anchor that night about seven. Sir Ralph Abercromby had arrived in the morning. Leghorn is regularly fortified, and has a wet ditch. The inhabitants are computed at thirty thousand. The streets are very narrow, except one,

which is very broad, extending through the centre of the town from one gate to the other. The square in the centre of the town is large. The houses are very high and well built—in general, of five storeys. The inner harbour contains a number of ships. The suburbs are very extensive. Leghorn is situated on a plain three miles from the foot of the mountains called Montinaro, which are entirely covered with the finest old natural wood I ever saw. This fertile plain extends all the way to Pisa, and is entirely covered with corn and vines, except the Duke of ——'s park. Some of the country houses of the gentlemen and English merchants are very fine buildings and the grounds well laid out. The situation is beautiful, gradually ascending from the sea, with a full view of the town, the mountains of Montinaro, and the fine rich plain all the way to Pisa. The trade of Leghorn is still very considerable, and many of the shops are well stored with English merchandise. The churches and synagogues are scarcely worthy of notice, nor is there anything curious to be seen at Leghorn. The poor are very numerous. The Queen of Naples, Lord Nelson, and Sir W. and Lady Hamilton are now here. The road from Leghorn to Pisa is fully as good as the Bath or North road, and the high state of cultivation the country is in on each side of it as far as the eye could carry you surprised me very much. From the stubbles the crop of wheat does not appear to have been very good. The ridges are made very narrow and high, as the country is flat and wet in the winter. The fields are not more than five or six acres each, and are surrounded with deep ditches to drain and carry off the water, and on the sides of the ditches are planted willow trees, at four or five yards' distance from each other. Vines are planted at the root of every tree, which form festoons one to another all the way on each side of the road. The quantity of grapes is wonderful; props are generally placed between the trees to support

the weight of the fruit. The farmers all the way along the road were very busy treading out their corn with four and sometimes six horses abreast trotting round a circle. We saw some thrashing, twenty together, in the fields on a piece of smooth hard ground made on purpose. The farm-houses are very good. The corn-stacks have all a piece of timber through the centre. Oxen are very much used by the farmers; they are far superior to any I ever saw before, both as to shape and size; they are all milk-white, and most beautiful animals. The breed of horses in Tuscany is not good. The town of Pisa is built on the banks of the river Arno, and is fully as large as Leghorn, but so thinly inhabited that scarcely a soul is to be seen in the streets, and I am certain not one-third of the houses are occupied. It is so cheap a country that many English families before the war resided here. There are no manufactories nor commerce carried on at Pisa, although the river is navigable for small vessels all the way to Florence. The Arno empties itself into the sea close to Leghorn, and though only ten miles from Pisa, there is not even a wharf on either side of the river. The town is very well built, and the houses are in general very fine buildings. The cathedral is large and handsome, and the bronze doors are said to be very fine, and are shown as great curiosities. Close to the cathedral is the singular leaning tower. It is still a doubt whether this tower was originally built so, or that the foundation has sunk. I examined it very closely, and I am quite convinced in my own mind that it was built so from the first. Pisa's baths are three miles from the town. We walked through the general hospital, which is taken care of by the nuns. It contains some hundreds of patients, men and women. The nuns were very glad to see us, called us 'brav' Inglesi.' The English are very much respected in this country. A great number of Austrian soldiers were in the hospital, and they are all

taken the greatest care of. All the bedsteads are of iron. I am certain it would be a great saving to our Government if they were used in place of wood. One of the sights shown at Pisa is the marble bridge. The part of the vale of Arno near Pisa surpasses any country I ever saw; it is said to be the richest vale in all Italy. The river Arno runs through the centre of it. The produce in corn and wine must be immense, and I am told the finest silks and satins in all Italy are made here. It is very thickly inhabited, and every yard of it cultivated in the highest manner, and intersected with canals. On each side of the vale are the mountains of Montinaro, still covered with fine old wood of very great size. I never saw more beautiful situations for houses than there are all the way on each side of the vale, but I did not observe one gentleman's seat. There are more beggars in Pisa than in any town I ever was in. We got a good dinner here, which cost us ten shillings each. Travellers are very much imposed on, and particularly the English. Ice is a great luxury in Italy, and you have it in great plenty and cheap. The wines are not good, very weak, and very little flavour. One-horse carts are all used in Tuscany; the axletree is very narrow, and wheels light; the shafts are fixed on the top of the horse's back, on the saddle, by a rope which goes across the end of the shaft, and is fixed in two notches; the traces go from the collar to the splinter bar. Two pieces of long spars form the shafts and body of the cart without covering or sides, and under is a canvas bag, which reaches nearly to the ground. The shafts and the part behind the wheels are nearly of the same length. On our return from Pisa we saw the Queen of Naples and two of the Princesses on the Corsi. The Queen is rather old. One of the princesses is a most beautiful girl, about eighteen or nineteen—light hair, and a pretty figure. That evening we saw them again walking in the street. I really

pitted them very much. I found a great likeness between one of the Princesses and a *particular friend of mine*; * it was observed by others."

"*July 5th.*—Sailed on board the *Charon* for Malta. Part of the regiment is on board of Lord Keith's ship, and a hundred on board the *Genereux*."

"*July 6th.*—Fair wind."

"*July 7th.*—Fair wind. Sailed close in with the island of Elba—a barren-looking island."

"*July 8th.*—Wind foul and calm."

"*July 9th.*—Wind foul."

"*July 10th.*—Calm, light air."

"*July 11th.*—Calm, light air."

"*July 13th.*—Saw the west end of Sicily."

"*July 14th.*—Got in close with the land."

"*July 15th.*—Sailed close along the west side of Sicily. The country is flat, and very thickly inhabited; towns and villages all along the coast. We saw also several towns on the very summit of very high mountains."

"*July 16th.*—In the evening made the island of Malta."

"*July 17th.*—Came to anchor in St Paul's Bay. I never saw from the sea a more barren-looking island; not one tree to be seen, nor the smallest verdure, nothing but stone walls."

"*July 20th.*—We disembarked. Malta, I should think, was originally almost an entire rock, with perhaps a very little soil here and there between the rocks. Nearly the whole of the island is now formed into small fields of from half an acre to two acres, and are enclosed with very high stone walls. All the fields are as level as bowling-greens; even the hill-sides are formed into small fields, quite level, one above another. The natives say that the soil was all brought from Sicily, but that is scarcely credible, for the labour that it must have taken first to level the rocks, then

* My mother.

to form an artificial soil over the entire bed of stone, is an undertaking beyond all belief. The soil is certainly very thin, in many places not more than a foot, and not a tree have I seen on the island, except in gardens. To take a general view of the island, you would suppose it was entirely covered with towns and stone walls, for the fields are so very small, and the walls so high, that the produce of the country is not seen without climbing to the top of the walls. The corn harvest is over in June, and the cotton, which is a fine, rich, green plant, is now in blossom for many miles around La Valette, and every yard of ground is in cultivation—chiefly cotton. The produce in corn is not more than sufficient for its inhabitants for three months. The island is very populous, and the Maltese have fully as dark complexions as the East Indians. They are all beggars, and there is an appearance of poverty and dirt among them that I never saw in any country before. Sore eyes are very common here owing to the constant glare from the white walls, without any relief. There are towns at the distance of three and four miles from each other all over the island. All the houses are built of hewn stone, which is very soft when taken out of the quarry, but becomes hard by being exposed to the air. This in some measure accounts for the labour not being so very great in levelling the fields. The churches are the only buildings that attract the eye. Some of them are very fine; but the houses in general are miserable, without windows, the light only being from the door. The inhabitants are chiefly employed in beating and spinning cotton, which is very fine. They are very industrious. The roads are very narrow, but some have been much improved by Governor Ball."

"*July 25th.*—Received accounts of my own Jean's having embarked at Gibraltar for England the 16th of June. The French garrison at La Valette consists of

nearly three thousand men, commanded by General Veaubois. The inhabitants besides nearly amount to seventy thousand. La Valette is the strongest fortress I ever saw, except Gibraltar and Porto Rico. Notwithstanding, Governor Ball and some of our generals are of opinion that it is to be carried by storm with little loss. So lightly does the Governor look upon it, that he told me that it was intended, had not Sir Ralph Abercromby arrived with a reinforcement of nearly two thousand men, to have walked into it, as if it was only over a park wall defended by haymakers. However, I was very glad to find that Sir Ralph was not quite of the same way of thinking, and determined nothing could be attempted, and that the blockade must be continued. We understand the garrison are in great distress for provisions, and it is supposed they cannot hold out more than a month. The dress of the Maltese female peasantry—indeed, of all classes—consists of two petticoats—one is worn in the usual way, the other put over the head, and the part that goes round the body forms a hood over the face, the remainder a cloak. The same sort of one-horse cart is used here as in Tuscany. The shafts are fixed on a large pad on the top of the horse's back by rings near the ends of the shafts, and hooked on to the pad. The hooks and rings are made very strong, and great care is taken of the mules' backs by putting a number of plies of blanket between the back and the pad. The shafts are flat and broad, and the wheels strong. The traces go from the collar to the splinter bar. The Maltese are very inveterate against the French. About a fortnight before we arrived a French soldier was killed in a garden stealing fruit, and his head was carried through all the towns on a pike. The more I see of Malta, the more I am astonished at the labour it must have taken to bring it to the state of cultivation it is now in. I should think the reason that the enclosures are so small, and the

walls so high, is that they had no other way of disposing of the stones that were produced from the levelling of the fields, which are all as level as any floor. Another reason is also given why it is necessary to have the fields small, and fenced in with stone walls; it is to prevent the rains, which are very violent here in winter, washing away the whole of the soil. The Maltese plough is very simple, only one handle, and a piece of wood sharpened—no ploughshare. A short time before we arrived, the French Governor at La Valette ordered fifteen hundred inhabitants to leave the fort. They marched out of the gates, but were immediately fired on, by order of Governor Ball. The French Governor insisted that they should go out, and Governor Ball positively refused to receive them. For some time they were between two fires. At last the French Governor allowed them to get into the ditch of the fort, where they remained all night, and next morning he received them. Several were killed."

"August 2nd.—A French brig was taken in sight of the fort, laden with provisions for the garrison."

"August 26th.—In the evening two frigates made their escape out of the harbour of La Valette."

"August 26th.—One of the frigates was taken, and brought into St Paul's Bay by the *Genereux*. The *Northumberland* and *Success* frigates were left in chase of the other. From the information that we have received from the prisoners of the frigate we are almost certain that the place cannot hold out more than ten days."

"August 29th.—Made a party to Citta Veechia. Saw St Paul's grotto, and his statue of white marble. It is said to be one of the finest statues in Europe. It is certainly very natural, and pleases the eye very much. The grotto is the size of a large room, cut out of solid rock; and although it is said that large quantities of the stone are taken away every day, and sent to all parts of the world as

it is supposed to be a certain cure for many disorders, yet the grotto never gets larger. This is mentioned as a miracle at Citta Veechia, not that I think it in the least extraordinary, for the rock is hard, and as a very little is taken away at a time, and the place is dark, it is not possible that the quantity that is taken away during any one man's lifetime can be perceived, even allowing that the most particular notice was taken. From the grotto we went to see the catacombs, which are said to be the most extensive in Europe. It is supposed that they are continued to La Valette, and so convinced are the inhabitants of the truth of this, that they are now walled up to prevent the French in La Valette paying them a visit. We went in about three hundred yards, accompanied by a priest. Every person took a large flambeau in his hand. I was very glad to be brought up by the wall that is built across, nor did I expect to find my way out again. I am very certain I could have done it by myself in three hours. The catacombs are very little more than the breadth and height of a man, and on each side there are places for the dead of every size. It appears to me that these catacombs must have been inhabited by the living as well as the dead some time or other, as we found a stone that had been used as a mill for grinding corn. From the first entrance there are innumerable branches off. Where this stone for a mill was placed was in the centre of a round hall. The Grand Master's country house, called the Bosquetta, is not worth going to see, any further than having a most extensive view around nearly the whole island."

"*September 4th.*—At ten o'clock the enemy commenced a heavy cannonade from La Valette. We fully expected a sortie. It continued till one in the morning."

"*September 5th.*—In the morning a flag from the Governor of La Valette offering to surrender. Articles of capitulation signed by eight o'clock that evening."

"*September 6th.*—The Grenadiers took possession of the outworks."

"*September 7th.*—The inhabitants are flocking down to La Valette with provisions for their friends. Buonaparte was a lieutenant in General Veaubois' Company."

"*September 8th.*—I have received orders for the 48th Regiment to march so as to arrive at the Port Marino by ten o'clock, when the French were to march out, and lay down their arms to the 48th Regiment, the Grenadiers of the 48th to remain in possession of the gate until the whole had embarked. Owing to some mistake, the boats were not ready to embark the prisoners, and although they had marched out of the gate, they received orders from General Veaubois to return. I also received orders to withdraw the guard of the Grenadiers from the gate, and marched the Regiments to Fort —, and remain there till five next morning, when the boats were to be ready to embark the prisoners."

"*September 9th.*—The Grenadiers of the 48th took possession of the gate of Port Marino, and the garrison marched out, and laid down their arms, the 48th Regiment presenting theirs, and playing, 'God save the King.' When the whole had embarked, we marched into the city of La Valette, and hoisted the colours on the fort of St Elmo, the band playing 'God save the King,' the Regiment giving three cheers.

"The city of La Valette is remarkably well built, and the streets well paved. The palace is a very large square building, and it has the appearance of more comfort than any large building of the kind I ever saw. The rooms are very high, and well calculated for a warm climate. There are some very fine paintings in the palace, but I was more pleased with the tapestry than with anything of the kind that I had ever seen. I could not have had any idea that Nature could have been represented so nearly by the hand

of man, in a work of this kind, if I had not seen it. The figures and colouring are so natural that no painting I ever saw struck me with half the force or pleasure. In the cathedral the tapestry is very fine. There are also some very fine statues, and one pleased me so much that I went to see it almost every day. The fortress of La Valette and its outworks appear almost to be a greater undertaking than it must have been to bring the island to its present state of cultivation. I should think that the grand masters were absolutely obliged to expend a certain sum annually in erecting new works, the same as the Duke of ——— is obliged to lay out a sum every year on the castle, or lose the estate. The knights, when they resided here, thought of nothing but eating and wine. The cookery now shows it. I never sit down to dinner but it reminds me of a French cook that offered his services to Captain Hallowell, and when he was asked what he could dress—'Dress! monsieur; I can do everything.' He was then asked if he could make a roast duck out of a piece of salt pork. 'O oui, monsieur!' Yet in spite of this bold assertion, I do not think it possible, unless you have served an apprenticeship to a knight of Malta, that you can say whether any dish you are eating is fish, flesh, or fowl. But notwithstanding all this fine cookery, I never can make a hearty dinner, for, in the first place, I never eat made dishes unless I know who they are cooked by, and at Malta I know all the pastry and all the made dishes are made with hog's lard in place of butter, which is quite sufficient to prevent me from touching them."

"*September 23rd.*—Received a letter from Mrs Grey, enclosing one to her from my dear Jean. I never received a more welcome one."

My father, on the 24th of September, received intelligence that my grandfather, Mr Hunter of Medomsley, had died

there on the 15th of May 1800, and he, being his eldest surviving son, succeeded to the property. In consequence of this, my father was obliged immediately to apply for leave of absence to return to England, which leave was granted him for six months by Major-General Henry Pigot.

To continue his notes—

"September 25th.—Sailed from Malta on board the *Transfer* brig (Captain O'Brien), for Messina. Made Cape Passaro at daybreak, the 26th. Blowing hard from the west.

"September 27th.—Still blows hard. In the evening spoke the *Champion*, Lord W. Stewart. He came on board, and offered me a passage to Messina. At sunset got into the Straits, and had a perfect view of Mount Etna."

"September 28th.—Close in with the island of Sicily, and see Messina about eight miles distant. The old ruins and town of Challetto are close to the shore. We have a most delightful view of them from the ship. The town is built on the side of a rugged rock, almost perpendicular. The houses are above one another, and the old castle at the summit of the rock. The houses are all very small, and it has altogether the most extraordinary appearance that can be imagined. From Cape Passaro all along the coast of Sicily is very mountainous, but thickly inhabited, and all the hill-sides cultivated. The towns in general are built on the tops of mountains—some few in the most romantic situations in the valleys, which are very fertile. The town of Reggio in Calabria is immediately opposite to Messina. There is a church now standing in Reggio that was sunk more than twelve feet by the earthquake in 1783. Messina is situated close to the sea at the foot of very high mountains, which entirely command the town and harbour. The citadel is on a low point of land at the entrance of the

harbour. There is nothing very extraordinary to be seen at Messina, except the remains of the dreadful havoc that the earthquake made in 1783. All the houses on the Merino or Wharf are still in the same state of ruin as they were after the earthquake. It is really frightful to think that a whole town should be shook down in the course of a minute, and thousands of souls perish. The towns on the opposite coast of Calabria suffered still more, particularly the town of Reggio. We now see Strombolo and the other Lipari Islands, and the rock of Scylla. On the top of the rock is a castle. The rock projects from the mainland of Calabria about three hundred yards. On the neck of land that joins the rock to the mainland there is a town."

"*September 26th.*—Close in under the island of Strombolo. Heavy rain, and squally weather, wind variable. The island of Strombolo has the most splendid and grand appearance that can be fancied; volumes of smoke are continually issuing from its summit. I now wish my dear friend was with me—in this fine weather she would not be sick."

"*September 29th.*—A great swell—very, very sick."

"*September 30th.*—Still calm, and in sight of Strombolo."

"*October 1st.*—Calm."

"*October 2nd.*—Blows very hard—sick!—sick!"

"*October 3rd.*—Still blows."

"*October 4th.*—Quite calm. Still in sight of Strombolo."

"*October 5th.*—Quite calm. Still in sight of Strombolo."

In the evening a light breeze, and fair—continued all night."

"*October 6th.*—A fine, fair wind; going five knots."

Two o'clock.—Island of Capri is in sight. We expect to arrive at Naples in the night."

"*October 9th.*—Set off from Naples at ten o'clock; arrived at Gaeta that evening. From Naples to Gaeta is, without any exception, the most beautiful and fertile country

I ever travelled through in my life. It is quite flat, till within two miles of the Pass of St Agatha. The mountains of St Agatha are not high. The greatest part are cultivated with grapes, olives, walnuts, chestnuts, and, under the trees, Indian corn. The valleys are rich and beautiful. After we get through the Pass of St Agatha, the country is quite level and highly cultivated, all in corn. The farmers were busy ploughing—two oxen and one man to a plough. From Gangliano, after crossing the ferry, the plain becomes very narrow. It is bounded by the sea and the Appenines. Here the chief produce of the country is grapes. It is now the vintage, and everybody is busy, and, I thought, appeared very happy. They are the most beautiful race of people I ever saw—quite the Roman face, very fine, with a good deal of *natural* colour. At Gangliano there is the ruin of a very fine aqueduct, and on the side of the mountain, which is very close to the road, a pretty-looking town. I was quite surprised to see the Indian buffalo in great abundance in Italy. The women here appear very industrious. I observed them all spinning as they walked along the road. Arrived at Gaeta at eight o'clock in the evening, fifty miles from Naples. Inn pretty good."

"*October 10th.*—Started at three o'clock in the morning. *Six o'clock in the evening.*—We are just arrived at ———, and shown up to as dirty an inn as any in Italy, which is saying a great deal. This day's journey we passed through a variegated country of plains, hills, and mountains. For the first eight miles, till we came near to Fendi, the country is very mountainous, but the road is not so hilly as one might expect from the appearance of the mountains that we passed through. Fendi is beautifully situated in a valley close to the foot of the Appenines, but a dirty, ill-built town. The valley is beautiful and rich, with a very fine lake in the centre of it, many miles in circumference. The next town is Terrasina, the first town in the Pope's dominions, where

it is customary for travellers to give charity; but as I did not understand Italian sufficiently to make out what they wanted, they punished us for our ignorance, and we were delayed fully an hour to search our baggage, which, we learned afterwards, would not have been the case had we given them charity. From Terrasina to Segni is thirty-two miles. The road is made across a very marshy country of great extent, which was formerly entirely covered with water. At a great expense there was a footpath completed, and several attempts by different Popes were made to make it a carriage road, but the undertaking was so expensive, and the marsh so very unhealthy, that many thousands of the workmen died, and it was given up till the Pope before the present one was elected, who completed this wonderful undertaking. The road is thirty-two miles long, in a perfectly straight line, with a canal on each side, and an avenue of trees. The road is as level and smooth as any gravel walk; indeed, it is no wonder that it is so good, as the whole produce of the country is conveyed to market by the canals; but carts are very little used in any part of Italy that I have yet seen. We only met one carriage and one cart on the road from Naples to Velletri, upwards of one hundred miles. A great part of this extensive marsh is now cultivated, and produces remarkably fine crops of Indian corn; and for some miles before we came to Segni it is as fine, rich pastures as I ever saw, but a great part of it quite neglected. I think I only saw two houses on the whole marsh. It is thought very unhealthy. From Segni to Velletri it is hilly, with rich valleys. It only wants a few gentlemen's houses to make it appear very like the country near Doncaster. Fine oak wood in great abundance."

"*October 11th.*—Set out from Velletri at seven o'clock, and arrived at Rome by twelve. The country from Velletri to Albano was very hilly. From Albano we had a most beautiful view of Rome, which stands on a fine plain. Got

a good breakfast, and immediately set off with our guide to see the antiquities, etc. *Six o'clock in the evening.*—We are now returned to our hotel, very much fatigued, and my head is almost deranged. What we have already seen is worth coming a thousand miles for, but we are told we have seen nothing yet; indeed, an old man that showed us the museum says that it would take us ten years to see the whole of Rome. You certainly ought to be a winter here at least to see everything. It is a most wonderful place. I thought I had seen a great deal, but I am now convinced that I had seen nothing until I came to Rome. How I shall sleep to-night! I am very much fatigued."

"*October 12th.*—I have got up as keen to see more antiquities as if I were going out fox-hunting. *Six o'clock in the evening.*—We only allowed ourselves an hour for dinner, and finished our day's work by seeing the Prince of Borghese's country palace, and the Ponte Molle, where the famous battle was fought by Constantine and Maxentius. I am now going to the opera, but it is more to say that I have been at an opera at Rome than the pleasure I shall have, for I am quite done up. My head and shoulders ache, and I find myself quite confused with the wonderful sights that I have seen to-day."

"*October 13th.*—First went to see St Paul's, which is said to be one of the finest churches in Rome, and finished with —."

"*October 14th.*—Took our leave of Rome, but our carriage having broke down eight miles from it, obliges us once more to return. I must own my patience was fully tried. We shall only lose a day by it, but it is very provoking. I see I have omitted to say that before the road was made from Terrasina to Segni across the immense march, it went all round by the foot of the Appenines, which must have been at least sixty miles about."

"*October 15th.*—Left Rome at six o'clock, and arrived at Terni at six in the evening. Terni is a large town; an

excellent inn, and good beds. From Rome to Otricoli the country is rather hilly, and appears not very fertile, but they are bad farmers. From Otricoli to Narni is very mountainous, and the roads very bad. They obliged us to take three horses. From Narni to Terni is a rich valley, and very thickly inhabited. We are just going to dinner with good appetites, not having ate anything since we left Rome, and then to bed. We start very early to-morrow morning, and expect to arrive at Ancona in the evening. We intended travelling all night, but were advised not, as there are banditti on the road that have committed a number of robberies."

"October 16th. *Ponte la Trava*.—We fully expected to have got to Ancona this evening, but it is now seven o'clock, and we are not within fifteen miles of it, although we have not stopped a minute, except to change horses. Passing the Appenines is very tedious. At two posts they obliged us to take three horses, which we at first thought was an imposition, but very soon were fully convinced of the necessity of it. The mountains are wonderfully steep; the road is cut out of the side of them, and so narrow, and without the smallest railing, that my head several times was quite giddy when I ventured to look down the precipices. There are several pretty valleys, which are well cultivated. We have got to a comfortable-looking inn. I observed in this part of Italy that the farmers sow the corn on the fallows, then plough it over, and that several women follow the plough to break the clods and tread the ground."

"October 17th, *four o'clock*.—Arrived at Loretto, a very pretty-looking town, on a very high hill. Went to see the church. Arrived at Ancona at six o'clock in the evening, thirty-six hours from Rome. After passing the Appenines, the road is particularly good, and I certainly never saw a more beautiful country. It is very hilly; but the soil is so fine and so productive that I think it equals any country I ever saw. The farmhouses are distributed all over it, which

I have not seen before in any part of Italy, except Tuscany. They are very good, and have the appearance of town houses. The farmers are all dressed in smock frocks, and are healthy-looking and comfortable. The extensive and beautiful view from San Lorreto surpasses anything I ever saw. The number of towns, rivers, the variegated rich country, and the grand view to the sea, is past all belief. All the hills are covered with olive-trees, and between the rows of them there is wheat. The olive-trees give the country a beautiful appearance. I am now almost of Sir W. Hamilton's opinion, that there is not an honest man in all Italy. The attempts that have been made to impose upon us on the road are wonderful. Of course they succeeded sometimes. An Italian is never satisfied; if you were to give him ten times more than his due, he would still want more. The only method that travellers ought to adopt is to pay what is right, and not to answer them, for if you enter into an argument there is no end to it. I think the inhabitants have more the appearance of comfort and cleanliness on this side of the Appenines than on the other. The women, we observed, are very beautiful. On our arrival here we immediately called on the English Consul, who is a foreigner. He was very civil, and we are to breakfast with him to-morrow. The hotel we are at has not much the appearance of comfort. We have got a double-bedded room, and are to dine in public—that is, in a room where all travellers and every description of people are allowed to come to dine or walk about. The double-bedded room puts me in mind of last night, when we were at dinner, or rather supper, in what is called the *sala* or public room two men and a very decent-looking young woman came in. They had some dinner at the end of our table, and immediately retired to a single-bedded room, which had been shown to us before, but we preferred two beds—which they supposed we could have no use for, and only put sheets on one. When we went to bed, Maxwell asked which I would

have. I told him it made no difference, and he went to bed in the one that was made up for us both. I then undressed, and was surprised to find neither sheets nor pillows on the other. I sent for the waiter, and he appeared as much surprised as I was, that two people should want two beds, and he immediately said that there were two gentlemen and one lady in the other room in one bed!

"The Consul has informed us that we can have a passage in a vessel to-morrow to Trieste if the wind is fair. It is foul at present. *Nine o'clock.*—Just going to bed, very much fatigued. I am certain not even the noise of six or eight drunken Austrian officers that are in the *sala* next to our bedroom will disturb me. There are nearly three thousand Austrians in this garrison."

"*October 18th.*—We have been to breakfast with the Consul. He has got us a passage to Trieste in a small schooner with a Turkish merchant. We are to pay fifteen dollars. The wind is still foul. I am very sorry that the *Figny* cutter is not here, as I have a letter from O'Brien to the lieutenant, who perhaps would have given us a passage. We have been wandering all over the town to-day, but there is nothing to be seen. We have had a bad dinner, and are going to the Austrian parade."

"*October 19th.*—Wind still foul. This is certainly without any exception the dirtiest house I was ever in. Yesterday I was obliged to finish my dinner with two boiled eggs. The cookery is so dirty and greasy that I could not touch a bit. When we can prevail on the waiters to clean out the *sala*, they only sweep the dirt under the table; under the press, the usual place for the dirt, is quite full. We have had coffee for breakfast. Two men are shaving in the same room. I could not have formed an idea of any nation being half so dirty as the Italians if I had not seen it. Dear old England! Those that have not been in different countries do not know how to set a proper value on its comforts!"

ANCONA, *October 19th, 1800.*—We dined to-day with the Consul. His wife is a very pleasant woman. She speaks a little English. They have a large family. Two of their daughters dined with us. They are very pretty girls. Just before I went to dinner, an old man, and, I believe, his daughter, arrived. They ordered some dinner, and were sitting very comfortably eating it, when an Austrian officer came into the sala, called the waiter, and ordered a plate, knife, and fork at the same table, sat down, ate his dinner, and entered into conversation as familiarly as if he had been well acquainted for twenty years, and I am very certain he never saw them before. Even the old gentleman appeared a little surprised, but I must own I was much more so.

We are going to the Opera to pass an hour. I hope we may have a fair wind to-morrow.

The north wind is called the Borea here. We are told it seldom lasts long. Any wind but the Borea will answer us.

October 20th.—The Borea still continues. A great stock of patience ought to be laid in by travellers before they commence a journey through Italy, particularly by Englishmen that have never been from home before.

October 21st, six o'clock in the evening.—God be thanked, the Borea is over! The wind has changed to the south—quite fair. We were very much surprised to find the Consul at the hotel waiting to inform us that we must be on board in half-an-hour.

Eight o'clock.—All the passengers, nearly forty, on board. Weighed anchor, and away we go, with a fine light wind. The sea very smooth, but, as usual, I am sick in bed.

October 22nd, at daybreak.—We see the land on both sides the Adriatic (Dalmatia and Ancona). The wind still continues fair, and we are coming fast in with the land.

Twelve o'clock.—It now blows pretty fresh. We are running close along shore.

Five o'clock in the evening.—Quite a gale; still fair, but

it looks very black and stormy-like. The captain has determined to put into a small port in Istria, as the nights are so dark, and it blows so hard he is afraid to push for the port of Trieste.

Sunset.—He has now determined to stand on, although it blows quite a gale. At eight o'clock we came to anchor at Trieste. The anchor was scarcely down when the wind came smack round to the north (the Borea) right in our teeth, and such a gale as I never saw in my life, but once in the West Indies. I am quite convinced, had we not come to anchor at the very instant we did, that we must have been all lost. The Consul says we are the most fortunate people that he ever knew; that nothing could have saved us had we been driven to sea; and notwithstanding that we were at anchor close to the wharf, I fully expected every instant during the whole night that the vessel would have dragged her anchor, and we should have been driven to sea. I shall ever look upon this escape as one of the most fortunate in my life.

TRIESTE, *October 23rd.*—We have got *pratique*. The gale still continues. It was with some difficulty that we got on shore, but the boat could not return for our baggage it blows so hard. We have been to wait on the Vice-Consul, Mr Anderson, and purchased a carriage belonging to Colonel Broderick that he left here to be sold. It is a very comfortable-looking carriage, but a great price, 350 florins, about £35. Called on Mr Stanley, the Consul. He is to procure us a passport to-morrow.

October 24th, ten o'clock.—We are now all ready except our passport, and notwithstanding that we are British officers, and bear despatches, we find it difficult to procure one. I have been at last obliged to wait on the Governor, who immediately granted me a passport, but said it was not possible for me to pass the mountains while the Borea continued, that several carriages had been upset, and that an Austrian Colonel had attempted it yesterday, but was obliged to return. I told the Governor I was determined

to attempt it, at all events, and ordered horses next morning at daybreak.

October 25th.—At six o'clock in the morning we set off from Trieste, with four horses to our light carriage, the Borea still blowing very hard. We got through the mountains by eleven o'clock, without being even once overset, but every pane of glass in our carriage was demolished by the wind. I must own I did not expect to find it so hazardous an undertaking. From six in the morning till nine at night, without even stopping an instant, except to change horses, we only made out three posts—thirty miles. It rained the whole day. The roads are almost impassable, and we were so wet ourselves, and everything inside the carriage, from the windows being broken, that we were obliged to remain all night at a dirty little alehouse. We determined to set off at two in the morning, but notwithstanding all our exertions we could not get horses before five.

October 26th.—The first stage we got on pretty well, about two miles an hour, but I am sure the worst bye-roads in England or Scotland are good in comparison to the road to-day. During the two days we must have met some thousands of waggons with sick soldiers, provisions for the army, and merchandise for Trieste. The second stage we were twelve hours in going ten miles. The four horses really were not worth half-a-crown apiece, such a fool of a boy to drive, and the harness so bad that I gave up all hopes of ever arriving at the next post; indeed, the people of the inn had given up the boy for lost, and the whole village turned out to see us come in. In the last four miles the post-boy got off seventy-four times, either to put on the drag, to take it off, to mend his harness, or to pick up his whip. The country is covered with snow—a pretty prospect we have before us! However, we are determined to persevere, and travel night and day until we arrive at Wein.

October 27th.—The great road is so cut up to Wein that

we are advised to turn off at Laubach, and go by Clagenfurt. It is not more than a post out of our way, and the roads, we are told, are pretty good. We got on rather better, made out six stages in twenty-four hours—sixty miles. I never saw so masculine a set of women as they are in this country. I have not yet seen a decent-looking girl.

October 28th.—The post-master has put six horses to our carriage to drag us up the mountains. He says if we do not think them all absolutely necessary before we get half-way, he will not charge a sixpence for them. As the mountains have so far surpassed any idea I could have formed of the possibility of a road being made over such precipices, I shall not attempt to describe them, only that we ascended ten miles almost perpendicularly, and descended nearly the same number on the opposite side. At the summits we found a thick fog, and snow six feet deep; very cold.

Thirty miles from Clagenfurt I observed all the men and women affected with a swelling on the side of the neck to a very great size, so much so as perfectly to disfigure them. I was informed that it proceeded from the water. I never saw any peasantry so well clothed, and look so comfortable as the Austrians do. Scarcely a beggar to be seen, and the cottages are all good, comfortable-looking buildings.

October 29th.—The roads are a little better, and post horses are got rather quicker. The last twenty-four hours we travelled eighty-two miles. We expect to arrive to-morrow at Vienna. Eighty miles still distant from the city.

October 30th.—We arrived this morning at seven o'clock at Vienna. What a charming, beautiful country we have travelled through for these last three days—so finely clothed with natural wood, and all cultivated where the mountains will admit of it, and such fine rapid clear rivers in all the valleys!

The whole country has the appearance as if it had been laid out for gentlemen's seats, and you are disappointed in not finding them every two or three miles. We passed

some palaces belonging to Austrian princes. The farm-houses are very good, all built of wood, and whitened.

For forty miles before you arrive at Vienna, it is a continued plain, without a tree, except a few avenues leading to the city. It is all in corn, good land, and appears to be pretty well cultivated.

The breed of draught horses very good, sheep and oxen very bad. Austria altogether is by far the finest country I ever saw. We found very bad accommodation at the inns on the road. Vienna covers a great deal of ground, houses well built, streets broader than is general in foreign towns, the palaces magnificent. Left Vienna on the 31st of October, at eight o'clock in the evening. Throughout the Emperor's dominions all the inhabitants continue to have an appearance of comfort. The towns are, in general, dirty-looking, from the streets not being paved.

Prague is a very fine-looking city, but it stands low, and the streets are dirty and narrow. From Dresden, which is the first town we came to after leaving Austria, the face of the country had quite a different appearance. The soil is sandy, and produces very little corn; indeed, from Dresden to Berlin it is almost a forest of Scotch firs, and the roads so very sandy and heavy that we were obliged frequently to have four horses.

Dresden is a very beautiful town, not only from being well built and clean, but the country about it is so rich, and the distant hills are covered with wood.

At Dresden we got as good a mutton chop and mashed potatoes as I ever ate in England. We certainly astonished the people at the quantity we ate, and drank in proportion, as the port was good, and we had not tasted any since we left Naples. The wine is bad in Germany, nor is the beer good—indeed, they brew very little in Austria. The Prussians are a much smaller race of people than the Austrians. I was quite surprised to see such a difference, and I cannot account for it in any other way than by

supposing that the Austrians live much better, from their soils being so much richer and more productive. Yesterday we sat more than two hours in our carriage waiting for horses, the postmaster and post-boys really laughing in our faces. At last they came and informed us that the Prince of — had passed, and that they had no horses till they returned. I am certain the post-boys make it a rule to go slower the more you desire them to go fast.

November 7th.—Arrived at Berlin at ten o'clock in the morning. I am quite disappointed in the appearance of Berlin. The approaches to it are dirty beyond all description. We left Berlin on the eighth of November at ten o'clock.

Lord Carysfoot was very anxious to detain us another day to take charge of his despatches, but as we understood from Major Byng, whom we met two stages from Berlin, on his way to the army, that the roads were almost impassable, I thought it advisable not to remain at Berlin longer than ten o'clock. I therefore wrote to Lord Carysfoot to inform him that I could not wait longer than the hour I had named. I received his despatches precisely at ten o'clock. The horses were ready, and we set off. It was raining very hard. I thought our patience had been pretty well tried in the Emperor's dominions, but the Austrians are civil, the roads and horses very good, in comparison to those in Prussia. The insolence of the Prussian post-boys is beyond all belief. Two miles an hour we think very quick, and if we get horses in two hours after we arrive at the post we are in great luck. One of the post-boys drove us to an alehouse at the post town at ten o'clock at night in place of the post-house, took off his horses, and left us in the streets, both fast asleep in the carriage. When we awoke, we expected to find ourselves at the post-house, so I got out of the carriage to order horses, and went into the alehouse, where I found the post-boy and a number of blackguards smoking and drinking; but all I could do none of them would show me the post-

house, nor could we get horses until we prevailed on an old watchman in the street to show us the post-house. The post-boy, when the horses arrived, came to me for his money, and he provoked me so much that I struck him. He seized me by the collar, but I immediately tripped up his heels, and he fell among some chairs, and then holloed out for assistance. The old fat landlord and his wife, who was still fatter, immediately got out of their beds, and ran into the room. Such two figures — I shall never forget them as long as I live! The old lady in a red flannel petticoat that reached just down to her knees, and which looked like a Dutchman's trousers, a red woollen night-cap completing her dress; the old man in his night-cap and shirt! By this time the post-boy had got up, and the battle was over. Maxwell, who was out getting the horses, heard the noise, and came in, and I feared the battle would have begun again. The post-boy had a knife in his hand that he had been cutting his supper with, and I rather dreaded that he would make use of it. I told Maxwell so, and he immediately snatched it out of his hand. We all then began abusing one another, not a word of which either party understood.

The horses were now put to the carriage, and the old landlord insisted upon our paying for the post-boy's supper, which we positively refused. He attempted to stop us, but we got off with a great many "God damns," and abuse in Dutch. I really now began to despair of our ever arriving at Cuxhaven, and proposed leaving our baggage and carriage, and walking, which I am convinced would have been a good plan, but we persevered, and arrived at Hamburg after the most disagreeable journey I ever experienced, raining and blowing the whole way from the time we left Berlin. Major Byng told us that the insolence he had experienced from the post-boys in Prussia was not to be believed.

November 11th.—God be thanked, we are at last arrived at

Hamburgh!—but two hours too late for the packet boat to carry us down to Cuxhaven, which leaves Hamburgh every Tuesday and Friday. To hire a boat was the only alternative left. I appeared not very anxious to go by the Thursday packet, and pretended that Tuesday would be time enough, and desired Maxwell to take care of the baggage and carriage, adding that I would go to the wharf and see if I could hire a boat.

The boatman immediately saw what I wanted, and offered to carry me for thirty crowns. I told him I did not want a boat, that I only wanted to know when the Tuesday's packet boat left this, but that if I could get a boat at a reasonable price I would go down immediately, as the wind was fair, but that I would not give more than the packet boat fare, and as there was another gentleman with me, I would give them twelve crowns. "No." I walked away, and never looked behind me, expecting that they would accept of my offer. They followed me, and said they would go for sixteen. "No." Well, they would take twelve, if I would allow two more passengers in the cabin, and be ready in an hour. I agreed, returned to the inn to tell Maxwell what I had done, and that we were to sail in an hour. He was astonished, wishing very much to stay till next day, but from fear of losing our passage, he consented to go. The next thing to be done was to dispose of our carriage. We did not know a soul in Hamburgh. The waiter at the inn asked me if I wanted to sell it. I said "Yes," that I intended leaving it with my banker to dispose of for me. He said that he wished to purchase it himself, and asked me the price. "Twenty guineas, not a sixpence less," and I desired him to give me a sheet of paper that I might write to the banker to inform him that I had left my carriage for him to dispose of.

"What is the very lowest price you will take?" "Not a sixpence less than twenty guineas." Would I make it

pounds, it made so little difference? "Yes." He immediately brought me the money.

I really would have taken five guineas for it, and I am certain, if we had left it, we should not have got a shilling. We had then a cold fowl and a bottle of porter, and ordered some cold meat and porter for our sea stock, and immediately set off bag and baggage, embarked on board a very nice boat with a small cabin at the stern, and sailed at two o'clock with a fair wind. Three more passengers, a German instrument-maker on his way to London, and a farmer and his daughter. The wind continued fair, and we arrived at Cuxhaven at three o'clock next morning.

I lay down in the captain's berth, and never awoke till I was called to go on shore at daybreak. Maxwell is quite pleased as we are now at a clean good inn at breakfast. He says he had no idea that we could have left Hamburg that day, and that I am the best hand he ever met with to get on.

I confess I never met with so good-tempered a man in my life. I can recommend him to anybody as the pleasantest partner in a post-chaise I ever met with. He has never once opposed anything that I proposed since we embarked at Malta. A good dinner, bottle of port, and a good fire are all he wants, and not to have anything to do. How delightful a clean shirt, etc., etc., is after travelling three nights and three days and one night on board a small boat without changing! We have had an excellent breakfast, and are now going to dinner.

The inn at Hamburg appeared to be a remarkably good one. No wonder that Maxwell wished to remain after having been three days and nights without eating anything but some cold fowl and beef that we put into the carriage at Berlin; but if it had been the best inn in Europe, I could not have enjoyed anything in it with the idea that by our staying we were to miss the Thursday's packet. How comfortable I feel now that we are here, ready to step on board the packet the instant the wind is fair!

I have just been on board. The accommodation is excellent, and she is a most comfortable-looking little vessel altogether. November is too late to travel through Germany. I should think September the best month, and October for Italy. I never experienced such fine weather as we had while passing through that country. From Berlin to Hamburg the soil is sandy and bad, producing very little.

We passed through immense forests of Scotch fir, with some oak and beech, which appeared to have been planted. The country is very thinly inhabited, and we could scarcely get anything but rye bread. It is not like Austria, where the finest wheat bread I ever saw is to be had in every cottage.

It is not possible to prevail on a German to do anything quicker than he has been accustomed to. We often tried if money would tempt them to give us horses, or drive us quicker than usual, but it had no effect, except on one post-boy, who made a bargain that he would drive us the stage in two hours less than was customary if we would give him half-a-crown more, which we did. We tried the next, but it would not do. The Italians will exert themselves for money, but the Germans are not to be put out of their way. A pipe and a warm room are a German's delight. The room cannot be too hot, or too full of smoke; the landlord and landlady sitting one on each side of the stove smoking. The postmasters are the first people in all the towns. In Austria they do not keep taverns, but a post-house, and the only chance you have of being well treated is to be very civil to them, as they look upon themselves as very great people. I found this out latterly, particularly that the postmaster's wife and daughters are very much flattered by being taken notice of by Englishmen. In travelling through Germany, always, when you come to a good inn, put some cold meat and wine, porter, or brandy if you can get it, into your carriage, for it frequently happens at many of the posts that you cannot get

anything to eat. You are certain always of good coffee at every post, and, in Austria, the best bread I ever tasted.

The German cookery is not good, and you can seldom get a room to yourself. The table d'hôte is where all travellers dine. The beds in Germany are particularly bad, short, and damp, and the inns very bad indeed. I do not recollect a good inn from Trieste to Hamburgh—no, not one, except at Dresden, where we got an excellent dinner and good wine; but at Vienna and Berlin the inns are bad, very bad indeed. Wine and beer are detestable throughout Germany; even at Berlin and Vienna port or Madeira is scarcely to be had. How much superior is a decent ale-house in England to the very best inn—except Dresden—that I have seen in all Germany, and the travelling in England in one of the stage-coaches—I may almost venture to say, in one of the covered waggons—is far preferable to travelling post in your own carriage in Germany. The roads are certainly at this season uncommonly bad. I think we hardly ever made out more than sixty miles in the twenty-four hours. The first consideration in travelling through Germany is to get a strong, low carriage, and the axle-tree broad, for the worse the road is, the faster the post-boys drive, and if your carriage is not as strong as wood and iron can be put together, you must break down every stage, or be upset if the axle-tree is not broad. Ladies cannot travel through Germany without carrying their own beds, and even then they will find it very uncomfortable.

All through Italy I wished for a *little friend* of mine to be with me, but in Germany I was very, very glad indeed that she was not. We met many fine ladies travelling, but I never remember to have seen any stops on the road, except to change horses.

It appears to me to be the custom in Germany to travel night and day until you finish your journey. A German baron and his daughter were the only persons that we made any acquaintance with. He spoke French, and he asked

us to join them as they were going to have some supper. I found him a very pleasant gentleman-like man, and his daughter a nice girl, about seventeen. I asked him how he managed as to beds, as I found them uncommonly bad. He said that he always had a palliasse, which he put on the bed, and his own sheets. They remained at the inn all night, and we proceeded on our journey.

The princes in Austria travel with a great retinue. We frequently met from fifteen to twenty carriages, and a number of led horses, but I suppose those large parties were returning from what is called a *chasse* in Germany, which is given by a Prince, perhaps to eighty or a hundred ladies and gentlemen for a week or ten days. At these *chasses* nearly a hundred form in a line, and march straight forward over a country, everybody taking a shot at the game as it gets up—hares, partridges, deer, etc. I never saw one, but I am told by Englishmen that it is a stupid amusement.

In Austria particularly the horses are very fine. I really think that I never saw finer horses in England than I have seen in the Emperor's dominions, especially carriage horses. At Vienna the Emperor's stables are well stocked with uncommonly fine horses. They have got a very strong but very active-looking breed of horses in Austria that I never before saw in any country, all greys. The horse that the Emperor rides on great days, I am certain, must be more than eighteen hands high. He is by far the largest horse I ever saw, but appears to have a great deal of action. We went to see the Emperor's Guard mount. They appear to me as if they had been all cast in the same mould—so uniform, all of so equal a height, and so like one another in the countenance that I could have taken them all for brothers,—fine, soldier-like-looking fellows. At Trieste we saw a regiment of Croats, every man of them nearly six feet high, and uncommonly fine-looking men. The women in Austria surprised me more than anything that I saw. If

they had not been in petticoats I should never have taken them for women—such masculine-looking creatures! such legs, arms, and shoulders astonished me! They all wear very short petticoats, which make them appear broader than they really are, which I should think perfectly unnecessary. Jackets and plaited skirts tucked up like a riding habit, and cocking out behind, gives them a most ridiculous appearance. I really did not see a woman, except at Vienna, the whole journey through Austria that had the smallest look of one, except in dress. They all wear red stockings, and not gartered up, quite down about their heels. The countrymen in Austria wear blue coats lined with red, and the brims of their hats are fully the breadth of umbrellas. I never saw so stout a race of people. Both men and women wear boots, and many of the women wear pantaloons, with petticoats over.

The Austrians, I observe, do all their manœuvres in quick time, marching in line, etc., etc. Their favourite manœuvres are forming in close column on the two centres, wheeling in quick time (a favourite manœuvre) in close column, forming two lines, passage of lines by opening out from the centre by wings, the wings obliquing to right and left; changing front by oblique, marching in a sort of echelon. I did not ever see them march in echelon; all manœuvres done very quick. No field colours are used. They never form to points. All the Austrian sergeants carry muskets. The Austrian soldiers' shoes come above the ankle, and are laced before.

Left Cuxhaven November 16th. Arrived at Yarmouth November 19th.

My father's journal here ceases, but I find he was in London before joining my mother at Antonshill, the end of November; she, with her son James, had arrived from Gibraltar the August before.

On the 27th of January 1801 my father was appointed

Brigadier-General in the West Indies, and having orders from the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief, to repair "with all possible despatch" to the Island of Martinico, he left Antonshill on the 2nd of February. My mother, to her great disappointment, did not accompany him, as he dreaded the effect a West India climate might have upon her. I much regret that the numerous letters he wrote to my mother while in the West Indies have not been preserved. By a letter dated "July 2nd, 1801, Medomsley," from her to my grandmother, Mrs Dickson of Antonshill, I find a pleasing proof of the kind estimation in which she and my father were held at Gibraltar, and this induces me to make the following extract from it: "I have had a most friendly letter from General O'Hara, the Governor of Gibraltar, scolding me for not writing to him for letters for Colonel Hunter to General Trigge, and enclosing a most flattering one indeed for me to forward. He inquires most kindly after his godson, and says he hopes I will have a son every year, as I am a proper mother for soldiers. He is sure they will all be *brave men*, and as we have lost so many lately, it is necessary to provide successors."

The only letter I have of my father's while in the West Indies is dated "Grenada, December 15th, 1801." It is to Elizabeth Bell, the "little Lizzy" of former letters. It was written in great spirits, after having received "the joyful news" of the birth of my eldest sister, Jean, on the 11th of October.

Preliminaries of peace with France having by this time been signed, my father had thoughts, it appears, of applying to the Duke of York for leave to return to Europe, and regarding this application he enclosed for my mother's perusal the letter I subjoin from Admiral Duckworth, then commanding in the West Indies.

"*Leviathan*, MARTINIQUE,
November 15th, 1801.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Having set my heart upon paying my

compliments to you when on my southern tour, I felt much mortified that our delay in getting to Surinam rendered it impossible to gratify my feelings in that point, though I still hold it in contemplation, before you secede in the spring, to beat up your quarters. In the meantime, to prevent dear Mrs Hunter from visiting this horrid climate with her family, I shall, *if necessary*, use all my influence with Sir Thomas Trigge to send you to her, though I have reason to believe he has the strongest disposition to meet your wishes if in his power. As the preliminaries of peace were signed in London on the 1st of October, I consider all obstacles to the movement you wish will be removed. However, I will urge the application to the Duke of York by the next packet, and if I can be instrumental *in shipping you pleasantly off*, I will keep it in view, and shall have great pleasure, should it be allowed me, to make the *Leviathan* the vehicle of conveyance. Assure Mrs Hunter of this when you write, and of my sincere regard, believing me to be, with real esteem, your sincere and faithful humble servant,

JOHN T. DUCKWORTH.

"*November 17th.*—In conversing with Sir Thomas Trigge on the subject of your wishes, we both accord that an application to the Duke of York at this moment of peace had better be withheld, as the General is fully inclined to bring you within the arrangement of those officers that may be ordered home at the time you specify.—Adieu, my dear Sir, every good attend you, is the wish of your sincere, humble servant,

JOHN T. DUCKWORTH."

When peace was definitively signed on the 25th of March 1802, and the Island of Martinique restored to France, my father returned to England, and reached Antonshill the following May.

He and my mother spent the summer and autumn of 1802

at Medomsley, the winter at Antonshill, and the spring and summer of 1803 in London.

On the 11th of June he was made Brigadier-General in North America. I shall here copy part of a letter written shortly after by my father to Captain Smith at Harcarse.

It is dated "London, 28 Upper Grosvenor Street, the 18th of July 1803."

"Perhaps you may have seen before this my appointment of Colonel to the New Brunswick Regiment of Fencible Infantry. It is to consist of one thousand men, to be raised in America. Whether it will turn out a good thing or not I cannot say, but I really believe it was given to me as a reward for my services. With respect to pay, clothing, arms, and accoutrements, the regiment is to be on the same footing as the regiments of the Line, so I have reason to hope that the emolument will be considerable and fully equal to any old regiment. I am only afraid we shall find some difficulty in raising the men. I have now every reason to be perfectly satisfied with the Duke's attention to me; as I am so low down in the list of Colonels, I think he could not have done more at present. I propose going out to Halifax in the packet that will sail about the first week in August, and Mrs Hunter will follow in the spring. From all the accounts we have had of New Brunswick, it must be a fine country; provisions very cheap, and no taxes.

"Nothing else is talked of here but the Invasion. I hear from very good authority that the French have dismantled their fleet at Brest, and all the sailors have been marched from thence to man the gunboats, and flat-bottomed boats to carry the troops to invade us. I do most heartily wish them to try it, and *that immediately*, that I may have a chance of seeing a little service on British ground before I go. Indeed, I am fully convinced, and have long said it, that the French never will be quiet until they get a proper dressing in this island."

My mother adds to this letter: "It was a great sacrifice on Colonel Hunter's part and mine not to bring our dear little man to London. We took this very airy house quite with the idea of his coming to us. It is almost in the Park, and close to a dairy. It really is a charming situation. We can see the deer grazing from the windows. It is very well James is not with us. It really would make his father too fond of home, and I can hardly prevail on him to go out to dinner or to any party as it is. I fear his old friends and messmates fancy I keep him in order, and will not allow him to go out as much as formerly; it is so uncommon for a man to live quietly at home with his wife in London."

My father sailed from Falmouth in the packet for Halifax on the 10th of September. My mother's accompanying him was quite out of the question, as she was then so near her confinement—in fact, my brother, Matthew Dysert, was born on the 11th of September 1803, in Upper Grosvenor Street, the very day after my father sailed. As soon as it was considered safe for her to travel, and the child had been vaccinated, she returned to Antons Hill, and spent the winter there. Having secured a passage on board the ship *Brothers*, which was expected to sail for America the middle of April, my mother left Antons Hill on the 5th of March 1804. She took with her my brother James, a boy of about four years of age, and his nurse "Katie," leaving her little girl Jean and my brother Matthew, then an infant, under the care of their grandmother at Antons Hill. My grandfather went with her to London. There she had much to do in preparations for her voyage, and in purchasing furniture for their house at Frederickton, besides numerous other stores and articles which could not then be had in New Brunswick, from the infant state of the colony. After this she went to Hampton to visit her friends, Captain and Mrs Gray, and it was arranged that Miss Englefield should join her here, which she did on the 19th of April, and they then set out for Portsmouth.

Miss Englefield was going out to America under her

charge, her father being Commissioner at Halifax. The continuance of contrary winds detained the *Brothers* and other ships that were to come round from the river, though their convoy, the *Eurydice* (Commodore Captain Nicholas), had been waiting for them for ten days at Portsmouth. This being the case, my mother, after being for some days at the George Hotel, went into lodgings, though kindly invited to take up her residence at Sir Charles and Lady Saxton's. He was Commissioner at Portsmouth.

On the 2nd of May, Dr Weir writes to my grandmother that the *Brothers* (Captain Barr) had arrived at Portsmouth, adding that, "though he has not hitherto been the most accommodating, still I think Mrs Hunter's conciliatory manners will soften him, so as to make her situation very comfortable." My father's nephew, George Jobling, who was to have an ensigncy in the New Brunswick Fencibles, and *Betty*, the famous North of England cook, came round by sea on board the *Brothers*, so all the party was now assembled at Portsmouth.

A letter to my grandfather, dated "May 7th, Sunday morning, 9 o'clock," from my mother, says:—

"The signal is made, the wind fair, all is bustle, hurry, and confusion, as you may well suppose when so great a fleet is in the act of getting under way. I hope and trust it will continue east for some time. We have quite a voyage to our ship, as she lies at the Isle of Wight. It is the favourite pleasure trip from Portsmouth. We have less wind than in the morning. I fear it may be coming round to the westward.

"If we do not sail to-day, I shall write again to-morrow, and from Falmouth I shall have another opportunity. There we are to pick up twenty-five sail, and, I fear, may be detained.

"James is in perfect health and spirits. Here are the porters to carry our baggage to the dockyard, from whence we embark in Sir Charles Saxton's yacht. I dined there

yesterday with Admirals Halloway and Coffin, and met our Commodore Nicholas. We have agreed upon hoisting private signals that he may always know us, and take care of us, as it seems the *Brothers* is no swift goer. Only think, a poor lady and six children missed their passage in the last West India Fleet! and yesterday a lady arrived for the India Fleet after they were past the Needles, embarked immediately in a large boat to try and overtake them. I am anxious to hear if she succeeded."

The two last letters I have from my mother written before leaving England are to Elizabeth Bell. From these I give some extracts :—

"RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT,
"May 8th.

"I received your letter yesterday, just before coming on board. No sooner were we on board than the wind became foul.

"To-day being fine, I brought George and James on shore, by way of having a walk in this charming island. I am quite resigned to those tantalising delays, and mean to submit patiently *to what I cannot help*. To-morrow we are to go on shore early, take a chaise, and go to see Cowes and Newport, so you may expect that I will write you a history of my tour through the island."

"NEAR THE NEEDLES POINT,
"Tuesday, May 15th, 1804.

"We have got a pilot on board, and are now trying to move with the tide and join the frigate. By the pilot I shall send this letter back to Yarmouth, so when you receive it you will know we are safe the second time through the Needles. I hope not to return again to-morrow morning. I shall be fit to be a pilot through these Straits myself soon if we sail backward and forward much oftener in this manner.

"I am become quite patient and resigned to all this tedious work, and shall think myself in high luck if we reach



LADY HUNTER
(of Anton's Hill).

America before the winter sets in. We are all well, just going to dinner, which obliges me to conclude.

"We spend our time very regularly—walk before breakfast until our cabin is done up, then come down to breakfast; after that, Miss Englefield takes her netting; I hear James repeat his hymns and say his lessons; hear George read and practise his geography. After that, I sometimes work, sometimes read aloud to Miss Englefield, or write a little.

"At three we dine, go on deck at five, walk until seven, when we are summoned to tea. As soon as tea is over, the gentlemen wish us good-night, our cots are hung, James put to bed, who sleeps with me, and we generally are all in bed before ten. Our maids and the cook have little cabins with doors which open into the cabin where our cots hang, so are near when we like to call them for anything. George and all the other passengers sleep in the steerage. Such a place you never saw! I went to see George put to bed when he was bruised, and really thought I should have been suffocated, besides having my back broken, I had to stoop so much."

My mother kept a sort of journal during her voyage when not too sick to write, which, incomplete as it is, I shall now copy. It will be seen it begins on the 23rd of April, three weeks before she sailed.

"PORTSMOUTH, April 23rd.

"Tired of the expense, noise, and confusion of an inn, I this day have come into a lodging in St Thomas's Street, kept by Mrs Young, a most talkative countrywoman of my own, to pay half a guinea a week for each apartment, and a shilling a day for each fire. Captain Ekins has the remainder of her house. 'I hope, Mrs Young, your Captain is a quiet man, and keeps good hours?' 'I tell you what, ma'am, I never keeps no bad folks in my house. The Captain is a gentleman—a gentleman, I say! Would you

like to know him?' 'Oh, no, no! I don't doubt he is the quietest man possible.' It is no joke to begin to converse with my hostess, as there is no knowing when one may get her dismissed.

"*Friday evening, April 26th.*—Day after day has passed with dull sameness, and contrary winds. No tidings of the *Brothers*.

To-day I had letters from Colonel Hunter by the *Rosina* down to 18th of February, in which he advises me to take my passage on board her. How I wish it were in my power! Here we are in a scrape, and must call our utmost patience to our aid until wind and weather work us out of it.

I dined at Sir Charles Saxton's. James and 'Katie' walked as far as the dockyard with me. Sir Charles is one of Job's comforters. He says we shall not sail before the 26th of May. Oh, sad! sad! They *would* send me home in their coach. I hate to give so much trouble!"

"ON BOARD SHIP *Brothers*,
YARMOUTH ROADS, May 14th.

"A week past this day since we sailed from Ryde! Cruel, foul winds, and we even have the mortification to lose the ground we gain, as on Friday we were beyond the Needles, and compelled to return here, all sick and miserable, and nothing gained—yet no situation is bad which might not have been worse. Our being introduced to the Commodore has proved a real advantage. He has added greatly to our pleasure and comfort here. Every day he has taken us on shore to explore the beauties of the vicinity of Yarmouth, to walk in fine gardens, and then brought us on board loaded with charming flowers—a great comfort, you may suppose, in an ill-aired cabin.

Yesterday we dined with him after having spent the morning at a charming place called Norton Lodge, two miles from Yarmouth. We landed close to the gate, which led us by a little winding gravel walk to the door of the

cottage through a grove of fine forest trees clothed with ivy, and with honeysuckle in blossom. Found all the doors open, and walked all over the neatest and most commodious little cottage you ever saw—two rooms on a floor. One of them has a pleasant bay window; from the room above that, with the bay, the window is a door, and we walked out on the leads of the bay, and seated ourselves on chairs we found there, while the little midshipman went in quest of the gardener's wife, who showed the place, which is to let. The view from the leads is indeed delightful,—the opposite coast, New Forest, Lymington, surrounded with fine seats as far as Spithead; Potsdown Hill on one side, the other bounded by the Needles, and the foreground the Roads, where, besides our fleet, lay four men-of-war.

"Where we sat was like a bird's nest in the heart of a thick tree, so finely is the bank wooded. When the woman arrived, we proceeded to examine all the beauties of this sweet spot; extensive gravel walks through the woods overhanging the sea, charming shrubberies, gardens, etc. The boat's crew came on shore and loaded their boat with grass for the goats, and decorated themselves with all the cowslips and gay flowers of the meadows. I was quite astonished with such bunches, wreaths, and garlands when we returned to the boat. We came loaded with all the fine flowers of the garden, and a sailor carrying asparagus, cabbages, salads, etc. We then proceeded to the *Eurydice*, where we spent the remainder of the day very pleasantly, and had a charming row back to our ship in the evening, which was very fine with a bright half moon, and a brilliant star sparkling by its side. What is it called, Lizzy?

"We made our cabin very gay with all our fine flowers. Our little friend the midshipman has just come to know our commands, and has brought cracknels, cakes peculiar to the Isle of Wight, and a bottle of new milk for James.

"We have declined walking on shore for to-day, as it

looks like rain. Major F——, Captain Geran, and Mr Stytar the merchant, have gone on shore to shoot rabbits. The Captain in his shooting dress puts me so in mind of our friend 'Justi,' he quite amuses me. He has all the morning been preparing for his expedition, and now, quite accoutred, is a famous figure in a pale Hessian jacket, the cut of the last century, turned up with green, green waist-coat, pale blue small-clothes, and a pair of boots such a size that I should think the Captain, if necessary, might almost make his retreat into *one* of them.

"Our Major is an uncommonly good-tempered Irish blood of 1804, and the merchant affects the man of great consequence, does not carry a gun, though I think he draws a long bow sometimes, and holds our two sportsmen extremely cheap.

"Miss Englefield is quite recovered. Her maid Maria, a nice little girl and dear friend of James's, and my two old steady damsels are very well. George is become quite a sailor, rather too forward to clamber everywhere, and alarmed me sadly the other day. In assisting to heave the anchor, he, hand-spoke and all, tumbled down the fore hatchway. I did not know of the accident for some time. He was much bruised, but no bone broken. I sent him on board the Commodore's ship to have the surgeon's advice. He is now nearly quite well, and I hope it will be a caution in time to come. Captain Barr is very attentive to us, and endeavours to make us as comfortable as our small space will admit of. I think I have introduced you to all our acquaintances on board except Johnston, a very handsome man of colour, who occasionally acts in the various capacities of carpenter, cook, steward, etc., etc.—a famous servant. The master dines with us, a decent seaman, more than sixty years of age. James says I must introduce Muffy to Lizzie, a little good-natured ugly dog, a kind of mongrel lap-dog he pulls about at a sad rate. Besides him, there is a cat we feed, a pointer of the Major's, and a

wire-haired terrier of Captain Barr's. He has also three noisy canaries hung in his cabin, which are not forgotten, as we bring them groundsel every day from on shore.

"*Tuesday, May 15th.*—Our party were not permitted to shoot yesterday, and returned early, but set out to make another attempt after dinner, and the Captain in command. They had not attended to a gun fired before they went on shore, and were hardly there when the signal was made, and the frigate underway. Then we were all bustle and confusion.

"The Captain came off (Geran), and the merchant with him, and left the Major, who followed in a hired boat. We all got underway, drifted the contrary way by the tide, and by eight o'clock came to anchor nearly where we heaved it. Only the Commodore got outside the Needles. The rest of the fleet beat about, and then came to anchor where and how they best could. We are now trying to join the frigate by tiding it through the Needles. Hardly a breath of air, and what there is quite foul! I hope we shall not run on shore.

"*June 2nd.*—I made you a rash promise, Lizzy, to write a journal, I did not consider how I might be prevented; but at sea, you know, it is always understood, wind and weather serving; and neither has served us in any sense of the word since we left Falmouth on the 19th of May. It has blown continual gales, and all the wrong way too. Here we are still beating about, and only in the latitude of Scilly. The first eight days we were never out of bed, except, perhaps, for a few minutes in the evening, wrapped in dressing-gowns, or what we could get, to try and have our beds made. I never was so sick in my life. Neither James nor George in the least ill, and James persists in liking being at sea better than on shore. On Friday, the 26th of May, it blew quite a gale, the sea washing over our decks, and running down upon them in the front cabin while they sat at table. I really thought we were going to the bottom. Every piece of canvas rent in a thousand tatters—James still crawling

about calling out, 'Fine fun!—fine fun!' The motion of the ship so great, that no one pretended to walk—not even the captain—all hands crept about on all fours, and the motion was so quick that sometimes they were rolled from one side of the cabin to the other with the utmost precipitation. Really, though very sick, I could not help laughing at Katie, with a face of dismay, tumbling about like a great sack."

I think it was during this storm that my mother was awoke in the middle of the night by Katie standing by her cot, completely dressed, and with her bonnet and cloak on. Alarmed by this sight, and fearing her head was gone, my mother exclaimed, "What on earth do you mean, Katie, by being dressed so?" "Mean, mem," replied Katie, all in tears, in a reproachful tone—"Mean, mem! Wad ye hae me till be drooned nakit?"

To resume the journal—

"Major F——'s pointer was washed off the deck—alas! poor Ponti, and James's pet went to look for him yesterday, the Major says. I am to-day pretty well, and have heard George and James their lessons. They are now with Maria making little ships on the floor; Betty at work, and Katie darning stockings beside them; Miss Englefield netting in one corner of the couch, and I writing in the other, with the paper on my knees, and ink in my hand.

"*June 20th.*—Ever since I last wrote it has been blowing gales all the wrong way, cold and wet weather. When the wind was at all moderate, we had thick fogs, could not see the ship's head from the stern, kept blowing horns, and making noises to prevent any other ship running foul of us, and all night carrying lights for the same purpose. On the 16th it was a fine clear day, though blowing hard, so we got on deck for a little fresh air. We had not sat long until one roll of the ship brought such a sea on deck as wet Miss Englefield and me to the skin. I never was so astonished. I daresay we had more than equal to a dozen

buckets of water over us. The force threw Miss Englefield quite back off her seat. I got the weight of water on my head, a complete shower-bath which made me sob again.

"On the 17th no one could walk on deck, it blew so much fresher, with a tremendous sea that kept the deck constantly deluged. The 18th was yet worse; no one could walk without tumbling terribly. We had determined not to get out of bed, when I heard so much wonder expressed in the next cabin as began to excite my curiosity. I was thinking whether to try to get out of bed or not when the Captain came in, and determined me to make the attempt. 'For good sake, Mrs Hunter, do get up, and look at the clouds! I never seed the like of them all the many years I have been at sea.' 'Nor I either,' said the steward, 'but once in the West Indies, and that was just before a hurricane.' 'You never seed no such thing, you dog!' said the Captain, 'for didn't A tell you A never seed the like in all my life.' Johnston was too wise to dispute with the Captain, so walked out, and I put on some clothes as quickly as I could, and by the assistance of Captain Barr and a sailor, got with some difficulty to the top of the ladder. I certainly never beheld anything so extraordinary; all to the north were clouds of the brightest copper colour, and everywhere else as black as ink—visible darkness.

"The sea looked quite black, going mountains high. The few ships we saw appeared one moment going down head first, and next as high as the clouds, with a foaming sea washing over their decks, as well as ours. I stood there until the copper colour was covered with dark clouds, and being quite wet, went below, where I found James, as happy as a king, rolling from one side of the cabin to the other with Maria. 'Well, mamma, what do you *sink* of it? Do you *sink* we shall go to the bottom?' 'I hope not, James. I should prefer having some breakfast, if I could get it.' But who could go to boil the chocolate? The cabin-boy was at last prevailed on to crawl to the caboosh.

"Miss Englefield got up, and we breakfasted. Soon after this another wonder was in question, and we again crawled up the stairs. The sky was all around completely black, except just above, where there was a little light, and here presently appeared the sun, of a beautiful clear lilac colour, surrounded by a white circle. This striking appearance continued for three-quarters of an hour, when the sun became obscured by clouds, and was seen no more that day. The weather was boisterous, and continued so all the next day, but not more so than it had been before, and the wind remained in the same quarter—west. To-day, for the first time for thirty-two days, we have a fair wind. We are all in high spirits, and just going to eat a hearty dinner. We had none yesterday, but bread and cheese. Nothing could be cooked. 'And a very good dinner too,' you will say, Lizzy; indeed it is, though the biscuits are somewhat hard. I have no reason to complain, having strong enough teeth to eat them.

"*June 21st.*—Our fair wind has not yet deserted us. We go five knots an hour. The fleet much reduced. We sailed from Falmouth forty sails, to-day we muster only sixteen, but this is not to be wondered at, for such stormy weather is seldom, if ever, met with at this season, and it is almost impossible to keep a convoy together in these fogs. To-night we part from the convoy, and if the wind keeps fair, may get into soundings on Sunday. I feel sorry to quit our kind protector. He has kept near us all the way, frequently spoken to us with the trumpet, and twice sent his boat with new-baked bread, sweetmeats, cake, etc., etc., and a variety of little good things for James.

"*June 22nd, 12 o'clock.*—Not one of the convoy in sight this morning. It is a very fine day, and we are going to enjoy it on deck. The wind not fair.

"*Saturday, June 23rd.*—Yesterday was a charming day.

We spent it, except when at dinner, on deck. To-day is very fine too. The Portuguese men-of-war in great numbers round the ship. They greatly amuse James. According to the American journalist, a lady lay in this morning, namely, the Captain's sow. She had nine pigs, all alive. We have been to visit the young family.

"*Sunday, June 24th.*—Had a grand alarm this morning—a very large ship bearing directly towards us. Every one set her down French, and we were all to be taken. She is now alongside, and speaking us—proves to be the *Amiable*, from New York, bound to London—a very *amiable* discovery. How ready are folks to prophesy evil! What a busy man James has been about this strange sail! I do lament that we never send a boat on board any of the ships we meet, for I should have had five or six opportunities of writing to you by homeward-bound vessels.

"No soundings! The American says he has left the Bank a week; in that case we are out in our reckoning, and farther off than we had flattered ourselves. This I don't wonder at, for we have no great navigators here, and our Captain is careless. We seem to go much by guess-work, but I trust Providence will guide us safely at last.

"*Monday, June 25th.*—A killing hot day—becalmed with gloomy weather—all in the 'blues'—have just been called on deck to see a nautilus in a bucket. They are caught alongside. It is a wonderful creature. We have them by thousands around the ship. 'Living ships,' James calls them, from their vulgar name of 'Portuguese men-of-war.'

"*Tuesday, June 26th.*—Awoke by another alarm—a privateer bearing right down on us. We were kept in a proper fuss for some time. When she came close to us, and hoisted her colours (American), from Bourdeaux, out twenty-four days, bound to New York. The First Consul proclaimed Emperor. The *Flotilla* quite ready for the

invasion, though no attempt had been made when the ship came away towards that grand event, nor I hope ever will, to disturb your comfort at home. A thick fog to-day, and very little wind. I am just going to teach my two boys.

"Since the 26th my journal has been neglected. It is now Sunday, July 1st. Alas! a foul wind—blowing hard, and has blown a gale all night. Miss Englefield confined to bed with a bad headache. Grampuses sporting about, a symptom of wind.

"*Monday, July 2nd.*—Still a foul wind—cold but clear weather—a great swell on the sea. Nine sail in view; all anxious to know what they are.

"*Tuesday, July 3rd.*—Wind still foul. A brig—an American—spoke us this morning, from the W. Isles to Boston; had foul winds as well as ourselves. Our Captain in a great fright, as he dreamt last night that we were taken. God forbid! but I am thankful to say I am not so superstitious as he is, and trust that God will still mercifully protect us as He has hitherto done through all our perils. We did not sound on the Bank; it blew too hard to bring the ship to.

"*Friday, July 7th.*—Beating about in foul winds—thick, foggy weather—close and hot to a degree. Last night all hands were trying to catch dolphins, by which we were quite surrounded. They are beautiful creatures in the water, with all the bright colours you see in a peacock's tail.

"It rains hard to-day. A little while ago we were called on deck to look at a water-spout. It was fully two miles off, but I never saw one so near.

"We have had grampuses by dozens frolicking close under the ship's bows. You never saw such great, awkward things, some larger than bullocks, tumbling and spouting water.

"We had a whale near us yesterday of a very great size, the spouting of which disturbed the water so much as

to make us roll and tumble till we had left him a long way.

"July 13th.—After various false alarms, and many a 'Cape Flyaway' in view, this morning at three o'clock Johnston arrived with the glad tidings of *land*. Every one got up. We were close in-shore, from which we were moving off to keep clear of the breakers. We saw the coast distinctly from the cabin windows, the cottages shining brightly. It appears a well-cultivated country, beautifully wooded and watered. We are twenty miles to the north of Cape Table. The wind is not fair, but by tacking we may hope to double the Cape to-morrow and get into the Bay."

My mother's journal having here come to a close, I now make extracts from letters of hers and my father's, written while in America.

"ST JOHN'S, NEW BRUNSWICK,

"July 20th, 1804.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—We arrived here on Tuesday, the 17th, after a most tedious voyage of eleven weeks from Portsmouth, and are all the happiest creatures in the world once more on *terra firma*.

"As soon as the signal was up for our being in view, the Colonel (the General, I should call him, for a prodigious great man he is here, I assure you) was off in his barge to meet us, came on board, and we did not anchor for four hours after that, having both wind and tide against us. Most completely sick he was, which astonished us, who had long got over our qualms. I never saw him looking better, nor indeed ever so well, I think. This is a delightful place; everybody looks stout and hale and contented. We have had the whole town to visit us; the ladies came by the dozen yesterday. Miss Englefield leaves us in the packet on Saturday. The Commissioner is waiting at

Annapolis for her. We have letters from him to-day, and a large basket of pine-apples, a great treat, but indeed I never saw so many good things in my life as since I have been here. I have much ado to make James resist the strawberries and cream, etc., etc.

“Colonel Hunter has taken a very good house and garden at Frederickton. Our luggage is now getting put on board a schooner to go there, and I believe we start in a few days. We are to go in the barge, a very fine boat allowed to the commanding officer. We row all the way, and come on shore to our meals and to sleep. The inns on our excursion up the river where we are to sleep, I am told, are very clean and good. I see I have omitted to tell you that the first land we made was on July 13th, at three in the morning, near to Shelbourne and Port Roseway, and kept beating about three days before doubling Cape Table. We just saw the Seal Islands on entering the Bay. After that we went entirely by the lead, sounding every two or three hours, the fog being very thick and rain falling fast. Tuesday morning it cleared away, and we were charmed with the view of the fir-clad mountains, rapid streams, and this town and harbour, with a pretty little island in the midst of it, as if on purpose for the signal-post which is placed there. Tell Lizzy she shall have a long letter from me after we arrive at Frederickton.”

During the previous winter my father had not been idle, but with his characteristic energy had entirely devoted himself to raising the New Brunswick Fencibles. Some account of his proceedings will be seen as given by himself in a letter to Captain Smith, late of the Scotch Greys, who had married my mother's aunt.

“I have had a busy time of it all the winter, determined to leave no stone unturned to recruit my regiment, and our success has been much greater than I had any reason to

expect. It was a very fortunate step that I took in sending parties to Quebec. Knowing that none of the officers of the Canadian Regiment had left England, I ordered my Major to proceed to Quebec by the way of New York. As the river St Lawrence freezes early in the winter, this was the only route he could take. He arrived a little before Christmas, and reported that he had a prospect of getting men. I then ordered two captains and two lieutenants from this to join him, which is a very great undertaking, being a march of nearly five hundred miles on snow-shoes through the woods. Their guides were Indians, and their baggage was drawn by large Newfoundland dogs. The great risk they ran was that they might be frozen to death. In fact, about half-way they found a man that Major White had sent express to me here, dead, being frozen to death. However, they all arrived safe, and we have now at Quebec nearly 150 very fine fellows. Our returns are now upwards of 250. This province is quite in an infant state, but very flourishing for the time it has been settled."

In another letter of my father's to Captain Smith announcing my mother's arrival, dated "St John's, July 21st," he begins by saying: "I am well convinced that at this instant I am the happiest man on earth," and then describes their tedious and stormy voyage, adding: "Poor souls! they have had a sad time of it! However, they now only laugh at all their misfortunes, and are as happy as it is possible to be."

He then continues: "The New Brunswick Regiment is now upwards of 300 strong. Our success in recruiting has far exceeded my expectations, and I think in the course of next winter we may expect to complete them to 500. The regiment is in most excellent barracks at Fredericton, about eighty miles from this up the river St John's. We leave this to-morrow for Fredericton, where I have hired

a house. I intend keeping nearly all the officers out recruiting until we have completed the regiment, and shall work hard myself at the drill to make those men we have got fit for service. The country about Fredericton is most beautiful, provisions cheap, and a good climate."

"FREDERICTON, *August 7th, 1804.*

"MY DEAR LIZZY,—We arrived here ten days ago after a most delightful expedition up the river. Any account of our voyage is quite beyond my descriptive powers. I never had the least idea that there was such grand and truly beautiful scenery in any part of the world as I have seen since we left St John's.

"How astonished would any settler here be to know that folks in Great Britain dignify such a stream as the Tweed by the name of river! I have by no means got accustomed to the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, and even now can turn round and look with wonder from my window at the view, which, to be sure, is magnificent—the river both up and down, the rich valley, and its snug little cottages, terminated by the distant pine-clad mountains. This is called a town, but in fact a much prettier thing—a village, scattered on a delightful common of the richest sheep pasture I ever saw, and flocks grazing close up to our door. There are altogether about a hundred and twenty houses, some very pretty, all comfortable-looking, and almost every one has a garden. The barracks are very handsome, a neat church, and a building called the Province Hall.

"We inhabit a very pretty cottage, a fine sloping lawn from the door to the river. Behind we have an excellent garden, stables, cow-house, hen-houses, etc. I have been very busy since our arrival unpacking and getting our furniture put up, and from that have not had much time, as every forenoon I have a levée, all the ladies, not only of

the town, but neighbourhood, coming to see me; and although there are not many families, I have had numerous visitors, as ten or twelve grown-up daughters in one family is no unusual circumstance in this province, and every house seems to turn out six or eight. To be sure, food is cheap, but how they get raiment for them all I cannot guess, for all I have yet seen are remarkably fine, gaily attired, fond of fashions and finery.

"I have not said a word about our voyage. Though I cannot describe the beauties I have seen, I may tell you how long we were on the river, where we slept, dined, etc., etc., but that, I find, must be the subject of another letter, as the post-boat sets out immediately. I have only time to assure you we are in perfect health, and that if I had my bairns and you all with me, I should feel very well satisfied with the idea of spending the remainder of my life here. As it is, we have powerful attractions to draw us again across the Atlantic, but I sincerely hope they will let us remain quietly here until the war is over."

"FREDERICTON, August 8th, 1804.

"I despatched a letter to you this morning, my dear Lizzy, in which I promised you an account of our expedition from St John's. In case I forget the promised sequel when the next opportunity to 'the city' offers, I shall begin to-day. Whether it was the 26th or 27th of July that we left St John's is immaterial. It is of equally little consequence what day of the week, but I recollect it was on Wednesday, at ten in the morning.

"The walk from St John's to the Indian House is rather more than a mile, but the road winds so beautifully, with so many fine peeps of the river and falls, that you fancy the distance not half so much. However, the day being hot, they would not let me walk, but mounted me on a horse of Mr Leonard's. He rode with me, while the General

and a large escort from St John's walked. James now and then mounted on Katie or Betty's back. At the Indian House we found the barge, which had crossed the falls early, when the tide answered. Here we all embarked, a most happy party, had both wind and tide in our favour, and got very rapidly to a fine bay called the Boar's Head, which is extremely beautiful. The Kennibecasis empties itself here into the St John's and one or two smaller rivers. The Kennibecasis is navigable for vessels of considerable burden for more than twenty miles. We passed many little well-cultivated spots on the river, and some with merely the wood burnt and not yet fallen down, some just begun to be cleared; perhaps the settler has not even food for a cow. General Coffin, brother to the Admiral of that name, has the largest space cleared that we saw on our first day's expedition. The situation is beautiful, and the ground very rich. He and all his family were making hay as we passed, of which he seemed to have a most plentiful crop. He is a fisherman as well as farmer, and has houses erected for smoking salmon, of which he catches vast quantities. A little after four o'clock we arrived at Sealy, about thirty-five miles from St John's, where we landed to stay all night. We had a basket of cold meat, which indeed was not necessary here, where we found everything excellent, and met with a most hospitable reception from the landlord, an old soldier. You can form no idea of this little queer spot. I should think he has six or seven acres cleared, on which he has Indian corn, wheat, barley, peas, beans, a rich meadow of hay, potatoes, a garden very neatly and well stocked with vegetables, and three cows which range in the woods, with a bell at the neck of the one that guides the others home. The cottage as neat as possible, and very comfortable beds for the whole of us. The soldiers slept in the barge, and cooked their supper on a blazing wood fire made at the water-side. We went to bed with daylight, after

a most hearty supper of strawberries, raspberries, and cream. We rose at daylight, and had rowed many miles before the sun got up. He rose very clear and fine, yet shortly after a thick fog came on, and not having a compass, we got into what is very properly called Mistake Cove. Lyons, where we breakfasted, is a nasty enough place, and as we were very hungry, we waited with less patience until the woman of the house baked us cakes in the ashes for our breakfast. Here we saw the finest crop of flax I ever beheld, all in bloom. From this we went to Watson's on Long Island. This island is quite flat, the soil wonderfully rich, produces astonishing crops, and is manured by the river, which overflows it every spring. Except the people in the house we were at, the other inhabitants take their departure every freshet, and return when the flood subsides. All the islands of this river are rich and beautiful, Long Island the largest. Everywhere white clover abounds, and is the first plant that rises after the wood is cleared away, before the soil is turned up. It was in full bloom at this time, and that, and the bean blossom, quite perfumed the air. From Watson's we had a delightful row to Pottars. The situation of Pottars is very fine. The house the largest on the river, but far from the most comfortable. Here we had tea, and went to bed. On Friday morning we started before the dawn of day, got to young Tilly's to breakfast, and after breakfast the General, James, and I walked to visit Vernon, an old soldier that lives in the next cottage. He was delighted to see us, and had colours flying in honour of our visit.

"Hereabouts the farms get more extensive, one or two together, with a good many sheep, cattle, and horses bred on them. The people look well fed, well clothed, comfortably lodged, and contented; indeed, after you pass Long Island, all the way to Fredericton the banks of the river become more thickly inhabited, and more extensively cleared. The soil is infinitely better than it is lower down

the river. The next place we came to Holly's, seven miles from this, where we dined, and arrived here about six in the evening. Major Hailes, the Brigade-Major for the Province, pressed us hard to take up our residence at his house until our furniture arrived, but we preferred coming into our own house, where we had shake-downs on the floor, and had time to plan and arrange before our things arrived. Now, my dear Lizzy, I have performed my promise of sending you an account of our expedition—a blundering enough one, I fear you will say. You must excuse it, I have been such thousands of times interrupted, besides having a great deal of business in my family. George goes to school to-morrow to begin French, so that I shall have a couple of hours more to myself, which I devoted to him every day. He is really a fine boy, and I am very vain of his improvement. James is in high health, a good deal grown since we left England, and he has not lost his good memory. He talks of every one he knows in Berwickshire, and is seeing cats like grandmamma's and dogs like Mutton every day, and often thinks he sees Nettle go by. The climate at present is delightful, not hotter than in England at this season."

The next letter I have of my mother's is dated "August 22nd," and is to her young relation, the beautiful Mary Brydone, afterwards the Countess of Minto. To avoid repetitions, I only make a few extracts from it, having given much of what it contains in previous letters:—

"MY DEAR MARY,—I meant to have written to you before I left St John's, but literally had not time. Lizzy, I trust, delivered you my fine-lady-like excuses that I was so much occupied with visiting and being visited I had not time to write.

"I never saw a place swarm with women and children as

St John's does. The ladies don't look very like ladies of the present day in England, with very fine-dressed heads of a morning, pink and lilac high-heeled, small-toed shoes, walking over the rugged, rocky paths. This strikes one as very odd, but I daresay in a year or two, should you come out here, you would just think me as droll a figure as they at present appear to me. We shall certainly grow quite wild ; so complete a solitude it is hardly possible to form an idea of, so detached is it from any seaport, being eighty-five miles from St John's, which is dignified with the name of 'the city,'—such a city as Coldstream in size and appearance. Nothing can be more beautiful than the situation of this place. I never thought it possible that we should have a much prettier place than Lennel to live at, and a much finer river than the Tweed to wind past our door.

"I believe this is 250 miles from Quebec. The journey, or rather voyage—for the greater part you must go by water—is not very pleasant, as higher up the river and up the rapids they can only go in birch canoes, which they guide with a long pole. We have just been seeing one of our captains and his recruiting party set out in three canoes for Canada. He will be eight days in getting to Quebec. Tell Williamina I will send her some bonnie boxes made by the Indians. Your admirer, James, continues very constant. We often talk of Mary Brydone, and he knows your profile among a dozen of others. Your screen I have now on my chimney-piece, and always sport it when I expect ladies to visit me. General H. never saw anything so prettily cut out."

"FREDERICTON, *October 2nd.*

"I suppose in a short time we shall be shut up for the winter. All the people here say winter is the pleasantest season. I have no idea I shall think it so, for I hate cold weather, you know. However, the intense cold has taught

the people here to keep their houses much more comfortable than you do in England. By stoves we keep the whole house in the coldest weather in an equal, comfortable heat. We have no cold passage or chill corner, and burn in our rooms cheerful wood fires. The climate at present is delightful, cool mornings and evenings, clear, pleasant weather and bright sunshine.

"James is very well, out shooting ortolons with his papa. They are a bird of passage. At present we have them in flocks that darken the air. They are esteemed a great delicacy, and I do think them a rich little bird. The wild ducks, which we have in great abundance at present, are excellent—one as large as the largest roan duck, another very small, called the wood-duck. They taste as different as the spruce and birch partridge. The latter is very juicy and white as chicken, the former dry and dark-coloured like ours."

"FREDERICTON, *November 1st.*

"Our gay season does not commence until after Christmas, when the river gets quite frozen over, and then everybody is flying about in sleighs in the morning, and going to gregorys and dances in the evening. I have been at one or two gregorys—stupid card-parties, where you are crammed with tea, coffee, cakes, and then in an hour or two cold turkey, ham, and profusion of tarts, pies, and sweetmeats; punch, wine, porter, liqueurs, and all sorts of drink; so you see these parties are no joke. Besides, in this cold country, people eat so unmercifully. Next week, the General says, I must begin, but it must be the end of the week, I think, for it will take Betty two or three days to make all the cakes, jellies, and pastry. I wish you saw the figures we ladies sally forth to these parties, with over-shoes, great-coats, and immense hoods stuffed three inches thick with eider-down, out of which not even a nose is allowed to

peep. They are really snug things, and have a deep neck; stuffed too, just like the old-fashioned calash. The people here of all ranks speak good English, except a few who have the Yankee tone and twang, which is a horrid, whining way of talking. Tell my mother she is very good to think of sending us anything we may want here, but we have no wants; all the necessaries, and even many of what are termed luxuries of life, are cheap and abundant, and our good king gives us a comfortable house to live in, as much wood as we can burn, bread, and salt pork, besides twenty pounds of fresh pork and thirty-five pounds of beef in the week. We have beef all the winter. We have also teas, rice, salt, butter, and candles. Every part of the rations is excellent, except the butter, which is so bad we never have been able to make use of it, and it sells for a very trifle, as this province is famous for good butter. You will wonder what is high-priced. Every article of clothing is six times the price it is in England, and everything imported from England. Good wine is the same price as it is there, without the duty. Servants' wages are very high; you cannot get a lassie like Susan under £12 a year, and tea, sugar, and rum allowed, which will cost £6 more.

"A day labourer has 4s. 6d. a day, victuals, and half a pint of rum, is extremely idle, and sits over his meat luncheon and grog two hours, and nearly takes as long to breakfast and dinner. I hate the sight of a carpenter or any workman about the house, for you never see them employed in any way but stuffing themselves. When a man builds a house he has to feed all the workmen in this way. Colonel Allen has been building this summer. Mrs Allen told me they ate a sheep, pig, or calf every day, besides broths and puddings, and I cannot tell the numbers of gallons of milk for breakfast and supper, or the quantities of rum for grog. The expense of every article imported and servants make living in this country more expensive than a stranger at first has any idea is possible."

"FREDERICTON, December 2nd.

"MY DEAR LIZZY,—Our winter is now fairly set in, and you will wonder when I tell you I think it a most delightful season. In the house I have never felt cold, and so well do we guard against it when we go out, I do not think I have even felt cool above once or twice. The snow lies very deep, the river is frozen over, and people pass and repass, but sleighs cannot yet go far up or down, as there are many springs which are not yet safe to pass. It is a very pleasant and most expeditious mode of travelling, and quite safe, for you are so low, if you do upset, you cannot be hurt. The roads are lined out by fir-trees, and double. You go all one way and come another, so you have no trouble in passing carriages. The avenues of spruce-trees look very handsome upon the white ground. James is charmed with the sleighing. He says, 'Mamma, it is like going before the wind, so smooth, and I daresay, mamma, we go twenty knots an hour!' The sleigh is a handsome-looking carriage, and every one is different made to the owner's fancy, and decorated according to his taste or means with abundance of bearskins, which make them very warm. Ours I think very handsome. It has the body of our carriage, which has a snug top, and a barouche box is covered with bearskins. It has a bearskin apron which almost covers those inside. I have been quite gay, at gregorys innumerable, and at two private balls. I have become young again, and begun to dance as much as I used to do years ago. *Apropos* of that, our Chief Justice, who, by the way, is a great age, says the people he has known to live to the greatest age were always those who had been *transplanted*. From this you may guess he is not a *plant* of this province. I suppose it is the effect of frequent transplanting which makes we folks so young and gay. Well, I have had one gregory. I had five and thirty, besides ourselves, and got over it so well, I give another to the same number on

Tuesday; then we have got through all the people we ought to ask, which is very well at twice, don't you think? and so we halt until the last day of this month, when we give a hop to dance in the New Year. Those, with Christmas and New Year's Day dinners, will conclude our entertaining until February or March, when the House of Assembly sits, and all the lawyers come from St John's, and then we must set agoing again. I understand the gayest season is during the sitting of *Parliament*. A Miss Leonard from St John's comes on a visit to me at that time. Her family has been particularly civil to the General, and her brother most active and useful in the recruiting service, so we are anxious to make them every return in our power. To give you an idea of the wonderful advance people have made in this province, where I see very little difference in point of comforts—nay, even luxuries—to what you have in England, I must tell you, when Governor Carlton first came here, he gave a ball on the king's birthday, or some such occasion, had a handsome supper, and everything in style, soups, ices, etc., and gave a general invitation. All the ladies came on foot, with moccasins (the Indian shoes) to dance in, and worsted gowns and mitts, marvelled much at the ice, declared they never saw broth for supper, set it on one side for fear they should not have their share of the sweetmeats, and then ate up their soup afterwards! Some of these are now our finest ladies, would not wear any other than silk stockings and kid-coloured shoes from Bond Street. It appears to me that luxury and extravagance are making wonderful strides throughout the world to make such a change in a few years even in this sequestered spot, for, except merchants, no one is rich here.

"*December 8th.*—Our party went off vastly well on Tuesday. On Wednesday evening we were at a dance in the barracks given by the Adjutant and his wife. To-day we are going to dine with the Chief Justice and his lady,

eight miles from this, and little more than half an hour's drive. The English mail has not yet arrived. It is, alas, the last we shall have until the spring!"

In a letter from my father of the same date, he says: "I am certain it will give you and Mrs Smith great pleasure to hear that Mrs Hunter never enjoyed such good health, dancing and feasting every night; and although it is allowed that this is the most severe winter there has been for twenty years, she goes out in an open sleigh to parties in the country, and does not return till two in the morning. So long as this agrees with her I have no objection, but as I am not quite tired of my little wife as yet, the contrary effect would produce a *written order* to stay at home. My regiment is now 400 strong, and I have every reason to expect a number of recruits from Canada this winter."

"FREDERICTON, May 20th, 1805.

"I have to thank you for your very entertaining letters, my dear Lizzy, both by the February and March mails. As is not unusual, the first came last. Yours of the 30th of January arrived last night, and afforded us much amusement by your accounts of the feastings and frolickings of the month of January in Berwickshire, and much delighted us by the charming picture you paint of our children. I daresay an indifferent person might say you coloured too highly, but fathers and mothers don't see with the eyes of indifference, therefore we both agreed your description was vastly well drawn, and, we dared to say, very just. We begin to have rather more settled weather than when I wrote to Mrs Waite last week, though I cannot boast of its looking very spring-like even yet. Yesterday was fine, and in the evening the General took James and me to visit an Indian encampment about a mile and a half from this. They always choose delightful situations. This was a little

cleared point where a stream runs from a very rapid waterfall above into the river, and a nice little natural harbour, where lay all their canoes, some on shore that had been undergoing repairs. Each wigwam screened from the other by groves of fine trees. Outside the wigwams we only saw nearly naked children, and here and there a half-famished-looking dog. On looking into the wigwams we found each family had finished a repast of salt herrings, which they had cooked on the embers. The men were snoring on the ground, overcharged with scuttawa (rum), a disgusting sight, dead drunk. To the honour of our sex, the women were sober, and most of them occupied in making baskets and very ordinary boxes, pitchers, etc., of bark. The miserable little papooses (babies) lying laced upon a board, with only the head out, like Egyptian mummies. Those that had the use of their limbs and were released from this cruel discipline were crawling about naked. Altogether, it is a mortifying view of human nature to see a strong, athletic set of people suffering every hardship from climate, famine, etc., with a lazy, listless indifference—men, in short, that would rather do anything than work or make the least exertion. Can they only beg sufficient to make themselves beastly drunk with scuttawa, they have no thought for to-morrow, and all the hard labour of providing food for the little ones, etc., they throw on the women, for they are *above* occupying themselves in anything but hunting and war! It pleased us very much to see that Major-General Skirrett was continued on the staff at Newfoundland. Had he been ordered home on his promotion, it is more than probable General Hunter would have been his successor, and I am not so fond of fogs and eating codfish as to wish to change our quarters at Fredericton for Newfoundland."

The next letter is from my father to my grandmother, Mrs Dickson, dated "Fredericton, June 6th," announcing

my own birth that morning, and adding that I was to be named Anne after his mother.

"FREDERICTON, *July 18th.*

"The thermometer has been as high as 96° for several days, and the mosquitoes most annoying. One dare not go near the woods for them, and in the woods there is also a black fly which attacks one, and wherever it bites the blood streams out as if you were pricked with a lancet; but mercifully their reign is short, not above a couple of weeks longer, when we shall have moderate weather, and they disappear. Our Canadian recruits arrived fourteen days ago. You cannot conceive a finer sight than the river covered with the little fleet of canoes, thirty of them, and two large batteaux. We all turned out to receive them the moment they hove in sight, sounded the bugles, had the band, drums, and fifes, and every now and then as they glided down the smooth stream they cheered, which was answered by their fellow-soldiers on the banks. They are 160 fine, tall-looking men of all nations, and have with them fourteen women and children. They were but fourteen days from Quebec, and three of these days were detained by contrary winds in crossing the river St Lawrence."

"FREDERICTON, *August 31st.*

"This is a very quiet time here. All our neighbours are busily occupied on their farms. I wish they would be a little more careful in the winter of what they so hardly earn in the summer. Harvest, except the Indian corn and buck-wheat, is nearly over everywhere. So quick is vegetation that most of the seed of that corn now in the barns was not put into the ground until June. The General has had some pleasant excursions lately visiting our outposts. Last week he went in the barge to the Arramuctee. It is a

beautiful creek, and for thirty miles so deep you might sail vessels of any burden in it; and clear to the bottom. Its source is a noble lake of the same name. The fine land on the side of the river is here and there thinly settled. The place where the encampment is situated is a charming spot, close to a sawmill on a small stream which runs into the river. They carried provisions with them, shot and fished, and spent two days very pleasantly. Four bears had been killed at the mouth of the creek the day before they went, but not before they had carried off six sheep and a bullock. The General left us yesterday, accompanied by the Major, Captain Hunter, Mrs Fennel, and the parson, on a visit to one of our noble Judges who lives thirty miles up the river. They mean to ride all the way. There is a kind of road for fourteen miles; the rest of the way is a mere path through the thickets, so where they can't ride they must walk. They sent their breakfast on fifteen miles, and I send off a man this evening with a breakfast for them to-morrow, to meet them at the same spot.

"September 6th.—The General returned from his visit a very weary wight, as seemed the whole party. There never was such a road, or rather scramble, as the last fifteen miles—through bogs, over rocky places, and through low brushwood, with often no track at all. They and their horses were literally covered with dirt. They met with a very hospitable reception from the Judge and Mrs Saunders. They have a large house in the midst of four or five thousand acres, and except an island of about eleven hundred acres, and the interval lands, the rest is very bad land. They breakfasted with a Mr Aligood, six miles on this side of the Judge's. With his place they were all charmed; an elegant cottage, everything neat, luxuriant crops of wheat, Indian corn, etc. He has not above a hundred acres cleared and in tillage, and raises more cattle and grows more grain than the Judge on all his immense estate.

This farm is overflowed once a year, and never requires any other manure, and the natural meadows afford the finest crops of hay and pasture for his sheep and cattle. At first settling in this country the people seem to have preferred quantity to quality in their lots of land. They have long since found out their error, and many of their large grants have been left to grow up into forests again, after great expense in clearing them."

"FREDERICTON, September 23rd.

"On Friday last our long-looked-for Scotch recruits arrived. They met with a most cordial reception. From the time the vessels were in sight the whole banks were lined with people, inhabitants as well as soldiers. The bugle sounded, the band struck up as they came within hearing, and they were hailed with many cheers. When they came nearer we perceived the bagpiper strutting on deck, and heard the great drone. James exclaimed, 'Oh! mamma, what beast is that they have brought? Just hear how it is growling!' They landed in high spirits and health, and with them seventeen women and forty-eight children. Most of the party speak Gaelic.

"Next week we shall be all bustle and confusion, as we expect Colonel Tinling, Deputy Quarter-master General of Halifax, to inspect the regiment. We are all anxiety, and are brushing up to look as smart and beautiful as possible, and to make our old boys look young. I am busy having a room prepared for Colonel Tinling. We shall give him some of our old mutton, which we expect will be very good, having been fed on the common all this season. Our claret is excellent, and the General has what we call the Rushabuckta Madeira, which is quite famous. It was twice in the West Indies, and by some accident was put on shore at the mouth of the Rushabuckta, where it lay seven years before it was discovered—so I think even Mr Waite would

venture to take his dinner with us, though our port is not quite so famous as his, though direct from Oporto."

"FREDERICTON, *October 23rd.*

"The Regiment was inspected a fortnight ago by Colonel Tinling, who expressed himself in very high terms as to the order and discipline in which he found the men, and paid many compliments to Colonel Johnston, Major M'Carthy, indeed, to all the officers, on the subject. Very few men were rejected. We are now nearly 600 strong, so there can be little or no doubt of their being placed on the establishment."

The Major M'Carthy here named was the distinguished Sir Charles M'Carthy, afterwards Governor of Sierra Leone, who, on the 17th of January 1824, fell under such tragical circumstances in an engagement with the Ashantees.

Sir Charles was one of my father and mother's most intimate and most valued friends.

"FREDERICTON, *November 6th.*

"We have still fine open weather, quite the Indian summer; indeed, some days were lately so warm, that we sat with open windows, and without fires, yet, after so hot a day, it is nothing unusual to have the thermometer eight or ten degrees below zero.

"*November 10th.*—Here is a change of scene!—snowing fast; the river sufficiently frozen to hinder vessels getting up, and yet not hard enough for sleighs, so that at this moment we are totally excluded from any communication whatever with every other part of the world."

A St John's newspaper of 26th February 1806, sent home by my mother, contains an interesting account of two balls given at Fredericton. It is too long and minute in

its *admiring* details for insertion here, but a few particulars I am tempted to give, as creditable to all the parties concerned, at a period when in that remote province neither "decorators" nor "artists" were to be had, and all was done by the ingenious exertions of the officers of my father's regiment, assisted by the gentlemen and ladies of the neighbourhood. The first ball was given on the 31st of January by the officers of the New Brunswick Regiment, in garrison there, to the principal families of Fredericton and its vicinity. The officers' mess-room, in which the company assembled, was decorated with evergreens and flowers, and the floor chalked with emblematical and fanciful devices. The dancing here commenced at nine o'clock.

At one, supper was announced, when the company were conducted through a covered avenue of evergreens upwards of a hundred feet long, well lighted, floored, and carpeted. This avenue terminated in a supper-room, 50 feet in length, and 36 in breadth. This had been previously erected at the sole expense of the officers of the corps, for the laudable purpose of drilling and exercising the men during the severe winter months. It was brilliantly lighted, and the sides of the building were covered by the muskets of the regiment, perpendicularly disposed around the walls, and ornamented with evergreens. In the centre of one wall there was a transparency of the Royal Crown, with the motto of the Garter, and "God save the King," encircled by a brilliant star, the rays of which were formed with bayonets and swords very fancifully arranged, the whole supported by the colours of the Regiment, and other military ensigns. At supper the Company were enlivened by martial music, occasionally relieved by imitations of singing-birds from the shrubbery most happily disposed in different parts of the room, and forming a part of its decorations.

The second ball was given in the Province Hall, by Major-General Hunter, to all the principal families in the Province to whom invitations could be communicated, and access to Fredericton was practicable at this season. This was in honour of the late glorious victory of the immortal Nelson, and took place on the evening of the 14th of February, the day of the battle of St Vincent, in the year 1797, in which his lordship was so eminently distinguished. All the rooms in this stately building were occupied on the occasion. The ballroom was brilliantly lighted, and ornamented with infinite taste. On one side, between two arches formed with evergreens and artificial flowers, and crowned with handsome imitations of the Prince of Wales's plumes, was placed a transparency of the Nelson Arms, executed by Captain Rudyard of the Royal Engineers in a masterly manner, supported by the King's colours of the late and present New Brunswick Regiment. Between corresponding arches on the opposite side was placed another transparency of the Nelson star and motto, the four points of the star terminated by the words St Vincent, Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar in succession, in golden letters, Trafalgar being in the centre. This was executed by Captain Campbell of the New Brunswick Regiment, and was supported by the regimental colours of the corps.

The ball was opened by my mother and the President of the Province, my father dancing with Mrs Saunders. At one o'clock the supper-room was opened, the decorations of which the St John's newspaper describes as "splendid! magnificent! and a scene of such enchantment that for a while it arrested the attention of all present from the rich profusion of rare and delicious viands and liquors with which the supper tables were loaded, and the novel and beautiful devices with which they were adorned." These tables were surrounded by pillars of the Ionic order,

connected by arches formed of evergreens, enlivened by artificial flowers, and lighted by innumerable lamps. Over one of these arches, at the head of the supper-table, the Union colours were festooned, and under them the words, "God save the King," in large letters formed of artificial roses. Under this was placed a strikingly brilliant and beautiful transparency of the *Victory*, engaged with the French and Spanish Admiral's ships, with their masts falling, and in the act of striking. This was executed by Lieutenant Shore of the New Brunswick Regiment. Four Grenadiers, in full dress and arms, placed in a conspicuous position under the arches, added much to the effect of the whole. After supper, a number of appropriate toasts were given, and well-adapted songs were sung; among the rest a spirited one to the memory of Nelson. I copy it here for the sake of the author, Mr Odell, afterwards Secretary of the Province, a highly informed, accomplished, and very agreeable man. He was a devoted Royalist, and when the American States were lost to England, he settled in New Brunswick. He and his amiable family lived on very intimate terms with my father and mother while they were in New Brunswick, and as a strong proof of the affectionate nature of that friendship, his daughter, Miss Odell, a very clever and excellent person, many years after my father and mother's return to this country, though an elderly person, and in bad health, crossed the Atlantic to see them once more.

TO THE MEMORY OF NELSON.

Though envied and hated by tyrants and slaves,
Britannia, fair Queen of the Ocean, remains;
Repelled by her ramparts that float on the waves,
War flies from her borders, and want from her plains.
For ages renowned,
By victory crowned,

Her tars have been still an invincible train ;
 Surpassed by no other,
 Each rivals his brother,
And all prove their titles as lords of the main.
 Lords of the main ! aye lords of the main,
 The tars of Old England are lords of the main.

This charter, descending from heroes of old,
Expands in succession, as ages roll on ;
A climax of glory ; but, ah ! can it hold ?
Who shall rival the past now that *Nelson* is gone ?

 Yet hark, from on high,
 The angelic reply !
Your *Nelson* shall conquer and triumph again.
 Each tar shall inherit
 A share of his spirit,
And all prove invincible lords of the main.
 Lords of the main, etc.

Wherever your far-dreaded sails are unfurled,
The genius of *Nelson* shall fight by your side ;
And teach you again to astonish the world
By deeds unexampled, achievements untried.
 Then, Britons, strike home !

 For ages to come,
Your *Nelson* shall conquer and triumph again.
 Each tar shall inherit
 A share of his spirit,
And all prove invincible lords of the main.
 Lords of the main, etc.

Nor are we alone in the noble career,
The soldier partakes of the generous flame ;
To glory he marches, to glory we steer,
Between us we share the rich harvest of fame.

Recorded on high,
Their names never die,
Whose deeds the renown of their country sustain.
The King then, God bless him!
The world shall confess him,
The lord of those men who are lords of the main,
Lords of the main, etc.

"FREDERICTON, *March 2nd.*

"It is nearly two months since I wrote to you, my dear Elizabeth. There was no immediate opportunity, and I could write nothing but doubts and fears respecting leaving dear Fredericton. I now can tell you we are off for Halifax, as soon as the river opens, and the travelling is good through Nova Scotia. The General received the news of Lieutenant-General Gardener's death on Wednesday, and left this on Thursday morning. He took Betty and both his men-servants with him, so that they will begin housekeeping on their arrival. Captain Hunter is his A.D.C. They have two sleighs, and their own four horses. Should the roads be good, I doubt not they are near Halifax by this time, but that is doubtful in the other Province. It is thought probable that he and Captain Hunter will have to proceed on horseback, and leave the servants and baggage to follow in waggons. Miss Leonard remains with me, and we travel together to St John's. I don't expect we shall get away sooner than the first week in May. I should try to describe two balls which were given here, but I really and truly cannot do them justice, nor has the St John's paper which I send you. Nothing I ever saw or read of was as handsome and odd as the drill-room decorated, and 'when the birds began to sing,' just after the piper, in full Highland dress, concluded his pibroch, I cannot describe what I felt—it was like enchantment. It is impossible to say which ball was most

beautiful. The style of each was quite different. A great many things are not named in the paper which had a good effect; for instance, I invited the daughter and niece of an Indian chief. They came in all their magnificence, and formed a striking contrast to the other belles. They favoured us with an Indian dance to their own singing, and being Valentine's evening, they handed about small baskets of valentines for the beaux and belles. The valentines were numbered, and each gentleman became the partner of the lady he drew for the next dance. It had a whimsical effect, and afforded much merriment. I send you a left valentine to show you they were not meanly executed. All the verses and drawings were different, and some very witty. I wish I could enclose a band-box with roses, they were all so handsome and natural that any lady might wear them in her cap, and all made by the Miss Odells, as well as the valentines. They also made the little pagodas, tents, etc., etc., for the centre of the supper-tables—in short, what did they not do? It was entirely owing to them and the officers that we had this enchanting scene. On asking a young lady what she thought of it, she exclaimed, 'Oh, ma'am, such a place as I should wish to spend all my days in, and go to after I was dead!' Now to praise ourselves, I will say I never saw a better or prettier-looking supper, and you would hardly credit the variety we contrived to produce in this forlorn part of the world. Miss Leonard was an able and active assistant in making both good and pretty things. I often wished for you. She and I gave all the help we could to the officers, and Betty's jellies, etc., etc. had a happy effect in making variety on their supper-table, which indeed was most handsomely laid out. The song was written by Mr Odell, and I think it excellent."

"CLERMONT, THE BISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA'S,
"May 9th.

"I was very impatient, you may imagine, for the river St John's breaking up, which it did not do until the 28th of last month. The wind not being fair for the sloop to come up to Fredericton, which had lain all winter at the mouth of the Arrahmuita river, we sent our baggage down to her, and followed ourselves in the barge the next morning, the 3rd. I was really sorry to part with all my good friends at Fredericton. Not an inhabitant but came to see us set out—all the officers, nearly all the men, women, and children of the regiment; indeed, the whole banks were covered. Major Leonard accompanied us, and made himself very useful on our voyage, which was longer than we expected, as the wind was ahead, and we were two days and two nights on board—long enough cooped in such a little cabin. None of us were sick except Miss Leonard. We had to keep large fires, as it was bitterly cold, from the great quantity of floating ice. We landed at the Indian House at 7 o'clock on Monday morning, and found Mr Leonard waiting for us. We spent Monday very pleasantly at his house. The whole city came to visit me. On Tuesday morning, at 8 o'clock, we embarked on board the packet boat. We had a fair wind, blowing pretty fresh; of course, sick enough in the turbulent Bay of Fundy, which is always rough. At 9 o'clock, a very dark night, we anchored at Annapolis, and sent the master on shore to look out for quarters. Presently we were hailed from the shore, and you may believe I was rejoiced to learn the General had arrived, and would be down immediately. In a few minutes he came, and put us all into the boat by candle-light. The tide was low, so we had nearly a quarter of a mile to wade through mud. The servants carried me, the master little Anne, a sailor James on his back, and how they dragged the maid through I cannot tell. From

this mud we ascended a very long wooden ladder to the wharf. Anne was awake, and highly amused with this exploit and the glimmering lanterns the people carried. We rested all Wednesday at Annapolis, which is a sweet place.

"On Thursday we set out. I must describe our equipages suited to the road. Two gigs—in the first the General, Anne, and myself. This gig drawn by the chariot horses. Behind, in the other, were James, the maid, and the coachman, with a pair of horses tandem-fashion, the groom riding the leader. After leaving my trunk to be sent how they could—the roads being so bad—we proceeded, and got twenty miles before dark to a miserable inn, where we ate and slept in the same room. Yet, in such a tavern, and for such wretched accommodation, you pay more than you would in London for the most elegant apartments and every luxury the country could afford. In none of the houses is any fresh meat to be had. Eggs, bacon, cheese, butter, milk, and brown bread is all you may expect. The beverage, the cider of the Province, gin, rum, and brandy. Our journey yesterday was eighteen miles. We got here in the evening, and received a most hearty welcome from the Bishop. We spend this day with him, and after hearing him preach to-morrow in his parish church of Aylesford, we proceed on our route to Halifax, which is ninety miles from this. The drive from Annapolis to Clermont is beautiful—a rich, flat orchard country, along the side of a fine river considerably larger than the Tweed. The distant view is of high hills, entirely covered with pine and other gloomy fir-trees. The Bishop has twelve hundred acres cleared, and more than three hundred in very good cultivation."

"HALIFAX, May 15th, three o'clock.

"This day we arrived at our magnificent quarters—much too large, they strike me, for comfort, but perhaps I shall

get accustomed to living in a palace, or, more likely, I shall be turned out by the arrival of a Lieut.-General to command before I learn to like a bed-chamber forty feet long, with six windows to the ground.

"Nothing can be more beautiful than the situation, nor more extensive than the prospect, both by sea and land. Our journey from the Bishop's was delightful, through a very variegated country, sometimes cultivated and rich with orchards; sometimes over high rocky hills covered with gloomy pines, or through lower grounds, approaching to cultivation, but bearing an appearance of desolation, the trees either fallen, or tottering over your head like tall, black cinders. As you approach the capital, the appearance of the country changes much for the worse, as nothing is to be seen but rocks covered with brushwood, and very miserable-looking trees. The Bason is a fine branch of the sea, which flows twelve miles into the country. The Governor has a beautiful villa on its banks, which was laid out by the Duke of Kent. The whole of the soil was brought there, and walks of great extent were cut through the rocks. Besides the Governor's, you see one or two more villas, sweetly situated, with the ground immediately round them cleared of rocks. I daresay I shall learn to like Halifax, but at present I feel deep regret for having been obliged to leave our sweet cottage on the delightful banks of the river St John's. I believe the whole of our house there would go inside the room in which I am now writing. But I must now conclude, and dress, to dine with a large party at Commissioner Englefield's."

My father writes, in a letter to Captain Smith, dated "Halifax, June 3 :"—

"I am certain you will be glad to hear that my regiment is placed on the Establishment. I am now here in the command of the forces in this Province and New

Brunswick, in consequence of the death of Lieut.-General Gardner, but as it has been the command of a Lieut.-General for some time past, we may expect one out soon. I am placed on the staff of Nova Scotia, but whether I shall be continued after the arrival of a Lieut.-General I cannot say."

I extract what follows from a letter of my mother's to Mary Brydone, dated "Halifax, June 3 :"—

"Although I have been a fortnight here, I can give you little or no account of Halifax or its inhabitants. I have had constant levées every morning, and every day have dined out. Such *grand* dinners!—'all formality, no reality,' as the song says. To-morrow we are at home, and have thirty people to dinner. At the Government House they are to dine eighty. It is an excellent house, and as handsome a building as I ever saw. Lady Wentworth does the honours charmingly, and is the funniest creature I ever met with. She is older than my mother, and dresses as young as you do. Sir John is equally gay for his years, a most obliging, well-bred old gentleman. I never saw a pair better matched. They certainly were born for each other, so alike in style of dress and manners, and seem so fond of each other, and both, too, love lap-dogs and birds, and all sorts of pets. The few drives I have taken about this are pretty. The two arms of the sea which form this peninsula are very striking. The north-west arm is like a grand river, winds beautifully, and the other, which runs up for twelve miles on the other side, is quite a noble harbour. A very large French fleet once concealed themselves there, when the English were outside, by dressing up the ships with fir-trees, which made them appear a part of the bordering woods.

"We have been surrounded for these eight days with the most tremendous fires I ever beheld. Whether the woods were set on fire by accident or on purpose I don't

know, but it has ravaged the whole country for miles round. Many houses and farms are totally destroyed, and at one time the flakes fell so near we were not without apprehension for the town. All Sunday it rained, which fortunately has extinguished the fires for the present."

"HALIFAX, July 13th.

"We are hourly looking for our Admiral (Berkely), who brings out a most beautiful family of grown-up daughters. We understand his secretary has also a family, and there is also a Mrs White, the wife of a captain in the navy. I dread their arrival, as they will be the means of another round of dinners, and we have but just gone one round with Governor and Mrs Gore, who have left us for Upper Canada with all their family, which consists of six dogs, three cats, two monkeys, two parrots, a tame deer, and a tame sheep. All the cats, dogs, and monkeys sleep in the room with the Governor and his lady, and part in bed with them. I am very glad they are off, for I durst hardly go to Government House for these nasty monkeys. When I called on Mrs Gore, her favourite, a marmosette, not larger than a rat, got upon my arm, and set in all its claws so close I thought I never should get extricated from it, and then it got on a lap-dog's back, where I was happy to see it remained as long as I stayed. What an account I see in the English newspapers of the galas given by the present Administration! I am told Colonel Calcraft met Fox the day after Sheridan's gala, and, seizing him by the button, asked him to tell him all the news. Fox, extricating himself, said he had not time; but he had only to turn to the 1st Book of Samuel, 22nd chapter, and 2nd verse, where he would find it fully described. Did you ever know anything so clever? This anecdote is given in a letter from a friend of Calcraft's, but perhaps you have heard it. We dine to-day at Beech Cove (Mrs Belcher's),

about five miles from town. They are the people who live in the best style in or about Halifax, and have the finest gardens, hot-houses, etc., etc. It is a sweet cottage, most romantically situated on the banks of the Bason. The park and gardens are entirely formed of soil brought from a distance. I cannot tell you how much it cost to clear away the rocks and great stones for a small flower-garden round the house.

"Everything like soil is made in this neighbourhood at a vast expense. Our garden, which is very good and productive, was nothing but rock and sand a few years ago. The General has quite a large farm all round the works, and one very fertile island in the Bason belongs to the Commanding Officers."

"HALIFAX, July 30th.

"Our Admiral arrived last week. I am much pleased with the little I have seen of his family. Mrs Berkely (afterwards Lady Emily) is a most amiable, agreeable-looking woman, but in miserable health. She is well entitled to be pleasant. Her mother is Lady Louisa Lennox, so well known and so much beloved in the army. There is hardly an officer who has been any time in the Service that has not experienced her attention. The Admiral is a cheerful-looking man, quite a 'bon vivant,' and a dear friend of Charles Fox's.

"The worst of them is the whirl of formal dinners they have brought us into; for we are now engaged for at least three weeks. I expect Miss Leonard to pay us a visit next week. Basil Hall is very well, mostly on board, as the *Leander* is in harbour. I have not seen him since Captain Humphreys took the command. He was a great favourite of Captain Whitby's."

"HALIFAX, August 23rd.

"I believe I finished my last letter to you, Lizzy, on the eve of going to a ball given on board the *Cambrian* by Captain Beresford to three hundred people. Nothing could be more magnificent than it was. We danced on deck, covered with an awning formed of the colours of different nations. We all sat down to supper with the greatest ease. The music was quite charming, and we had displays of fireworks and I know not what between the dances. We have had nothing very splendid for Miss Leonard, except a public breakfast given by Captain Whitby, in an immense tent, and a dance in a barn, at a pretty little farm two miles from town. We went at eight o'clock, breakfasted, danced till two, then returned to the tent, and partook of a collation of fruits and ices, after which we returned home to dinner. On Wednesday we go to a *grand* dinner at the Commissioner's, and on Thursday to a public banquet and a dance at Judge Crooks's, at his country villa, called Studly; so, you see, we are the gayest people possible here. Pray assure Mary Brydone and all at Lennel that we most sincerely congratulate them, and tell *Mrs* Elliot—as I suppose the marriage is over—that I mean to transfer my correspondence to Elizabeth, now Miss Brydone, and when she plays me the same trick, which I expect will happen very soon, I shall commence a correspondence with Williamina."

"HALIFAX, October 18th.

"As this packet is the last direct communication for the season, I will not let her go without telling you we are all well, though almost killed with feasting and dancing, sometimes on shore, sometimes on board of ship, but never one day disengaged. All these parties are for the Admiral's family, who leave us in less than a fortnight. To-day we are going to a turtle feast at the Admiral's; to-morrow at

the Governor's; Wednesday, a dinner and dance at the Commissioner's; Thursday, a play; Friday, a ball at Mrs Almon's. Last week we had two balls on board of ship, and one on shore. That on board the *Cæsar* was most superb, and the space that was decorated immense, being the two decks of an eighty-four gun ship. The upper deck was covered in, and decorated very tastefully with colours, a fine display of flowers, greenhouse plants, and lamps, which gave it the appearance of fairyland. The supper was elegantly laid out in the principal cabins. The *Leopard* has come in. I have not seen my dear little Basil Hall yet. Captain Humphreys will not give him leave to come on shore."

My father writes to Captain Smith in a letter dated "Halifax, November 7:"—

"I still continue in the command here, but I am informed by the last packet that Lieutenant-General Frazer is to be appointed. However, as the season is so far advanced, I fancy he will not come out this year. Lord Grey was so good as ask the Duke of York to continue me in the command. His answer was, 'that he would at all times be happy to comply with his lordship's wishes, but that Halifax had always been a Lieutenant-General's command.'"

"HALIFAX, November 30th.

"Yesterday," my mother says, "when we returned from our walk we met with three very unexpected visitors—no other than three squaws from New Brunswick—Miss Thoma, her aunt, and cousin, come to spend the holidays with their 'dear sister,' meaning me. I have given them an apartment, and a good fire, where they are enjoying themselves excessively. Molly is a good figure in a robe and petticoat of Mrs Murray's of Henderland, that she

wore forty years ago. I mean to present them *at Court* to-morrow."

"HALIFAX, *January 6th, 1807.*

"On New Year's morning every lady here has a *levée*, and every gentleman in Halifax calls upon her, whether he visits in the family or not. I was quite amazed with this custom. The Colonel Commandant, with all the staff, and every officer of the garrison came together, and they completely filled two of our large rooms. Afterwards I lost all reckoning, but not until I had enumerated three hundred visitors and upwards."

On the 16th of March my brother Robert was born.

"HALIFAX, *July 14th.*

"The weather is delightful. We are in the midst of our hay harvest. Our garden in surprising forwardness, when one considers that in the first week of June there was hardly any appearance of vegetation, neither strawberries nor peas in blossom, and we have gathered strawberries a fortnight; and finer I never saw than my strawberry beds—which I planted last year—produce."

"HALIFAX, *November 27th.*

"We have had heavy gales and dismal fogs. I got a letter and book very unexpectedly the other day, brought by a fisherman from Herring Cove, twelve miles off. It was from Mrs Grey. He found it floating—very wet, you may suppose, but in perfect preservation, and both quite legible. Upon inquiry, I found that a schooner from Newfoundland which got into the Cove in a gale last week, a few hours after the crew had quitted her, went to pieces. They say that there were two mails on board which came from Portsmouth by the *Rattler* sloop of war. Several

letters have since been picked up, but I have heard of none that are readable, my own excepted. The Admiral's very pleasant family are still here, but we don't expect them to remain above another week. Last week they had a marriage in it—Miss Berkely to Sir Thomas Hardy, who, I daresay, I introduced to you last year, but in case I did not then, I shall now tell you that he was Flag Captain to the brave Nelson. Sir Thomas is, I do think, the most truly great man, and the most purely disinterested, I ever met with. When made a baronet, he would not accept a pension of a thousand a year, because, he said, he did not want any more money. In the Mediterranean he was very useful to the King of Naples. Among other services, he carried a million of money, jewels, etc., from Naples to Palermo. For carrying specie at that time a percentage was allowed to captains. That due to Sir Thomas was thirty thousand pounds, which was brought him. On seeing the money, he said, 'For God's sake, take it back to the King! I want no more money; I have thirty thousand pounds in the funds, I have my pay as a captain. What would a man have?' With this thirty thousand pounds he has since purchased an estate in Gloucestershire. The King of Naples was astonished, and with no small difficulty prevailed on him to accept of some diamonds, which Lady Hardy now has. They are valued at three thousand pounds. To his honour be it spoken, he rose from a common sailor entirely by his own merit. He served his time in the merchant service. When appointed Lord Nelson's Captain, and going on board the *Victory*, he espied an old messmate at one of the ports taking a *squint* at the new Captain. He stopped, called to him by name, and after a little conversation, asked him if he remembered one Tom Hardy, in such a ship. 'That I do,' says the sailor, and an honest, good fellow he was! What is become of him I never could learn.' 'Could not you?' said the

Captain; 'well, I am that Tom Hardy.' During this conversation, the Admiral and all his officers, who were drawn up on the quarter-deck to receive the new Captain, could not conceive what had become of him since he quitted the boat. An officer was despatched to inquire, and found him engaged in the conversation above related. I hope these traits will not put you out of conceit with Miss Berkely's husband. Though a charming girl of nineteen, I must say I think her most fortunate, and much has she to be vain of in having been the wife of his choice. The General just calls me to visit them at the Lodge, the Governor's villa, where they have taken up their residence quietly for the little time the *Triumph* remains. Lady Hardy very wisely accompanies her husband to sea, and is just the kind of young person that will never, in any situation, be the least trouble, having no airs, or whims, or nerves."

"HALIFAX, December 24th.

"To-morrow is Christmas; and the children are saying, 'Oh, mamma, what do you think the fairy will put into our stockings?' Queen Mab is a Dutch fairy that I never was introduced to in England or Scotland; but she is a great favourite of little folks in this and the other Province, and if they hang up a stocking on Christmas Eve, she always pops something good or pretty into it, unless they are very naughty, and then she puts in a birch rod to whip them. Tell Jean and Matthew I wish I had their little stockings pinned up with the other three, for even little Robert's sock will be suspended at the head of his cradle to-night."

At the close of this year and the beginning of 1808 there were constant rumours of war with the United States, and in consequence my father was much occupied in reviewing troops, visiting outposts, and other military duties. As he

has already mentioned, he was in continual expectation of being superseded in the command of the forces in Nova Scotia, and my mother seems the less to regret the probability of their leaving Halifax, as, besides Admiral, Lady Emily Berkely, and their charming family, so many of their friends had left, or were leaving, the station. Among these she especially names Commissioner Englefield, of whom she says: "I know not what we shall do here without him." Sir J. B. Warren succeeded Admiral Berkely in the command at Halifax. Lady Warren, who was with him, was a very old friend of my father's, being a daughter of the late General Sir John Clavering.

To return to the extracts from my mother's letters.

"HALIFAX, April 5th, 1808.

"At last we have learned, even to a certainty, that our good Governor, Sir John Wentworth, is recalled, that Sir George Prevost is *his* as well as General Hunter's successor, as he is to be Governor and Commander of the Forces.

"Where we are to go we are naturally anxious to know."

"HALIFAX, April 27th.

"It is impossible, my dear Elizabeth, to give you an idea of the bustle and confusion we are now in. Such a *turn out and turn in!* I do not even know myself in my own house, and am apt to exclaim, with the little woman: 'Alas! for this is not I!' After all, the only people to be pitied are our poor old worthy Governor and Lady Wentworth. They had not a hint of being removed, but from what they read in some of the American papers they rather apprehended there was some talk at home of a change in the Government.

"After a violent snowstorm and fog on Wednesday the 6th, Thursday, the 7th, cleared up with two sail in view; by ten o'clock two more, and so on, till by three o'clock number

ten was made at the signal staff; then that the ships had troops on board was made known; and presently that the *Penelope* frigate was their convoy. This last information made us no longer despise the Yankee news. The General and his staff began to brush up a little in case the rumour of Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost's coming to the command had any foundation. They all partook of an early dinner with us, anxiously waiting for the intelligence. Just as the cloth was removed, an officer of the Navy arrived from Captain Douglas, our Commodore, to say Sir George Prevost *was* on board. Away went the General and his staff, leaving me to get a room prepared for Sir George, to whom he intended offering a bed. Before all was *smartified* to lodge the new Governor, his Excellency arrived in person, with Brigadier-General Houghton, their respective staffs, and such a squad besides as put me in dismay, and Annie in raptures, who ran about clapping her hands, and screaming, 'New men! new men! Oh! dear mamma, what heaps of beautiful new soldier men we have got!' Of course I could not help feeling a little anxious to know what was to be done with us—for turned out we must be—but this information I did not obtain until the next morning, when I was informed His Majesty had been graciously pleased to appoint General Hunter President of the Council and Commander of the Forces in New Brunswick, and for the same Sir George produced a great long piece of parchment signed by the King—a mandamus, it is called. I cannot say I feel in the least flattered by the General's appointment, and think when they were about it they might as well have made him Governor at once. General Carleton's pension being not yet fixed is the cause he is not appointed Governor, they tell me. As soon as Sir George gets into the Government House we prepare for our march, but at present we are all occupied in receiving strangers; indeed, our family party is sixteen, and

fourteen in the servants' hall. General Houghton is of course impatient to get us out, but he must know, while the Governor himself and both staffs are our guests, we can do nothing towards moving. The 101st Regiment is now at St John's.

"Colonel Dillon volunteers to attend the General, who goes by land—a very fatiguing, and I apprehend dangerous journey at this early season; no roads, only here and there a track in the woods, in which they must sleep three or four nights. The General wishes to make himself perfectly acquainted with that route, in case it should be necessary to send troops that way. I have charge of Mrs Dillon and her baby. We travel to Windsor, where we embark in the Revenue schooner for St John's. One of the transports is waiting to take round our furniture, etc., etc."

"ST JOHN'S, *May 15th.*

"We left Halifax on Saturday the 7th, spent that day and the next very pleasantly with our friends Sir John and Lieutenant Wentworth at the Lodge, which is seven miles on our road to Windsor. On Monday we set off at six in the morning—myself, nurse, and two little ones in a phaeton, James and the rest following in two gigs. We breakfasted ten miles from the Lodge, proceeded fifteen miles, when we dined, and rested our horses two hours and a half. We went six miles further, to a sweet cottage, where we slept. This must appear to you Europeans a very short day's journey, but over the Nova Scotian roads it is equal to travelling a hundred and fifty in England. We were almost shook to pieces, and after eating an American meal of ham and eggs and fresh-caught trout, served up with tea and cake, we were all very thankful to retire to rest. The next morning we started at six, and were two hours and a half in travelling nine miles to Windsor; but the views are beautiful, the lake and river very fine, and a great part of the

way we passed through a tolerably cultivated country, with orchards not yet in full blossom. At Windsor we found our friend Mr Edward Leonard, with the Revenue schooner, waiting for us, and the wind fair; but we could not embark, as Mrs Dillon and her baby had not arrived. All my friends in Windsor came to visit me, and sent me apples, bread, fresh butter, cake, pastry, cider, cream, cheese, etc., etc., to put on board as sea stock. Next morning (the 11th) came Mrs Dillon to breakfast. At twelve o'clock the tide answered, and we were off. The voyage down the Windsor river is quite delightful, and there are so many windings in it, the view is for ever changing. In the evening we got into the basin of Minus, which empties itself into the Bay of Fundy, and got round Cape Blow-me-down without any rough weather, which is rather unusual. It is a tremendously high perpendicular point of land as you get out of the basin of Minus. Night coming on, and growing damp, we went below, had tea, and soon after went to bed. The next morning it blew very fresh and very fair. By eleven o'clock we saw Partridge Island, and the signal flying at the signal staff for our schooner. By half-past twelve we were at anchor. Mr Leonard came on board immediately, took us all on shore, and as we stepped from the boat, the Mayor told us he had just heard the General and Colonel Dillon were five miles off. He and the gentlemen of the town set off immediately to escort '*His Honour*' the President into town. In an hour they all arrived, way-worn and weary, as you may suppose, after travelling three hundred and seventy miles through a country nearly impassable. Many wonderful stories they narrate, such as living three days on *bear's* flesh, etc., etc. They brought a large porcupine they had shot this morning, half of which was roasted for dinner, and very good it proved. When wounded it sent out quite a shower of quills, which stuck in the horses and dogs, and some went quite

through Archy's clothes. We are all under Mr Leonard's hospitable roof, but propose setting out for Fredericton in three or four days. The barge has been waiting for us for some time."

"FREDERICTON, May 24th.

"We arrived here, my dear Elizabeth, on Friday last, and took possession of the Government House the next day, but without any beds, bedding, linen, kitchen utensils, or crockery, but our good and kind friends here each contributed a little, and have fitted us out most handsomely until our baggage arrive from Halifax, which we may expect hourly. The house is large and commodious, with one most magnificent room. The situation the finest in the world, I do think, as to the picturesque and romantic, and far beyond any description of mine. We have a charming garden in the highest imaginable order, with a terrace to the river; indeed, we have got the best gardener in the two provinces, who had been with General Carleton nearly twenty years. We have already abundance of asparagus, and all the other early vegetables. We have also abundance of poultry, and in some fine fields sloping to the river, cows, sheep, and lambs; in short, we are quite established in the most comfortable manner we have ever yet been. Everybody seems so pleased to see us back again, that it is quite gratifying to return to a place where we are made so very welcome.

"The Indians are coming in bodies to congratulate the General, and my '*sisters*,' the squaws, are come to visit me with their faces painted all the colours of the rainbow. I wish you could take one little peep of me with my motley levée."

On the 11th of October 1808 my brother George Martin was born. He was named after the late Sir George Grey

and my father. The day after my brother's birth my father was ordered to Halifax, to take the command there during the absence of Sir George Prevost on an expedition to the West Indies. My mother was left with her three children in the Government House at Fredericton. The expedition not having started at that time, my father did not leave Fredericton till the 25th of November, and here, omitting many other details, I shall give my mother's account of his journey to Halifax.

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON,

"December 7th.

"At four o'clock on the morning of the 25th of November, the General having received orders to repair immediately to Halifax, embarked with his party in the barge, by bright moonlight. The ice was so thick they had to break their way through it. At last, six miles below this, they were obliged to land, and each taking a knapsack—even to Betty the cook—marched for twenty-five miles. In the meantime, the barge was got down with difficulty, and was much injured, but not so much as to prevent their sailing in her. Further down the river, the water being brackish and rapid tides running, there was less ice, and they got to St John's on the 26th, and sailed with a fair wind on Sunday morning the 27th, at four o'clock. Two days ago, Ensign Gordon, charged with despatches of the utmost importance to the General here, as also to Sir George at Halifax, arrived from the Governor-General at Quebec. He remained but one hour, and went off in a sleigh, dragging a canoe, as they cannot travel on the ice all the way to St John's yet."

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON,

"May 4th, 1809.

"A week ago to-day—the river having only broken up two days before—and all communications with St John's

thought totally impossible, who should walk in but the General! How he got here I cannot well tell you—on foot, on the ice, on horseback, in log canoes, and birch canoes with Indians. It was both dangerous and difficult to steer clear of floating ice and the timber with which the river was covered. His servant and portmanteau have not yet made their appearance, though he left him with orders to follow as expeditiously as he could, so you may conceive that travelling is yet pretty bad."

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON,

"August 12th.

"Nothing can equal our climate or the beauty of the scenery around. I never saw anything so luxuriant, nor anything that ever came near the beauty of our garden. The Duke of Kent when here told Governor Carleton he thought the view from the garden terrace exceeded that of Windsor." My mother adds, "If a few noble buildings peeped out here and there through the trees, perhaps it might; but we want variety, and weary of the sameness of one stately pine towering over the other."

With this letter my mother sends a long and amusing one from her friend Lady Wentworth, in which she mentions that Lady Warren, my father's old and intimate friend, a daughter of Sir John Clavering's, was on a visit to her, and greatly regretted having seen so little of him while in that part of the world. It may be worth mentioning, as to me it is interesting, that Lady Warren told Lady Wentworth that she was the person who made the rosette for my father's first gorget.

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON,

"September 26th.

"The General has just returned from a long and fatiguing journey to the mouth of the Miramichi river, about 200

miles from this. The Miramichi empties itself into the Gulf of St Laurence. They slept on the floors of the hovels they went into for shelter at night, and describe the fleas and bugs in these places to have been of a size and number beyond anything they ever before met with. They followed the course of the Nashwack on horseback, a beautiful ride of fifty miles. They had two ponies with panniers carrying provisions. From the head of the Nashwack to the Miramichi there is a portage of thirty-five miles, merely what is called a blazed road, the trees on each side of a narrow track being marked with a hatchet. On this portage not a human inhabitant was to be seen. On their arrival at the source of the Miramichi they met the Indians they had appointed, who paddled them most dexterously down some very fine gentle falls called the Black and the White Rapids. The whole of the banks are inhabited by people employed in the mast and lumber trade, and bordered by the most magnificent pines the General says he ever beheld. At the mouth of the river they visited several respectable inhabitants and merchants employed in the fish and wood trade; saw some fine vessels loading for Scotland, and were very hospitably received in the house of a Mr Home from Berwick. Here they heard their clergyman, Mr Urquhart, preach. Their return was more tedious against the rapids. The Miramichi is a beautiful river, abounding in fine salmon; indeed, the General says, salted salmon and potatoes is the only food of the inhabitants; no bread anywhere, their last year's corn had long been done, and this year's they had not begun, so you may believe it was rather a treat to come to their ponies and panniers which were still well stocked with rusks and biscuits."

A letter from my father to my grandmother announces the birth of my brother William at Fredericton on the 21st of July 1810.

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON,

"October 2nd, 1810.

"I do not wish to miss a post, yet never wrote to you in such a bustle. Think of an addition of fourteen to our family, and of people I never saw before! Colonel Gubbins, his wife, three children, and nine servants. He has come out Inspecting Field Officer of Militia, arrived here after being three months on board of ship, and with not a place to put their heads in. Of course, we took them all in. They have taken a house ten miles down the river, which will hold them all when put in repair, but that will be a work of time. Conceive fine, dashing characters, Bath people, quite the *haut-ton*, arriving, knowing nothing of the country, with fine carriages, fine furniture, etc., etc., and where they are to be set down you could not drive a carriage fifty yards in any direction. However, they seem agreeable people, and willing to make the best of it. We have put them on the only plan of sporting these fine equipages, which is to mount them on runners as sleighs in winter. Mr Brydone must have heard of the celebrated Honour Gubbins of Bath. She was sister to the Colonel."

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON,

"December 14th.

"Our winter has been much later of commencing than usual; however, now our river is frozen fast, and become a post-road. The Gubbins, our neighbours, are quite new-fangled, and delighted with it, and come flying up here—ten miles—even to pay a morning visit, with a strong north-west wind and the glass below zero. Mrs Gubbins says she never saw anything so beautiful as the roads and the prospect of everything, and that no description can do it justice—quite Fairyland."

I give these extracts as they regard friends with whom

our family had some pleasant intercourse for years after their return to Europe.

A letter from Mr Odell, written this year (1810) to my mother, with its accompanying poems, I think worthy of insertion here, as containing a very pleasing and *just* tribute to my father and mother. My mother, in a letter written about this time, says:—

"I shall enclose you some of Mr Odell's verses, and trust you will not charge me with vanity in doing so. You must make allowance for his partiality. At his age, seventy-four, losing his old friend and patron, General Carleton, must have appeared an irreparable loss; but the General, who has a great regard for the old gentleman, has done all in his power to prevent his feeling the change. Mr Odell has been very sensible of our attention, and expresses, and I believe feels, more gratitude to us than we deserve."

"May 24th, 1810.

"MADAM,—Four years ago at this season, the return of Governor Carleton with his family was here confidently expected. Preparations for their reception were made by Mrs Smith at the house, and by Nichols in the garden. On that occasion I wrote a little pastoral entitled 'The Drooping Rose,' of which I send you a copy, as an introduction to a postscript for the year 1808, which is now fresh from the Mint, and of which I request your acceptance.—I am, Madam, your affectionate and most obedient servant,

JOHN ODELL."

"Mrs HUNTER."

THE DROOPING ROSE.

JUNE 1806.

SWEET Rose, look up. Thy season comes at last,
Fierce *Aquilo* hath spent his chilling blast,

And every monument of winter's power
Has felt the western breeze and vernal shower.
Sweet Rose, thy season comes, and comes to bring
The welcome period of no common Spring.
Thrice has yon river burst his icy chain,
And spread his annual tribute o'er the plain,
Diffusing from his rich and swelling tide
The seeds of future plenty far and wide,
While here, forsaken, it has been thy lot
"To blush unseen," and in this charming spot,
To mourn the want of *Emma's* * fostering care,
And "waste thy sweetness on the desert air."
But now, sweet Rose, look up. This joyless doom
No more awaits thy renovated bloom.
His task again see faithful *Nichols* † plies.
Again this spot attracts admiring eyes,
And they, whose absence we so long bewail,
Bespeak fair winds, to swell the lofty sail
And speed their passage home. *But is it home?*
Can it alas! be so to them who come
From England hither? Or, as hence they went,
Can they return with joy and gay content?
Yes; when a sense of duty intervenes,
Virtue will gladly quit the splendid scenes
Of pomp or pleasure, still secure to find
In every place that "sunshine of the mind,"
That self-approved serenity of soul,
Which tempers every clime from pole to pole,
And turns the world thro' all its ample round
For England's progeny to English ground.
Hence with undoubting confidence they come
Here to enjoy again the *sweets of home*;
Pure joys, which hallow the domestic spot,

* Mrs Carleton.

† *Nichols* is still a gardener (1810).

Pleasures, which tasted once, are ne'er forgot.
 O may propitious breezes waft them o'er
 With speed and safety to this Western shore,
 Where loyal thousands with impatience burn
 To hail the jubilee of their return !

POSTSCRIPT, 1808.

Thus did the Sylvan Muse to hill and dale
 Gaily proclaim her *visionary tale*.
 The pleasing prospect, which had been so long
 The prompter and the burden of her song,
 Now vanished like the forms of dusky light
 Which fill the peering eye of *second sight*,
 In vain she sung. In vain did thousands burn
 Impatient for the prophesied return.
 But—tho' denied that wish of every heart—
 Another boon was destined to impart,
 A joy as universal as the grief
 Which all had suffered for an absent chief,
 Permitting him, for years of service past,
 In honour'd leisure to repose at last—
 The Royal will a new career ordains,
 And to a chosen hand commits the reins.
 With ardour the Patrician Board unites
 In due performance of the solemn rites
 To them assigned ; and all with hearts elate
 See *Hunter* seated in the Chair of State.
 A tribute of unfeign'd esteem they pay,
 And joyfully record the auspicious day.*
 Responsive acclamation spreads around,
 And mingling with the *trumpet's silver sound*†

* 24th of May 1808 General Hunter was sworn in President.

† A silver trumpet, a present from the Province to the New Brunswick Regiment.

To Heaven ascends, and hills and valleys ring
With the loud anthem of *God save the King!*
Again releas'd from winter's breath so keen,
Awake, sweet Rose, no more to "*blush unseen.*"
But—sure to please, imbibe the genial dew,
And spread thy beauties to *Miranda's* * view.
Devote thy bloom to her, whose meekness awes
The tongue that fain would blazon her applause.
To her display thy charms, who is alone
Regardless, or unconscious of her own.
The desert mansion, which so long had been
All solitude without, all gloom within,
Of whispering sprites no longer the retreat,
But of domestic joy once more the seat,
Resumes its wonted aspect and displays
The gay festivity of former days.
Fresh verdure decks the lawn, and tufted trees
The blooming terrace courts the western breeze
Calmly the river glides majestic by;
And yonder landscape charms the unwearied eye.
From distant pilgrimage the martins come †
To nestle in their temporary home.
What joy the chirping travellers express
Their hospitable cells to repossess!
And soon returning from their southern flight,
Shall come the birds of Lincoln ‡ with delight,
To join the feathered tribes who winter here,
And all in sprightly chorus, sweet and clear,
Warble their amorous notes, and hail the scene
Where all is cheerful, tranquil, and serene.

* Mrs Hunter.

† Little birds which come every spring and leave us every autumn.
We put up boxes for them.

‡ Bob of Lincoln sings delightfully.

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON,

"February 12th, 1811.

"Of course you know our Regiment is numbered the 104th, no longer Fencibles! Our officers are all in high glee. We have great hopes of a second battalion. Captain Hunter has volunteered to command a recruiting party, to set off on snow-shoes for Canada next week, to carry their own provisions, and encamp in the snow. It takes twenty days to walk to Quebec at this season. George Jobling goes, and two other officers."

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON,

"March 4th.

"I have been scolded by the General ever since I closed my last letter to you for not having sent Lizzy Bell the song Mr Odell composed on the honour conferred on our Regiment. He brought it in his pocket a few days after we heard they were appointed to be a Regiment of the Line, and at a very jovial party of the officers proposed singing a song, which proved to be this, of his own composing. It is, you may believe, much approved of among us, and as everybody can sing 'Hearts of Oak,' is sung at all our gregorys. Indeed, the Secretary is a wonderful old man; so much life, spirit, and activity are rarely to be met with at his advanced period of life."

SONG. TUNE "Hearts of Oak."

For the Hundred and Fourth let the Muses entwine
An unfading wreath from the New Brunswick pine.
On ocean transplanted aloft it displays
That flag which the proudest of nations dismays.
Hence a wreath from this cloud-piercing pine shall proclaim
A brave competition,
The soldier's ambition,
To rival the lords of the ocean in fame.

Beloved by Apollo, the laurel has long
 Decked the brows of the hero and bloomed in his song ;
 But Daphne shall now in a chaplet combine
 Her bright polished leaf with a tuft of the pine.
 Far and near like a trumpet my song shall proclaim

The brave competition,

A soldier's ambition,

To rival the lords of the ocean in fame.

Mature for the field, and enrolled in the Line,
 You burn with impatience in action to shine ;
 Well tried are your leaders, and well may you vie
 With all who resolve or to conquer or die.

Far and near let *your own* silver trumpet proclaim

The brave competition,

Your ardent ambition,

To rival the lords of the ocean in fame.

My friend Mr Binney, banker at Halifax, has kindly procured for me the following extract regarding the silver trumpet named by Mr Odell in his poem and song :—

“From the Journals of the House of Assembly of New Brunswick, 26th February 1807. (Gabriel G. Ludlow, Esq., President.)

“In consideration of the great and successful exertions of Major-General Hunter and the officers of His Majesty's New Brunswick Fencible Regiment in raising and completing the same during the present important and eventful war, carried on for the preservation of the liberties of the civilised world, and to evince the sense entertained by this House of the zeal uniformly manifested by them for His Majesty's interests and the public service in this Province.

“Resolved that the sum of *fifty guineas* be presented to Lieut.-Colonel Johnstone, in behalf of the said Regiment,

for the purpose of purchasing a *silver trumpet*, with the arms of the Province engraved thereon; or such other instrument for the band of the said Regiment as he may think proper, and that the Speaker be requested to enclose to him a copy of this resolution.

"*Monday, 2nd March 1807.*—Mr Speaker laid before the House the communication with Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone as follows, viz. :—

"HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, FREDERICTON,

"*28th February 1807.*

"SIR,—I have great satisfaction in transmitting the enclosed Resolution of the House of Assembly, in which His Majesty's Council have concurred.

"We regret that this small testimony falls far short of the wishes of the House, and infinitely below the merits and services which induced the Resolution.—I have the honour to be, Sir, etc., etc.

A. BATSFORD.

"Lieutenant-Colonel JOHNSTONE."

This trumpet was kindly sent home to my father when the 104th Regiment was disbanded after the peace of 1814. It always hung over the side-board at Anton's Hill, and during my father's life was sounded in preference to a gong as a summons to dinner. It is now in my brother Matthew's possession at Anton's Hill.

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON,

"*May 9th, 1811.*

"I have a letter from Mary Grey, telling me of her mother, Mrs Grey, having a son, an event which has surprised me, as she has not had a child for five years."

This announcement to me is striking. How little did my dear mother then imagine that this youngest child of

her dear friend Lady Grey in after years would become the husband of her own youngest child, Margaret Dysert, though, alas! she did not live to see a union that must have made her so happy.

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, FREDERICTON,

"August 8th.

"To my no small annoyance, last night there arrived Captain Sinclair, Sir G. Prevost's Brigade-Major, express from Halifax, to inform the General His Excellency Sir George was appointed Governor-General, and was to embark on board the *Melampus* frigate, for Quebec, the 15th; and that the General was to repair immediately to Halifax to take the command of the forces. The Civil Government will be held by Judge Crook, the eldest in Council, until another is appointed from home, who will probably hold both as Sir George did. The second in command, Major-General Balfour, succeeds us here. An armed schooner is already at St John's to carry me and my tribe across the Bay of Fundy. I shall go to Windsor, as there I am within forty miles of Halifax, which is some consideration in moving such a multitude. The General sets out in a day or two. I am quite out of spirits to leave this sweet, beautiful, comfortable, quiet place. I shall never see the like of it again. It has spoiled me for all other quarters. I have not courage to go into my garden, nor speak to Mr Nichols, who, they tell me, is the very picture of despair."

"WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA,

"August 25th.

"Since I wrote to tell you, my dear Elizabeth, that we were going to be turned out of our charming home at Fredericton, I have not had a moment's time to write again to any one. The General, with his military secretary, Mr

Carmichael, left the Government House in the barge at daylight, on Monday the 12th, escorted by the good old secretary, Mr Odell, and Major Hailes, Brigade-Major for the Province, who were to accompany him as far as St John's. There he found the Indian sloop of war waiting for him, and he and Mr Carmichael sailed the day following. Captain Hunter, aide-de-camp, with the men-servants and horses, crossed the Annapolis in the packet, and travelled through this Province to Halifax. The General's reason for preferring going round by sea was on account of his leg, which still remains weak since he broke the tendon of Achilles. Two pretty busy days' packing, you may suppose, followed. I had a sloop moored opposite our lawn, embarked all our goods and chattels, and finally, my little tribe and servants, and with a very heavy heart bid a last adieu on the 15th to my sweet abode. We had contrary winds all the way, and did not reach St John's till the evening of the 17th. On getting there, I found a schooner waiting to bring me and my children here, and a sloop to carry round to Halifax our heavy baggage and the servants I did not require with me.

"Sunday and Monday were dismal fogs; Tuesday, the 20th, it cleared up, and though a foul wind, we beat out of the harbour. My own five, the Chief Justice's son, coming to College here, and Charles Jobling, three maid-servants, and my own *valet*, David Mason, from Dundee, a little sailor boy I enlisted myself into the 104th last summer at St John's, make with me altogether twelve—pretty well! you will say, for the little schooner. On board the sloop I sent Betty and the cook, who are two such ill-natured old cats they don't do to rough it—and rough it we did, tossed about at a fine rate for four days and four nights, all as sick as possible except Mason, who did everything for us; and sick as I was, made me laugh to hear him quarrelling with the maid-servants for not *casting up*

all their accounts at once, but keeping him always on the trot. We got here last night about five o'clock, and had an American tea, with meat, fruit, sweets, etc., etc., which I assure you we enjoyed greatly. I found a man waiting to set out express to the General, and did not begin our repast until I had written him a few lines, and despatched the courier. I expect him here to meet us to-morrow evening. I must conclude, and make myself a little tidy, for if the weather permits, I shall after church see all the people of Windsor and for two or three miles round."

"HALIFAX, *August 29th.*—Last night we all arrived from Windsor, and slept on shake-downs in our old quarters."

My mother's letters from Halifax after this are short and hurried. On the 22nd of October Sir John Sherbrooke arrived at Halifax as Governor and Commander-in-Chief. In consequence my father received orders to return immediately to New Brunswick, and accordingly set out for that Province on the 23rd of October. My mother and family followed ten days afterwards in a sloop of war the Admiral kindly sent round with her to St John's, and writes from thence on the 12th of November:—

"I and my young flock and servants came round by sea in the sloop of war *Sapphire*, Captain Haynes. We had a boisterous voyage, but I believe a very safe one, of eight days. So much motion made us all very sick, and of course very happy to be put on shore last evening about six o'clock. But for this said sickness, we should all have been very happy on board. We had charming accommodation, and Captain Haynes is the kindest person you can imagine, and really a pleasant, charming man."

When my mother wrote this she little suspected the

narrow escape she and her family had made near the conclusion of this little voyage. As they neared St John's, the storm was such and the danger of shipwreck so imminent, that Captain Haynes, much alarmed, saw there remained but one chance of saving his ship and its precious cargo. In fact, though unfortunately I have forgotten the details of our fearful danger, I know that to the decision and courage of Captain Haynes in running the ship over the bar into harbour we owed our lives. He, with two of his sons, then boys, visited us many years after at Anton's Hill, and then told my father and mother, which he had never done before, of the escape we had made, declaring that in all his professional experience he never had endured such agonising anxiety, nor such relief and joy, as when he found himself in smooth water in the harbour of St John's.

My father having almost determined, should there be no war with the American States, to apply for leave of absence, and return to England, a house was taken for the winter at St John's, as it was not thought worth while to form an establishment again at the Government House at Fredericton, and the more especially that they had sold all their furniture at Halifax, and the season was so far advanced that travelling with so large a family was scarcely considered safe.

My brother James, in October 1811, was sent home from Halifax to be educated in England under the direction of Commissioner and Mrs Grey. They placed him with the Rev. Mr Buckle at Pyrtton, under whose care their own son George was, for his education.

In a letter from St John's dated "February 29th, 1812," my mother writes :—

"I have a very comfortable letter from Mrs Grey, with one enclosed from James. He is a lucky fellow to fall into

such hands. There are no people in the world I could entrust a child to *in all respects* with the same confidence as to the Commissioner and Mrs Grey."

On the 22nd of March 1812 my youngest brother, Thomas Harvey,* was born at St John's.

To return to my extracts.

"ST JOHN'S, April 12th.

"Major-General Smyth's appointment of Commander of the Forces and President of the Council in this Province of course makes us turn our minds homewards. I suppose we shall leave this some time in June. It is a great relief to me being removed by *an order*, for I could not bear the thoughts of the General's volunteering to leave this peaceable part of the world, and perhaps on his return to England being ordered on service where I could not be allowed to accompany him; though I comfort myself there are not many places where I could not contrive to go myself, but there are many where we could not take our children. The Council and House of Assembly have unanimously petitioned the Prince Regent to have the General appointed their Governor, but their petition will hardly reach home before General Smyth is landed here."

In confirmation of this I here give an extract from the Journals of the House of Assembly:—

"In March 1812 there was a joint Address of the Council and House of Assembly to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent on the subject of the Executive Administration of the Government of this Province. General Hunter is mentioned in one paragraph as follows:—

"That His Majesty was most graciously pleased in and

* Seventh son,

by his royal instruction in that behalf given on the 28th day of January 1808, during the absence of General Carleton before named, His Majesty's Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of this Province, to nominate and appoint Major-General Hunter to be the President of the Council of the said Province, and as such to take upon himself the Administration of the Government thereof; which appointment has merited and received the grateful acknowledgments of His Majesty's loyal subjects in this Province, expressed by the unanimous voice of their representatives in General Assembly, and from whose continuance in the Administration of this Government the highest satisfaction would be derived to the inhabitants from the uniform experience they have had of his zeal for the honour of His Majesty's service and for the safety and prosperity of the Province."

In a letter from St John's, May 30th, my mother dwells upon their uncertainty as to the vessel in which they were to take their passage home, adding—

"In going north about we are in little danger of privateers. The General's being taken would, you know, be rather an awkward circumstance. As to me and my brats, we should not be worth Buonaparte's detaining; and but for the General, I would rather sail without convoy. However, I trust we shall be in no danger in a fast-sailing ship.

"General Smythe arrived two days ago, and, as I predicted, so it fell out. After putting it off as long as possible, no sooner were our cards out for the birthday than the *Rosina* hove in sight, and it is General Smythe's good fortune to have all these expensive public affairs over until the 18th of January. We have certainly had our own share of entertaining for one six months; so, on the 4th of June, the good people here will dance *out* the old President and *in* the new. I cannot help feeling very sorry at the thoughts

of quitting dear New Brunswick for ever. The regiment, which was going home, is now countermanded, and this is also a great disappointment to ourselves and all concerned. I bring only my nurse with me, and our housekeeper Betty, who is such a virago that nobody wants her here, either as wife or servant. Of course, she won't do for us, as she has not sense enough to accommodate herself to a change of circumstances; and change undoubtedly it must be when my Halifax friend, Mrs Belcher, writes me from London: 'Oh, that we were back again to dear Nova Scotia! for everything is so dear here we can just breathe, but really dare hardly venture to eat!' and yet the Belchers have nearly three thousand a year. My maid Kitty and her sister Lavinia have been with me now nearly six years, and, poor things! are distractedly keen to go home with us, but it would not do to take them, I know, yet it breaks my heart to say 'No.' Our cook is an Englishwoman, a soldier's widow. She wants to go too, but she is out of the question. She has four children in this Province, but she says they are married or grown up, and can take care of themselves."

"ST JOHN'S, June 27th.

"Our present plan is to come with Captain Potter in the *Rosina* to Greenock. He sails about the 15th. I have asked the General if he has anything to say to you. He says, 'No;' tell Lizzy I would give *sixpence* to see her just now.' We do not think there is to be an American war, though affairs never looked so warlike.

"June 28th.—What may not a day bring forth! Major Drummond and the lieutenant commanding an armed schooner here dined with us yesterday. After dinner came Mr Odell, just arrived from Fredericton to take leave of us. The evening passed off pleasantly, and those who gave an opinion on the subject were sure 'Jonathan would not declare war.' At one we were knocked up by an express

from St Andrews to inform the General war was declared at Washington on the 17th. The Digby packet, also a schooner to Windsor, were despatched in the course of an hour with the express to Sir John Sherbrooke, and an officer was sent off immediately to Fredericton to Major-General Smythe commanding. I cannot positively say this news will influence our plans. The General at present does not think it can, as he is struck off the American staff. I cannot feel so sanguine about our getting off. The people are loud and clamorous to detain him, and, I fear, will make their new commander angry by talking of nothing but their confidence in the General."

Mr Odell's touching farewell letter must not be omitted here—

"FREDERICTON, 10th July 1812.

"DEAR MADAM,—In the course of a long life I have met with *a few friends*, by whom I hope to be recognised hereafter, when our existence will no longer be measured by successive revolutions of days and years, nor subject to local restraints. Among those few, General Hunter and yourself will be ever gratefully and affectionately remembered. As I cannot expect again to see you here, I request your acceptance of the enclosed as a token of my regard. But why do I present to you this copy of a billet, written two years ago to my own wife? Because it was dictated simply by a feeling of that conjugal truth and parental affection in which we have the happiness to resemble you. May the parallel, on your part, be no less correct in respect to its duration! Little did I think, when these lines were written, that the shore to which I was approaching was yet so distant! May the voyage, with all its vicissitudes, be to us all prosperous at last!

"God grant you a safe and speedy passage, and a happy

meeting with your friends at home!—I am, dear Madam,
your affectionate humble servant,

JOHN ODELL.

"Mrs HUNTER."

The following is from *The City Gazette*, a St John's newspaper of Saturday, July 25, 1812, now in my possession:—

"On Thursday last the following Address was presented to the Honourable Lieutenant-General Hunter. We understand the General will embark in a few days for England:—

"To the Honourable Martin Hunter, Esquire, Lieutenant-General of His Majesty's Forces, late President of His Majesty's Council, and Commander-in-Chief of the Province of New Brunswick.

"SIR,—When upon a late occasion there was reason to apprehend your removal from the Administration of the Government of this Province without a prospect of your return, the Addresses which were presented to you expressed those sentiments which were felt by all His Majesty's subjects within the limits of your command; and had not a repetition of them been repressed upon an intimation of your wishes to that effect, would on the present occasion have been reiterated with increased ardour from the renewed experience we have had of your zeal for the honour of His Majesty's service, and for the safety and prosperity of the Province.

"We shall not therefore trespass upon your delicacy by a public repetition of those sentiments respecting your Administration of the Government, which you will nevertheless permit us inwardly to cherish; but the Magistrates, Clergy, and Inhabitants of the City, which, since your return to your command, you have honoured with your residence, cannot witness your final departure with your family from the Province without expressing in their individual capacities the esteem, respect, and affection which the urbanity of your

manners, your condescending politeness, and uniform benevolence could not fail to inspire; but, above all, permit us to express the gratitude we feel for the distinguished manner in which you have emulated the conduct of our most gracious and beloved Sovereign; among other instances, in the example you have set of a uniform attention to the discharge of the duties of our holy religion, the surest foundation and the best security for the permanent welfare and happiness of any people. To such examples as we have witnessed in yourself and Mrs Hunter we must at all times be eminently indebted for their tendency to preserve the best interests and everything we hold dear in society.

"Be pleased, then, sir, to accept our fervent wishes for a safe and pleasant voyage to yourself, Mrs Hunter, and your family, and for your and their continued health and prosperity, and that success and happiness may attend you wherever the interests of your king and country may hereafter call for the exertions of that zeal in their service for which you have hitherto been so eminently conspicuous.

"Signed by the members of His Majesty's Council in the city and its vicinity, and by the magistrates, clergy, and principal inhabitants.

"SAINT JOHN, 23rd July 1812."

To which Lieutenant-General Hunter was pleased to make the following reply:—

"To the Magistrates, Clergy, and Principal Inhabitants of the City of Saint John.

"GENTLEMEN,—I receive with peculiar and grateful satisfaction your very affectionate Address; if any exertions of mine have been beneficial to the Province, it must be attributed to the aid and encouragement I have received from all classes of its loyal inhabitants. The very flattering tribute of esteem and regard from so respectable a portion

of them, which your kind partiality has dictated, and the benevolent wishes you have so feelingly expressed towards Mrs Hunter, my family, and myself, will never be effaced from our recollection.

"Nothing but the express orders, which I am under an indispensable necessity of obeying, could reconcile me to the renouncing of a participation in your fortunes at this very interesting and eventful period; but you may be assured that in whatever situation I may hereafter be placed, it will ever contribute most essentially to my happiness to have it in my power to render any services to this Province, and particularly to the inhabitants of the City of Saint John, and in any manner to promote their welfare and prosperity."

"SAINT JOHN, 23rd July 1812."

From the last two letters of my mother's, which have been preserved, I take what follows:—

"SHIP *Rosina*, HALIFAX HARBOUR,

"August 23rd.

"So far, we are on our way to England, after a tedious variety of plans, and an uncomfortable, unsettled, packed-up state for two months. Such is the fate of war!

"Our port is Greenock; but, pray, tell our friends not to be anxious if we are long in arriving, for a large fleet moves very slowly. The General had very nearly gone in the *Flag of Truce*, but could not make up his mind to leave us. All our friends here have been most pressing for us to occupy their houses on shore; but as we hope not to be detained many days, we think it would be too great an indulgence for the children when they have still so long a voyage before them. We were nine days coming round from Saint John's, not bad, but very foggy weather."

"SHIP *Rosina*, OFF THE ISLE OF BUTE,

"27th September.

"Here we are all safe and well, after a voyage of thirty-one days from Halifax. I cannot exactly say what day we shall be in Edinburgh, but we shall move as quickly as so large a party can do, and not stop a day anywhere. You may believe I am very impatient to get to Anton's Hill, and make my little tribe of Mic Mac Saint John's river Indians acquainted with my two Scotch bairns."

My father, mother, with myself, their four boys, Robert, Martin, William, and Thomas, arrived at Antons Hill on the 2nd of October 1812, and were there received by my grandfather and grandmother, Mr and Mrs Dickson, with their two little charges, my sister Jean and my brother Matthew, a joyful meeting for all parties; nor must I omit to name my friend, Elizabeth Bell, an earlier charge of theirs, and not the least happy one of the party on this occasion.

Here I consider my task as finished, having resolved to limit it to a record of my father's *active* military services, but I feel that it would be incomplete without giving a few of the events during the thirty-four remaining years of his life spent in Scotland. These, omitting details, I therefore add, with their dates, as likely to interest those who come after me.

Peace being concluded in 1814, little more than a year after my father's return from America, he led a comparatively quiet life; in fact, his being again employed was only once in question, when his going out to India as Commander-in-Chief at Bombay was merely prevented by an accidental, and, I think, fortunate chance, as so trying a climate at his age was far from desirable.

Part of the winter of 1812 my father and mother spent in London, and it was then that my father had some agreeable

meetings with H.R.H. the Duke of Kent; and to mark how graciously he was received, I shall give copies here of two of the Duke's letters, written by himself on that occasion.

I have heard my father say His Royal Highness took a most lively interest in all that concerned Nova Scotia, owing to his former residence at Halifax.

The inquiries in the letter, dated the 5th of December, regarding a severe inflammatory illness with which my father was attacked while dining with the Duke. During this illness he met with every attention that care and kindness could suggest, and which he ever after gratefully remembered.

"THE LODGE, CASTLE HILL,
NEAR GREAT EALING,
"1st December 1812.

"The Duke of Kent presents his best regards to Lieut.-General Hunter, and being very desirous of having the pleasure of seeing him as soon as possible, begs to propose to him the coming over to dine here the day after to-morrow (Thursday the 3rd), at half-past six o'clock. Under the idea that the Lieut.-General may be acquainted with Colonel Barclay, late His Majesty's Consul-General at New York, and like to arrange driving out with him, the Duke of Kent has thought it right to mention that the Colonel is also invited to dine with him on that day, and that he resides at No. 4 Clarges Street.

"Should General Hunter be from home when this note is taken to his lodgings, he is requested to direct his answer per post to Kensington Palace."

"Lieut.-General HUNTER."

"KENSINGTON PALACE,
"5th December 1812.

"The Duke of Kent, in the joint names of Madame de St Laurent and his own, begs to return to Lieut.-General

Hunter a thousand thanks for his very satisfactory note of yesterday, and to assure him that they are both delighted to hear he has had no return of this indisposition with which he was attacked when at the Lodge on Thursday last, as they should have felt the sincerest regret had that jaunt, which his politeness induced him to undertake in order to visit them, been the occasion of injuring his health. They also beg leave to assure the General of the pleasure they had in becoming acquainted with him, and to express the hope that they may have the gratification of seeing him again prior to his departure for Scotland, if his time should admit of it "

"Lieut.-General HUNTER, etc. etc. etc."

The following letters announce his appointment as Governor of Pendennis Castle :—

"HORSE GUARDS, 22nd September 1823.

"SIR,—I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that His Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint you to the Government of Pendennis Castle, vacant by the death of General Buckley.—I am, Sir, yours,

FREDERICK, *Commander-in-Chief.*

"Lieut.-General MARTIN HUNTER,"

"HORSE GUARDS, 22nd September 1823.

"PRIVATE.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in transmitting to you the enclosed letter from the Commander-in-Chief, acquainting you that His Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer upon you the Government of Pendennis Castle. The salary is about £280 per annum, and there are, I believe, some local advantages.

"At all events, it has appeared to H.R.H. a more desirable appointment to a Lieut.-General who has the allowance than a regiment, with which he of course could

not hold that allowance.—I have the honour to be, my dear Sir, your most obedient and faithful servant, H. TAYLOR.

"Lieut.-General MARTIN HUNTER."

Sir Herbert Taylor was secretary to the Duke of York, and on all occasions proved himself a warm and sincere friend of my father's; indeed, I know that to the late Countess of Home, my valued friend, he strongly expressed the interest he took in his affairs, adding, that on account of his pecuniary losses and large family, what he had always kept in view for General Hunter was getting him appointments that would increase his income.

In 1825 my father attained the rank of General.

Having been advised to make a direct application for the promotion of his son Martin to the Duke of Clarence, then Lord High Admiral, my father received from His Royal Highness the following answer:—

"BUSHY HOUSE, January 21st, 1828.

"SIR,—Whenever a General Officer writes to me in favour of his son in the Navy, I *always* make it a rule, *if* in my power, to give a *favourable* answer. Under this rule, be assured I shall have sincere pleasure in placing *immediately* on the *Jamaica Promotion* list the son of an old officer who has been *three* times *wounded*, and had the honour of fighting *for* his *lawful* sovereign at Bunker's Hill. No rebels for me.—I remain, Sir, yours truly, WILLIAM."

In answer to my father's letter of thanks on my brother's promotion, the Duke writes—

"BUSHY HOUSE, January 7th, 1829.

"SIR,—If I have been the means of promoting your son, I can assure you it gives me sincere pleasure, because I am ever anxious to forward the views of a parent in favour of his child, and when I had the honour of serving His Majesty at the Admiralty, it was always my wish to promote the sons

of old and distinguished officers of the British Army.—I remain, Sir, yours truly,

WILLIAM."

A letter to my father dated the 17th of January 1832, and signed "Omptida," states "that His Majesty (William the Fourth) has most graciously been pleased to nominate and appoint him a Military Grand Cross of the Royal Guelphic Order." In consequence, my father attended a levée the following March, and was then knighted, and most graciously received by the King. I regret the letters from my father written to my mother at that time are not in my possession, but I well remember the pleasure they gave her, from his account of the flattering reception he received from the King, and the gratifying manner in which His Majesty was pleased to express himself on that occasion.

The letter of congratulation my father received from Sir Herbert Taylor on his being made a G.C.H. I have pleasure in adding here, as it contains a pleasing confirmation of what I have stated of Sir Herbert's steady friendship:—

"BRIGHTON, January 27th, 1832.

"MY DEAR SIR MARTIN,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th inst., and to acquaint you that I have not delayed to submit to the King your acknowledgment for the Grand Cross of the Guelphic Order which His Majesty has been pleased to bestow upon you. I congratulate you sincerely on this well-merited distinction, and beg you will be assured that I shall always rejoice sincerely in whatever can tend to your satisfaction.—I remain, ever with great regard, my dear Sir Martin, yours very truly and faithfully,

H. TAYLOR."

Towards the end of the following July (1832) my father was appointed Governor of Stirling Castle, one of the best governments in the King's gift. This added upwards of £600 a year to his income—in short, what he then received from Government amounted to about £1600 a year,

In the month of April 1834 my father, accompanied by my brother Martin, paid a visit to his old friend Lord Abercromby, at Airthrey Castle. This being in the immediate vicinity of Stirling, he felt he ought to wait on his Lieut.-Governor before leaving that part of the country. Accordingly, without giving any notice of his intention, he drove to the Castle, hoping that his visit would, as he intended it should, be considered merely a private one. But no sooner was it known that their Governor was in the Castle than the troops in garrison were got under arms, and drawn out ready to receive him. Besides this, a flag was immediately hoisted in honour of the *great event*; but as this flag had not been seen to wave over the battlements of Stirling Castle since the memorable rebellion of 1745, the whole of the surrounding country at once took alarm, and it was generally reported that the Glasgow Radicals had risen in arms, and were in full march on Stirling.

The report even reached Edinburgh, and my father's friends at the Club used to laugh heartily, and rally him on the subject, declaring they never knew a more complete failure in an attempt at being *incog*. It may be worth adding here that this must have been the last demonstration in honour of a Governor of Stirling Castle, as on the death of my father the appointment was abolished.

The next mark of royal favour which my father received is announced in the following letter from Sir Harris Nicolas:—

“DOWNING STREET, 8th May 1837.

“SIR,—In pursuance of instructions which I have received from Lord Glenelg, I have the honour to convey to you the King's commands to attend an Investiture of the Order of St Michael and St George, at St James's Palace, at half-past one o'clock, on Wednesday next, the 10th inst.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

“N. HARRIS NICOLAS, Chancellor.

“To General Sir MARTIN HUNTER, G.C.H.”

From its being supposed that my father was in town, this letter arrived too late at Anton's Hill to admit of his attending the Investiture; but receiving the King's commands to be present at the next levée in order to be invested, he set out for London on the 15th of May. Owing to the illness of the King, no levée could be held, and after waiting a month in town in hopes of His Majesty's recovery, my father received the following letter from Sir Herbert Taylor:—

"WINDSOR CASTLE, June 11th, 1837.

"DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., which I have had the honour to submit to the King, who has authorised me to reply that, as it is uncertain when he may be able to hold an Investiture of the Order of St Michael and St George, His Majesty will not detain you longer in England.—I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your obedient, faithful servant, H. TAYLOR.

"General Sir MARTIN HUNTER, G.C.H."

I need not add that my father's investiture by William the Fourth never took place, as His Majesty's illness terminated fatally on the 20th of June, and it was ever a subject of great regret to my father and all our family that he had not had the honour of being invested by a sovereign to whom he owed so much.

While he was detained in London, many of his friends, knowing how irksome and unlike my father's usual habits living at a hotel must be, took unwearied pains to amuse him by frequent visits and invitations, and of these I could enumerate none were more touchingly attentive to him than his kind friends Sir Charles and Lady Adams.

Among his *gaieties* he was persuaded by Lady Minto to attend a full-dress ball she gave at the Admiralty, Lord Minto, being then First Lord. To this ball my father went

in his General's uniform. It was the last time he ever wore it. We had many letters from my brother James and other friends who were present, describing how it became him, and how well and how handsome he looked in it. My father used playfully to tell us of the compliments he received on this occasion; but laughingly added, "No one's admiration could equal his servant Brown's, though, however mortifying, he could not but see that his hat and long feathers were the chief objects of that admiration."

"DOWNING STREET, 26th March 1838.

"SIR,—The Queen having been pleased to signify to me her gracious desire to fulfil his late Majesty's intention of investing you with the Insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St Michael and St George, I have to suggest to you that it will be desirable that you should hold yourself in readiness to attend Her Majesty at the first levée which Her Majesty may hold after the approaching holidays.—I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

GLENELG.

"General Sir MARTIN HUNTER."

At my father's advanced age, his undertaking so long a journey was considered a risk. This being represented in the proper quarter, he received the following warrant from Her Majesty:—

VICTORIA REG.

Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, Sovereign of the most distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George. To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting. Whereas, We, as Sovereign of the most distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, have full power to dispense with all the statutes, ordinances, and regulations required to be observed in

conferring the said order. And whereas We have been graciously pleased to nominate and appoint our trusty and well-beloved General Sir Martin Hunter to be a Knight Grand Cross of our said most distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George: We therefore for divers reasons as thereunto especially moving, do hereby dispense with all the aforesaid statutes, ordinances, and regulations, and do give and grant unto him, the said Sir Martin Hunter, full power and authority to wear the Insignia of, and to enjoy the Title, Precedency, and Privileges appertaining and belonging unto a Knight Grand Cross of our said most distinguished order in as full and ample a manner as if he had been invested by us with the ensigns thereof in the form prescribed by the statutes of our said Order.

Given at our Court at Buckingham Palace this first day of May One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-Eight, and in the first year of our reign.—By command of Her Majesty,

GLENELG.

"By the Sovereign's command,

"N. HARRIS NICOLAS, Chancellor.

"General Sir MARTIN HUNTER, K.G.C. St M. and St G."

Dispensation with the ceremonies of investiture.

To this were attached the arms of England, and of the Order.

The Queen being in Scotland in the autumn of 1842, it soon became known that it was Her Majesty's intention to visit Stirling Castle, and it still saddens me to think that my dear father, the Governor, as devotedly loyal a subject as existed in her Majesty's dominions, could not be there to have the honour of receiving his young and beloved Queen. To him, his family, and friends, this was a subject of great regret, but at his very advanced age, then eighty-five, they feared it could not be hazarded; and this apprehension being fully confirmed by his medical adviser,

the idea of his going to Stirling was, with sorrow, abandoned, the proper explanations being made to the Duke of Wellington, then Commander-in-Chief. I subjoin the Duke's answer conveyed by his Secretary, Lord Fitzroy Somerset,* and also a friendly note from another distinguished Peninsular hero, Lord Hill :—

"HORSE GUARDS, 31st August 1842.

"SIR,—In acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 27th inst., I am directed to acquaint you that the Commander-in-Chief is fully sensible of your zeal and desire to pay your duty to the Queen; but under the circumstances of your age and declining health, His Grace is quite satisfied that Her Majesty will excuse your not placing yourself at the head of the garrison on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to Stirling Castle.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

"FITZROY SOMERSET.

"General HUNTER."

"HARDWICKE GRANGE, SHREWSBURY,

"31st August 1842.

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—I have this day received your very friendly note, and thank you most sincerely for the kind terms in which you express yourself on my retirement from the command of the Army. I will take care it shall be known in the proper quarter how much you regret that the state of your health and your inability to move should prevent your personal attendance at Stirling Castle on the occasion of Her Majesty's expected visit.—Believe me, my dear General, very faithfully yours,

HILL.

"General Sir MARTIN HUNTER, G.C.M.G."

Sir Archibald Christie, the Lieut.-Governor of Stirling

* Afterwards Lord Raglan, who died in the Crimea.

Castle, writes to my father on the 13th of September 1842, as follows:—

“The first moment of Her Majesty's arrival at the Castle, I attended to your commands, and expressed in the best way I could your regret at being prevented by illness from receiving Her Majesty, which intimation was most graciously received.”

In the early part of 1844, at the earnest entreaty of his family, my father, then in his eighty-seventh year, sat for his portrait to Mr Robertson, a very promising young artist. This, like the portrait of him in his younger days, now hangs in the dining-room at Anton's Hill. He is painted as large as life, and seated in an arm-chair, and I and all who knew him well think the likeness remarkably good. It was fortunate that this to us most precious picture was painted at that time, as I greatly doubt if it could have been done afterwards, for the cloud which darkened the remainder of his days was drawing near. My beloved mother was taken from him the following autumn, on the 12th of September 1844, in the seventieth year of her age, having been born on the 1st of April 1775. He survived her little more than two years, as he died in his ninetieth year, on the 9th of December 1846.

I shall now have done, without even attempting to describe what the loss of *such* parents was to me, and to the rest of their family.

As I could read more easily my father's interlined and often nearly obliterated journals, Elizabeth Bell has kindly acted as my *Secretary* while I dictated to her.

ANNE HUNTER.

SPRINGHILL, 2nd April 1864.

SPRINGHILL, *April 4th*, 1864.

MY DEAREST ANNE,—The journal left by your father, the late General Sir Martin Hunter, now in your possession, was written by him while at Gibraltar, in command of the 48th Regiment, towards the end of the last century. He was persuaded to undertake the task by your mother, who well knew his modesty and dislike to talking of himself, *even to her*, was such that this was her only chance of obtaining the information she so eagerly wished to have of his past services. Once begun, as he wrote with great ease, the MS. was getting on rapidly, when, unfortunately, in 1800, it was put a sudden stop to by receiving orders to go up the Mediterranean with his regiment on a secret expedition, which ended in the siege of Malta. His shorter journal, also in your possession, gives some details of that expedition, the surrender of the Island, his journey afterwards to Vienna with despatches for Lord Minto, at that time our ambassador there, and finally his passing through Germany, and return to Scotland, on leave of absence, at the close of 1800. He had parted from your mother at Gibraltar on sailing for Malta, leaving her to return to Anton's Hill, with her eldest surviving son James, born at Gibraltar on the 13th of January 1800, and then a child in the nurse's arms.

It is greatly to be regretted your father never finished his India journal, and the more so, that it breaks off precisely at the most interesting part of his military career; and, in fact, when his distinguished conduct in command of the gallant 52nd Light Infantry brought him so much into notice in Lord Cornwallis's war with Tippoo Sahib. An application, as you must remember, shortly before his

death, came from an officer of the 52nd, requesting he would, for the information of himself and brother officers, furnish them with any details he could give of the regiment while serving with it in India, and during the American War, as they had no record whatever of its distinguished services of so old a date.

In addition to what Sir Martin dictated, extracts were taken from his journal, and sent to the regiment, and these I see have been published with the record of the services of the 52nd, and taken notice of with approbation in the *Athenæum*.

I need scarcely remind *you*, who too well know it, that all the letters Sir Martin wrote to his family at Medomsley while in America and India were not to be found among the papers there when you and I anxiously searched for them in the spring of 1843, and I much fear are irrecoverably lost; nor, as you alike well know, have those ever been found which he wrote to your mother from Malta in 1800, the West Indies in 1801 and 1802, and from America in 1803 and 1804, before she followed him there that year. I have often been told that his letters written during the American War and the war in India were highly interesting, and this I cannot doubt, as I can myself perfectly remember the long and very delightful letters he was in the habit of writing to Lady Hunter while in the Mediterranean and West Indies, and to which I used to listen, young as I then was, with eager attention and infinite pleasure. I also gazed at the beauty of the writing, and wondered if I should ever be able to write as well.

Aware of the vexatious loss of Sir Martin's letters, and the unsatisfactory conclusion of his India journal, you hoped that I might be able to supply from early recollections some details which might be interesting to yourself and your family. This I deeply regret it is not in my power to

do. At my advanced age, now seventy-seven, you cannot wonder I should have forgotten much of what I heard in my childhood and early youth; but of what befell your father on one occasion, during the war with Tippoo Sahib, I retain a distinct recollection, as it made much too deep an impression on my mind ever to be forgotten.

It was near the conclusion of this war, and during the siege of Seringapatam, that your father, then in command of the 52nd Light Infantry, by his gallant conduct had the good fortune to rescue Lord Cornwallis, Governor-General of India, from being almost to a certainty made prisoner by Tippoo. In the spirited charge made on this occasion by the 52nd, Sir Martin was dangerously wounded in the breast, considered dying, and carried by his orderlies into the Sultan's redoubt. It was then in our possession, and heroically defended by Sibbald and the little garrison against Tippoo and the whole of his army. On being carried into the redoubt, your father was laid on the rampart, and there, faint and bleeding, remained exposed to the burning rays of a tropical sun. Upon rallying a little, and being informed that the brave Sibbald had fallen, your father, with his characteristic energy and coolness, in spite of the exhaustion occasioned by pain and loss of blood, assisted Major Skelly, an aide-de-camp of Lord Cornwallis's, in giving the necessary orders to maintain the redoubt, for all had determined to perish rather than yield to their merciless enemies. At this crisis Sir Martin's sufferings were increased. He was again wounded, —a ball, in addition to *that* already in his breast, having passed through his arm. Not a drop of water could he had in the redoubt, and, as is always the case with the wounded, he had suffered severely from thirst, and it had now become almost intolerable. At this trying moment, when life seemed fast ebbing away, he suddenly perceived standing by his side his Kitmutgar, one of his servants

whom he had left in the camp. This man, strongly attached to his master, on hearing of his having been wounded and carried into the redoubt, with a generous devotion beyond all praise, resolved to follow him, though quite aware he might lose his life in the noble attempt, for he had actually to pass through Tippoo's army before he could reach his beloved master, during which, had he been discovered, he must infallibly have been put to death, and perhaps in the most inhuman manner. This daring deed he however accomplished in safety by disguising himself as a musician. In one hand he carried the instrument upon which he played, to amuse and deceive the soldiers as he passed; in the other a kettle full of cold tea. Of this, when applied to his parched lips, your father drank till his burning thirst was assuaged, and I have often heard him declare that to this well-timed draught, brought to him at such risk by this faithful creature, he firmly believed he owed his life. When his wounds came to be examined, *that* in his breast was pronounced so dangerous his life was despaired of, as no one wounded in that particular part of the breast had ever been known to survive, and it would have been deemed an act of rashness to attempt extracting the ball; nevertheless, such was the strength of his constitution, he not only recovered, but never in after life experienced any inconvenience from it, except that upon any pressure on his chest, he suffered from an unpleasant, faint sensation, which ceased when the pressure was withdrawn. Does it not seem wonderful that after the wounds he had received in America and India, and after having been exposed to every vicissitude of climate, during so great a part of his life, Sir Martin should have lived to his ninetieth year in the enjoyment of as good health as if he never had left his native country? But such was the reward of a life of invariable temperance. His active habits too must have

been conducive to health. Middle-sized, and well-proportioned, as you know him to have been, his whole figure seemed formed for activity, and in this respect he was remarkable. He excelled at all field sports, and was noted for the boldness and beauty of his riding in the hunting-field; indeed, many of his daring and dexterous feats used to be talked of when he hunted with Lord Darlington's hounds. I well remember a hunting-whip of his which used to hang in the entrance hall at Anton's Hill, and which I, as a child, greatly admired. Its handle was of knotted white holly, and covered with notches cut upon it by himself, to mark the number of times he had been in at the death in one season. Their exact number I have forgotten, but that it was large I am certain, as it used to be a favourite amusement of mine, and rather a serious undertaking, to count them. No man in his regiment, I have heard his old friends say, could equal him in leaping with a pole, or any exercise requiring great bodily activity and strength of muscle. Even in his old age seldom a day passed that he was not for hours in the open air, walking over his grounds, when no longer able, from failure of sight, to shoot; indeed, I have known him, and so have you, from choice, and in preference to either riding or driving, walk a distance of ten miles, when between eighty and ninety, without apparent fatigue. Being on this subject, I must put you in mind of the anxiety these active habits occasioned you in the very last years of his life. Nor can I ever forget that after a fall he had had, your persuading him to give you his word of honour he would cease to climb over the high gates of the fields at Anton's Hill, nor his concluding assurance of "honour bright" as he left the room.

It may also interest you to know that the old friends I have already mentioned alike dwelt upon the charm of his voice when, at the Mess, he was always the first to

be asked to sing; but of this I myself have a pleasing recollection, as his voice was beautiful and full of expression, sure to make one laugh if the song was of a gay or comic kind, and as sure, if sad, to fill the eye with tears.

This remembrance of him tempts me to ask, Should you like me to tell you what your father was in appearance about the age of forty, when I first knew him? His hair was then of a rich dark brown, which, when the light fell upon it, had a golden tint, and to add to its beauty, it curled all over his head in a most picturesque manner. His eyes were very fine—they were full, deeply set, and of a dark hazel colour, and whether brightened by joy, or softened by sorrow, were strikingly expressive, and very beautiful. He had a very sweet smile, and when he smiled the dazzling white of his fine teeth added to its beauty. The miniature which you have of him at that age is very like, but by no means, in my opinion, so strikingly handsome.

In mentioning the portrait of your father painted by Mr Robertson, I see you omit what happened when your little sagacious dog Skye first saw it, so I am tempted to give it here, and to insure my keeping strictly to facts, I shall copy what my own journal contains on the subject:—

"Friday, January 12th, 1844.

"Sir Martin sat again to Mr Robertson, and the touches this day were most successful. All delighted. When the picture was placed on the floor of the boudoir, and set against the wall, Skye walked up to it, wagged his tail, stopped, wagged it again, gazing earnestly in the face of the portrait, evidently taking it for Sir Martin himself, then gave the sharp, little, kind, inviting bark he always gives if Sir Martin happens to be asleep, or takes no notice of him. This not succeeding, he brought down his eye to the lower part of the figure, where the dress is not

yet coloured, and seeing it of a pale tint, he advanced nearer, slowly and cautiously smelt at the canvas, suddenly dropped his tail, usually arched over his back, retired a few steps backwards now obviously frightened, and then abruptly turning, hurried out of the room, greatly disconcerted and perplexed.

"Mr Robertson, Anne, and I were present, and kept a profound silence while the investigation went on. The artist looked much pleased, and no wonder—Anne justly remarking that a greater compliment never perhaps was paid to a picture. In fact, I do think this equals all recorded in similar cases by the ancients of Apelles, Zeuxis, and other celebrated painters."

Of your father's professional talents I do not, of course, pretend to speak, but well know, from those competent to judge, that they were of a first-rate order—that from his long military experience, and having seen much active service, he had acquired a thorough knowledge of his profession; that in action he was of undaunted bravery; but in nothing perhaps was he more distinguished than for a rarer and more valuable quality, namely, great promptitude of decision in the hour of danger and at critical moments, in which ordinary minds hesitate, and disastrous results arise from indecision. It was this which led to his high character in the field, and had he not been in America while the war was raging in Spain, and had it but been his good fortune to serve under Wellington, I have not a doubt he must have been numbered as one of the illustrious heroes who there acquired imperishable glory. As it was, on every occasion he proved himself, by his conscientious performance of duty, in whatever situation placed, to be a most zealous and able officer, whether he held the rank of Subaltern or Commander. His merits were accordingly highly appreciated at the Horse Guards, and I know from the best authority, *that*

of the late Sir Herbert Taylor, that he was always a great favourite of the Duke of York's, and you have seen this sufficiently proved by the honours and rewards bestowed upon him after his retirement from active life. Here I should observe that, in the opinion of military men, he ought to have been made a G.C.B., and that had he applied for that honour at the proper time, there was not a doubt in their minds it must at once have been granted. In explanation of this, you know his modesty was such that he was the last person to think of applying for any mark of distinction, having, independent of this, always very naturally thought that, when justly due, such honours ought to be bestowed by Government *unsolicited*; consequently he never stated his claims, while others did who were probably in many instances far less deserving.

You know fully as well as I what your father was in *private* life. You cannot overrate his excellence, nor can I, for was he not, in every sense of the word, a "Christian gentleman"? As for me, I revere his memory, and is there now living one but yourself who can know the extent of his worth as thoroughly as I do? As a husband, as a father, relative, friend, and master, I have never seen your father's equal, and can *we* ever forget his high sense of honour, his scrupulous integrity in every act of his life, his strict regard for truth, his modesty which "never boasted of itself," his habitual gentleness of manner, or his feeling kindness and consideration for all around him? Another valuable quality your father possessed must not here be omitted, for the good of those who may come after him, and one, if possible, more marked still in his character, and one assuredly not less conducive to happiness, for he was, I do think, the most *unselfish* person I have ever known. He could scarcely ever be persuaded to bestow a thought on his own gratification. He lived for others, not for himself—liberal to his family, relations, and servants,

and most compassionate and charitable to the poor. I could tell a thousand touching instances of his self-denial, but not one of his self-indulgence. That he was passionately fond of hunting the *wonderful* whip I have already mentioned proves, yet he never after his marriage kept hunters. I have heard that an old friend of his, who had well known his love of hunting in his younger days, on visiting him in Scotland, asked what number of hunters he now kept. "Ten," was his ready reply. "Ten!" exclaimed his friend; "ten! you don't say so?" "But I do," replied Sir Martin, laughing heartily, and then pointing to his ten children, said, "There they are." In fact, he never indulged in any expensive habit from the day he married. This enabled him to keep his affairs in the best order, and always to live within his income. In truth, strong good sense and a sense of duty regulated the whole of his admirable conduct from boyhood to the end of life.

I must also add what I ever much admired in your father, namely, his constant and lively gratitude to God for all his blessings, and this led to a habitual contentment, a state of mind which in all cases must conduce so immeasurably to happiness.

He was strongly attached to his Church, and regular in all his religious duties. I can fancy I still see him seated at evening prayers in his usual place on the sofa, by the side of your lamented mother—his hair become white as snow from age, his venerable and handsome countenance wearing a devout expression of profound attention while you read the service. At such moments he strongly reminded me of the fine pictures of St John I had admired in the paintings of the old Italian masters.

At ten years of age I witnessed at Anton's Hill, on the 13th of September 1797, his marriage with your beloved and most amiable mother, then in all her youthful beauty;

and after having lived with both on the most intimate and affectionate terms for the long period of nearly half a century, it was my sad lot to have the anguish of seeing that interesting tie broken by her death at Anton's Hill, on the 12th of September 1844, and afterwards his, at the same place, on the 19th of December 1846.

They now lie together in his family burying-place in Medomsley Church, and is it not soothing to think that, as in the touching language of Scripture, "they were lovely and pleasant in their lives," after death, as was their mutual wish, "they were not divided"? In fact, throughout their married life, I, and all who knew them, admired its unbroken union, and as they advanced towards its close, it seemed as if time but hallowed the bond, and that both then more anxiously strove by every tender care to contribute to each other's comfort and mutual happiness.

After all these two volumes contain, written expressly to describe what your good and gallant father was in public and private life, had I not better stop here, lest my heart, warming at the remembrance of what Sir Martin was, the language of enthusiasm should seem exaggeration when I attempt to describe one so sound in head, so pure in heart, one whose example it were safety and happiness to follow, one alike unswervingly devoted to his duty, his country, his sovereign, and his God? I only permit myself to add that were you to form a wish for the good conduct and happiness of his grand-children, and those who may descend from them, as regards this life, and the life to come, you have only to pray that the Almighty may enable them to follow the bright, the spotless example of their ancestor, Sir Martin Hunter.

It is deeply gratifying, my beloved Anne, to feel as assured as I do, that to you, their dearest child, it must ever prove a source of unmixed joy and thankfulness that you were enabled, from your earliest childhood, to the

latest hour of their existence, by your devoted affection and care, so materially to promote the happiness of *such* a father and so deservedly and dearly loved a mother.

And now, farewell, my ever dear Anne—the truest and most highly-esteemed friend I have on earth, and to whose unswerving kindness I owe most of my past, and *all* my present happiness.

ELIZABETH BELL.

I add some dates which perhaps may hereafter prove of use to the Anton's Hill family. I can answer for their accuracy.

ELIZABETH BELL.

Sir Martin, born 7th September 1757. Married 13th September 1797.

Sir Martin and Lady Hunter had eleven children—seven sons, and four daughters.

1. Cuthbert James Dickson, born at Gibraltar, November 30th, 1798. Died there of smallpox, April 1799.
2. James, Major 85th Light Infantry, born at Gibraltar, January 13th, 1800. Died in Edinburgh, in December 9th, 1843.
3. Jean, born at Anton's Hill, October 11th, 1801. Died at Leamington, February 12th, 1844, having married the late George Dickson, Esq., of Belchester and Stonefold, July 12th, 1830. He died at Belchester, May 22nd, 1844.

They left one son and one daughter.

- (1.) Georgina Jean, born in Edinburgh, March 22nd, 1833.
- (2.) Alexander George, Major 13th Light Dragoons, born at Stonefold, June 23rd, 1834. Married, July 10th, 1861, Charlotte Maria, daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. William Eden, and widow of Dudley, Lord North.

They have one son, Reginald Eden, born in London, May 2nd, 1862.

4. Matthew Dysert, now proprietor of Anton's Hill and Medomsley, born in London, September 11th, 1803. Married June 1st, 1852, in Edinburgh, Isabella Buckle, eldest daughter of the late John Buckle, Esq., of Wharton House. Died in London, November 16th, 1867.

They have six children, two sons and four daughters.

- (1.) Martin, born June 17th, 1854. Died at Vienna, March 20th, 1874.
- (2.) James, born October 14th, 1855.
- (3.) Isabella, born January 10th, 1857.
- (4.) Maria, born March 9th, 1858.
- (5.) Annie, born May 31st, 1859.
- (6.) Lucy, born July 25th, 1861.

All the six born in Edinburgh.

5. Anne, born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, June 6th, 1805.
6. Robert Makellar, born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, March 16th, 1807. Captain 73rd Regiment Bengal Native Infantry. Killed in the battle of Ferozeshah, December 22nd, 1845, when in command of the 73rd Regiment.
7. George Martin, Commander in the Navy. Born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, October 11th, 1808. Died at Portsmouth, March 13th, 1852.
8. William,* born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, July 25th, 1810. Killed at Ghazeepore, May 8th, 1838, by being thrown from his horse.
9. Thomas Harvey, Lieutenant 26th Regiment, Bengal Native Infantry. Born at St John's, New Brunswick, March 22nd, 1812. Died at Missouri, April 7th, 1860, having married, November 11th, 1852, Eliza Sweetenham, daughter of the late Captain Sweetenham. She died in India soon after her marriage, leaving no children.
10. Mary Grey, born in Edinburgh, August 25th, 1814. Died at Rome, February 14th, 1855.
11. Margaret Dysert, born in Edinburgh, January 16th, 1818. Died November 12th, 1877. Married April 9th, 1850, at Anton's Hill, Samuel Charles

* Bengal Civil Service.

Grey, Esq., second and youngest son of the Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart. He died at Dublin, July 12th, 1860, having had by Margaret Dysert five children—three sons and two daughters.

(1.) Henry Charles Martin, born April 15th, 1815.
Died May 3rd, 1851.

(2.) Harry George, born May 25th, 1852.

(3.) Mary Elizabeth, born April 11th, 1853.

(4.) Margaret Eleanor, born November 25th, 1854.

(5.) Edward, born October 6th, 1858.

All the five born in or near Dublin.

SPRINGHILL, *April 4th*, 1864.

1867.—Married at Pressburg on the 23rd of May, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and afterwards by the Chaplain at the British Embassy, Vienna, Adolf Ritter Prinzinger von Ari, Lieutenant-Colonel of the K.K. Gross Gerzogvon Hessen 14th Light Infantry Regiment of the Schwartz Gelb Brigade, to Jeana G. Dickson, only daughter of the late George Dickson, Esquire of Belchester and Stonefold.

THE END.